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E. M. Kellogg.

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### OR RELATED TO IT BY THEIR TENDENCIES.

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NEW TESTAMENT.

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# PASSIONAL ZOOLOGY;

OR,

# Spirit of the Beasts of France.

BY A. TOUSSENEL.

TRANSLATED BY

M. EDGEWORTH LAZARUS, M.D.,

AND INSCRIBED

To the Glory of the Chase, the Preservation of our Game, and the Religion of the "Wilde."

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# This Work is Dedicated

BY THE TRANSLATOR,

TO THE MEMORY OF

## His Friend and Cousin,

## SAMUEL MORDECAI,

OF MOBILE.

Dying like Adonis in the flush of early manhood, you hardly knew, my Cousin, how well I loved you. With your joyous humor, your flashing intellect, and your noble heart, Death has stolen half its charm from our native land.

Was he then envious of those evenings on the Roanoke, when, after a November day's chase, we should have shouted together with delight over Toussenel, whose work I would not send you sooner, that we might enjoy it together over our birds and wine?

Wherever thou art, I know thou dost preserve a zest for all that is rich and rare, so I send this to greet thee in the Spirit Hunting Grounds.

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# PASSIONAL ZOOLOGY.

## CHAPTER I.

### OF THE CHASE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE DESTINIES OF HUMANITY.

Man is king of the earth. To his royalty are attached certain attributes called the natural rights of man. The chase is the first of these rights.

The chase is the first and most ancient of the arts. It is anterior to the kitchen and to war. Humanity owes it its first great coat and its first roast beef. The chase is cotemporaneous with the day when the advent of misery closed the paradisaical æra on our globe, and shut upon humanity the gates of the garden of Eden; or, to speak more clearly, it is cotemporaneous with the day when man fell from Edenism into the savage state, and had to resign himself to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. On this day man invented the chase to try to raise himself from his fall.

The chase is the first-born industry of necessity, the first manifestation of the power and the liberty of man. Through it he signalizes the act of taking possession of his globe.

The chase, pivotal industry of the savage, is at the same time the point of departure for social progress, the first bound of emancipating labor, which, thousands of years after, is to reopen for humanity the gates of happy destinies.

The chase is also the most noble employment of the human faculties. It is the exercise, *par excellence*, to make strong men. The

hunter, the destroyer of monsters, is the born benefactor of humanity, the protector of harvests and herds, the guardian of the orphan, the defender of woman, and of all the oppressed.

[The peasantry of Europe might hardly by these titles recognize those stately nobles who, before the revolutions of the last century had quickened the principle of democracy, used to sweep over their fields of growing grain, with retinues of servants, hounds, and horses. But we here speak of more primitive epochs, when there was a work for the hunter before agriculture could commence.—Tr.]

What made so great the names of Bacchus, Hercules, and a crowd of other heroes? Their passion for the chase. The history of the heroic ages is only a treatise on hunting. Humanity in its gratitude attributes the invention of the hunt to its gods. Olympus is peopled with hunting gods. And what gods! The most beautiful, the youngest, the most adored of all. It is Apollo, god of the day, the god of poetry and fine arts, the same that killed the serpent Python with arrows; Bacchus, inventor of wine, tamer of tigers, and supreme consoler of afflicted mortals; Diana, the modest vestal, the lithe and elegant goddess of the chase and of chastity; Diana, sister of Apollo, and most beautiful of the immortals after the mother of Love and the Graces; Diana, who did not obtain the first prize of beauty at the great competition on Mount Ida, because she would not seek it, because the scruples of her ferocious modesty would not permit her to accept the conditions of the programme of examination, because the proud goddess who had commenced by metamorphosing into a stag the hunter Acteon, guilty of surprising her amid her nymphs in her bathing toilet, could not decently present herself in a similar costume to the eyes of the Trojan shepherd.

I beg to be informed here why the Greeks, who have found it necessary to place three or four hunters or huntresses of high title in the senate of the gods, have not even dreamed of reserving the smallest place in this august assembly for the patron of fishermen. I know the Greek mythology too well, and its habitual generosity, to attribute this conduct in regard to a pacific industry to a vile and sordid motive of economy. The gratitude of mortals did more than decorate the benefactors of the world with the vain title of gods, and place them in Olympus. It gave them a place on the

earth in magnificent Pantheons, it consecrated to them a salaried worship, and erected altars to those who had ransomed man from his misery and his ignorance. If it fell to the Greek people to eternize, by admirable monuments, the remembrance of benefits and its own gratitude, it is because the Greek people is the only one that has understood the sanctity of passion, the work of God, and that has dared to deify Love, the source of all poetry, of all justice, and all religion.

A proof that the gratitude of the people has through all times attached to the name of the hunter, is that the hunter was in all times also the hero of popular legends on the banks of the Eurotas and Cephisus, as on those of Lake Ontario. The literature of North America, a country born but yesterday, has yet scarcely produced more than one masterpiece and one type. This masterpiece is a history of the hunt, this type is "Leatherstocking," the primitive hunter, chaste and religious.

The most adorable weaknesses of the goddesses of Olympus have also been due to some hunter. There are no two interests more strictly connected in history than those of the hunter and lovely woman, except those of the chase and of liberty. The goddess of Paphos, of Cythera, and Gnidus; Venus, who was so much scandalized for her light conduct, never had a lover so much to her heart as the hunter Adonis, whom a formidable wild boar's tusk tore from her tenderness, and over whose wounds she shed so many tears that a flower sprang up thence. The rosy fingered Aurora; Aurora, so refractory to the fires of old Titan, her legitimate husband, compromised herself scandalously for the hunter Cephalus. The chaste Diana herself could not resist too well the charms of Endymion, and more than once needed the pretext of an eclipse to explain the irregularities in her service of nocturnal illumination. Poetry attests that it is to the justness of his eye and to his reputation as a skillful marksman, that the shepherd Paris, son of Priam, owed the remarkable honor of being chosen by three young immortal damsels, very lightly dressed, as sovereign arbiter of an important question.

The Chase is the only branch of industry where the importance of the function is measured by talent and capacity, where facetious

criticism is in fashion, and is pitiless, for the awkwardness of misplaced pretensions. Whence the self-esteem of the hunter, the sentiment of personal dignity, the exaltation of courage, and the contempt of death? Who more stoically supports torture and dies better than the savage, hardened by the chase to suffering and privation? It is true that the savage of the great lakes in singing his death-song was persuaded that the Manitou awaited to give him a hunting permit for the spirit forests. It has not been calculated how far the love of the chase enters into the contempt of death among these brave martyrs.

If so many goddesses and queens have been seen to marry shepherds, it is because shepherds are of the wood of which hunters are made, and hunters of the wood of which heroes are made.

If the hunter so often obtains the prize of honor decreed by beauty, it is because beauty has not given in to the error of false morality, and has nobly remained faithful to the voice of God, which is passional attraction, and which secretly designates to her His elect. God has conceded to woman the privilege of making men happy, only on condition that she choose them among the worthiest, among warriors, hunters, and heroes. Love is the focus of enthusiasm, and generator of glory, the court of appeal which raises merit from the unjust condemnations of society. Capital is its black beast, to humble which makes its happiness. On the other side, God has placed within the hearts of heroes supreme attraction for the happiness of love. Victorious Hercules has spun, perhaps, a hundred distaffs for the first kiss of Omphala, and only at a much later period claimed higher wages.

Moralists have cast much blame on this pretended weakness of the noble son of Alcmena, spinning at a woman's feet. For my own part, I know of nothing more religious or more human than this touching myth of the personification of brute force subdued by charm, than those eternal and delightful stories of Mars disarmed by Love, of lions that passion transforms into lambs. God and the human race have no worse enemies than those proud moralists who pretend to correct the work of God, in compressing passions, and who do it so awkwardly, that they never fail to cause its explosion

for the greater misfortune of the stupid societies that have faith in their doctrines.

[The fault of the moralist is not, properly speaking, that of requiring the compression of individual attractions, and their subordination to the public weal or social order; but of stopping at this point, instead of criticising the social sphere and seeking to discover and organize an order capable of conciliating individualities and passional attractions, and to obtain a general maximum rather than a minimum of satisfactions.

The most rigid moralist will not contend for any repression of individual will or attraction, except on the ground of its inconsistency with the liberties of others, or with one's own liberty in other respects: the most rampant advocate of passional liberty cannot object to this, a given state of society being the fixed term. The essential difference then between the civilized moralist and the defender of the passions, is that the former considers social convention to be the fixed term by which the individual soul must be tried, and to which its passions must be cut down, while the other conceives of the soul as the fixed term by which social relations should be calculated, and to the development of whose attractions its order must be conformed.

Thus it may be wrong for an individual in the present state of society, to violate the marriage vow and form a new relation, though this may be essentially the truest thing for all parties immediately concerned; it may be wrong on account of the scandal and injury to the parties by the intervention of civilized law and morality, but this does not prevent the advocate of passional liberty from protesting against laws and codes of morals that impertinently assume to control the liberty of individual action in affairs of passional affinity. He traces here to the arbitrary social convention the true cause of mischief.—Tr.]

The Hunter is the strong man who claims only by his right and his arm, submits to the yoke of no tyranny, who prefers death to slavery, who abdicates the enjoyment of none of his natural rights but in virtue of a contract freely consented. It is the man of nature, the vigorous pioneer, who abominates the steam-engine and the repugnant labor of the factory. His vast lungs breathe indepen-

dence with the air of the mountains and the woods. The miasm of cities kills him. Liberty, action, and life in the sunshine are his first necessities.

It is a holy and noble part, I repeat, that the Hunter plays in the history of humanity. Shall I tell whence springs the strong interest which attaches to the person of Robinson Crusoe?

This prodigious interest depends on the fact that the history of the poor shipwrecked sailor represents to us unconsciously that of humanity, cast also, by the grand shipwreck of the fall, on a desolated and uncultivated earth; of humanity, in conflict with destitution and ignorance, and ransoming itself from its condemnation by the Chase.

The Hunter goes for more than three fourths in the success of Daniel De Foe's book. Take from Robinson his gun and his powder, there is no more romance.

---

Oh, the love of liberty, of an untrammeled range, which blind legislators will not understand! Oh, the happiness of the fields and of carelessness, and the shade of great woods, and sweet idleness in the sunshine, for a youth of twenty, strong and ardent, who has vegetated in the dark and muddy cross streets of the cities, and has suffered from the universal selfishness, and from his own misery, and from the misery of others.

I inhabited the Mitidja, in 1842. I was the chief of the district at first most unhealthy, now the richest and best cultivated perhaps of all the Algerian districts.

When the multiplied expeditions of the general governor had beat back the Emir beyond the frontiers of Morocco, the report was spread in the province of Algiers that the road from Medea to the capital was safe, and that isolated soldiers had traversed it without encumbrance. Immediately the spirit of adventure rekindled in the inhabitants of the feverish plain. The most enterprising escaped from the fields, where the soldier is too much the master, and pushed toward the south. It was Spring, in the balmiest and most flower enameled days of the season of the Sun.

The chief cook of the principal restaurant at Boufarik, disappeared, an artist invaluable for the delicacy of his crab sauces, and

the excellence of his terrapin stews. The colony wept for him, authority reclaimed him, but unsuccessfully, by the voice of the drum. Some days from this disappearance, the chief of the district, making a reconnaissance toward the sources of the Arratch, met the fugitive sleeping the sleep of innocence under a dark mass of orange trees. Around him lay, in the most artistic disorder, the wrecks of his last meal, innumerable stalks of wild asparagus decapitated, a pile of quite fresh partridge egg-shells, speaking witness of some monster omelet, whose golden fringe still bordered a gigantic frying-pan, which served the sleeper as an umbrella. "How, you here, idle fellow?" said the civil officer, delighted with his guest: "you asleep in broad daylight under the orange trees of the Arratch, when all the stomachs of the colony call you, when glory and fortune at once extend their arms to you, when the great markets are reopened, and game, fish and fowl, descend again to the fabulous prices of the first days of the French occupation? Rise, do you see, and regain from this evening the sceptre of the kitchen-range, which the voice of public interest forbids you to abdicate?"

The artist replied, rubbing his eyes: "Who talks to me of work, of fortune, of kitchen-ranges, when I have eighteen francs in my pocket, a gun and a frying-pan? Who would have me condemn myself to live among furnaces, in a constant heat of forty-five degrees centigrade, or foolishly grow lean for the pleasure of others, when it is so easy for me to be happy without doing any thing? To work, to give oneself trouble in this blessed land, but it is a reflection on the good God who has poured forth His treasures here with full hands! What good to heat oneself? why run after fortune when good comes in sleeping? Oh do not try to seduce me by flattering my pride as an artist, for your attempts would be vain, and I have too long breathed the smoke of glory. And you, who speak to me, sir, you a hunter, perhaps if you knew, as I do, the joys of wild life, you would do like me." Whereupon this friend of liberty began to relate his happiness to me, and as how there existed at the bottom of the Mitidja, two leagues from the sea, and from Cape Matifoux, a delicious Eden, where flowed a peaceful stream concealed under the shades of citron and ash trees, a stream whose

surface was furrowed at all hours by thousands of water hens, of teal, of ducks—promises of eternal roasts and stews; where every gleam of the sun, that drew its luminous zone upon the surface of the water, was mirrored back from the scales of myriads of fish; where the high grass of the banks, watered by natural brooks, served as country and asylum to worlds of snipes and water rails, as well as for sows of the mountain that came down to bring forth their young in the spring. He said besides, that in winter every tuft of rose-laurel on the plain, sheltered a woodcock, a rabbit, or a hare; that this plain was paved with quails, with partridges, and Carthage hens, from the sea to Mount Atlas; that the jujube, the orange, the citron, the fig, the olive, the tobacco plant, and the vine, offered to passengers fruits that no one had as yet dared to appropriate, and that he had lived there eighteen months, he the third of a party in this enchanted solitude, with three francs, fifty centimes. The renewal of hostilities in 1839 had chased our Robinsons from their asylum. Then they retired into the cities to let the storm pass over, and to amass capital.

Peace had returned, and all three, rich with respectable economies, went to find happiness again, where they had left it.

Joseph (the artist in stews) awaited his two associates on the banks of the Arratch, at the place of rendezvous.

And the chief of the district, touched by this lively picture of the charms of savage life, which he had so often dreamed of in his sad youth, sought no further to combat the resolutions of the artist. He only promised to go himself to pay him a visit one day in the season of snipes, and forced him to accept in gratitude for future hospitality, a complete set of hunting accoutrements: a cutlass, a saw, and all the ammunition he had about him. The chief of the district has not kept his promise, because he has been prevented by a brutal soldier, who had him arrested by gensdarmes for refusing to condemn two poor innocent colonists.

If some Parisian hunter, wandering in the Algerian solitudes about these precincts, has met with our savages, he has received from them, I am sure, a comfortable hospitality, and they have set hm on his road again, and the artist will have remembered, in honor of his guest, the secret of his most exquisite culinary recipes. But

let the law bring back these savages into France, and before six months they will figure on the benches of the Court of Assizes as robbers of game, perhaps even as murderers.

[It is to the element of spontaneity that the healthfulness of the naturalist's pursuits are due.—Tr.]

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Switzerland was emancipated from the Austrian yoke by the address of a hunter well known on the scenery of the opera. Switzerland owed its political liberty, amid twenty nations enslaved, only to the superior skill of its natives as marksmen, a superiority sustained by the continuous exercise of the right of the chase. But shame now to that odious branch establishment of Judah, that pours forth every year clouds of rapacious stock-jobbers upon all the European capitals! shame to the country of renegades, that trains its children to the trade of executioners' servants, and furnishes jailors and police to all the tyrants of Italy! Revered shades of William Tell, Melchtal, and Arnold, it is your indignation that exhales by my mouth, to wither with a bloody curse those vile sustainers of absolutism, your degenerate sons! Oppression never approached the mountains of Navarre and of Biscay, peopled with bear-hunters. There is an order of peasants in Sweden, because the peasants have always had the right to hunt in Sweden. The Scotch, the Arnaut, the Kabaïle, all the last conquered of nations, are hunting people. The Klepthe, who for all his worldly chattels has but a good gun, bronzed by the smoke, and then his liberty upon the mountains, the Klepthe has finished by getting the better of the Turk, France and Russia assisting. The apogee of power for this same Turk corresponds to the epoch when the soldiers of this nation were the first bombardiers of the world, when the conquering sultans took along with them packs of six hundred dogs with collars of vermilion.

Those noble and daring mountaineers of the Caucasus, who sustain a war so poetic, so embroidered with romantic incidents, against the Russian colossus, pass for the most skillful marksmen in the five parts of the globe. The Circassian only fires from horseback; his target is a hat thrown into the air at a hundred yards distance.

I have heard that this same emperor of Russia, who naturally

desires, like an intelligent despot, to emancipate his subjects from the yoke of the nobility, willingly grants them the right of hunting. If it is thus, the Muscovite people is nearer to its liberty than is supposed.

Why has India been so often ravaged and conquered? Because the religion of Brama forbids to shed the blood of beasts, *i. e.*, interdicts the hunt. The English people, the most voracious people of prey that has ever been known, would not now hold the Ganges and Indus in its nets had there been yonder only ten thousand good marksmen to bar the way against it. The Americans of the Union were not a hundred millions, and more, like the natives of the double Asiatic peninsula, they were only from two to three millions, counting women and children, which has not prevented them from very readily showing the English out at their door. It is because all the Americans knew how to handle the fowling-piece, and that France helped them. I am proud of being a Frenchman, when I see the heroes of my country run to the aid of all the peoples who wish to free themselves: Americans, Poles, Greeks, Belgians, or Irish.

The Irish, those famished Helots of Britannic Sparta, supply another formidable argument in support of this invincible theory, that the fear of the fowling-piece is the surest guarantee of inviolability to the rights and territories of a people. The Irish race has become the most crushed and the easiest to be crushed in Europe, on account of having remained for whole ages a stranger to the use of the fowling-piece. It is not the "repeal" that will save the children of Green Erin from the anguish of hunger, and the voracity of the English minotaur. Let all those who still partake the sad illusions of O'Connell take note of this; the safety of Ireland lies in the conquest of the right of the chase (and the reinvestiture of the people with this and the other rights usurped and monopolized by their landlords). Scatter a hundred thousand fowling-pieces over Ireland, with a little apprenticeship in the manner of using them, and I may see, within ten years, the pearl of the seas rise resplendent from the abyss; otherwise not. Alas! the English lord knows as well as I do, and long before me, the secret of Ireland's safety; thus he may accord the "repeal," but never the right of hunting.

The affection of the mountaineers of the Tyrol for the despotic government of Austria is often spoken of. The Tyrolese hunts, loves, and sings, and his government guarantees to him the enjoyment of these three dearest rights. Why should he rebel? But let the paternal government fancy to deprive the Tyrolese of the right of hunting, and we shall see fine play.

The history of antiquity is as rich, perhaps more so than that of modern times, in materials capable of serving as basis and support to my thesis of the indissoluble union of the chase with liberty.

The most noble and deserving people of antiquity, that which has illustrated all others, is the Athenian. Now these Athenians, so impassioned for liberty, for the enjoyments of the imagination, for glory and the arts, were pre-eminently the hunting people of Greece. And this fineness of sight, that made of the Athenians a nation so profoundly artistic, came precisely from its passion for the chase. I do not invent, I narrate. The assertion is Xenophon's—Xenophon the great writer, the great captain, the great hunter, is that man of antiquity who best knows what he knows.

Pausanias says, that the Athenians perceive distinctly, from the promontory of Sunium, the crest of the casque and the gilded steel of the pike with which the Minerva of the Acropolis is armed. The distance is forty kilometres (nearly twenty-three miles)! The Egynetes, who are only thirty kilometres (seventeen miles) from the Acropolis, see the handle of the spear move. The inhabitants of Athens, in their turn, distinguish perfectly, with the naked eye, the least details of the Temple of Jupiter, at Egina. The history of William Tell, and that of Leather Stocking, also called Hawkeye, confirm in every point the recital of Xenophon, who attributes the exquisite delicacy of the sense of sight among the Athenians to their passionate exercise of the right of hunting.

Fenimore Cooper, the greatest historian of the chase in modern times, goes farther than the Greek historian, when he asserts that the Mohicans will recognize the track of a bird in the air.

Now how admirably all the arts are connected.

The Athenians, a hunting people, are naturally possessed of an enthusiastic love of rural life. Their famous city is nothing but a

poor village, before the time of Pericles. They reserve all the pleasures of comfort and luxury for their country mansions, and the Pireus alone, which is the quarter of the exchange and the port of Athens, is embellished with the spoils of the enemy and the wonders of the arts. We may judge how strong their love of horticulture, by the explosion of universal despair commemorated in the comedies of Aristophanes, at the fatal epoch when the Peloponnesian war obliged all the neighboring proprietors to imprison themselves in the city. These unknown gardeners, unknown like most of the useful servants of humanity, had transplanted to their ungrateful territory, and cultivated with love, from time immemorial, the myrtle and orange of Media, and the double roses of Rhodes. To them remounts the art of cutting and dressing the ivy, the box, and the linden, continued to the present day. At Athens, during the winter, a considerable trade in violets was carried on. The violet, cardinal emblem of friendship—a sweet flower, born from the purest aromas of the earth, and whose perfume our planet leaves after her in space—the violet was the favorite flower of the Athenian. The city of Athens was represented under the figure of a majestic woman, her brow wreathed with a garland of violets. It was indeed impossible that a people so strong in analogy should not do wonders in horticulture, and surpass its rivals in all branches of the arts.

Who invented tragedy, *the song of the goat?* Naturally the Egycores, goat-hunters of Diacria, the best game country in Attica. These Egycores, the most renowned of the Athenian hunters, covered themselves with immortal glory on the field of Marathon.

As the transitions of the seasons were abrupt, and the winters severe, in Attica, the Athenians were incessantly observing the state of the sky, the direction of the winds, the color of clouds, the arrival and departure of birds of passage, the flight of cranes, swallows, and especially of kites, to which Aristophanes reproaches them with paying a superstitious homage.

Thence the astonishing historical knowledge of this people in natural history and in meteorology. The knowledge of Aristotle frightens, me for his epoch, but it is evident that this Geoffroi St. Hilaire of antiquity could have found no fit auditory, except amid

the Athenian population. It often occurs to me to provoke the hilarity of civilizees, by setting forth the opinion that man, in his quality of sovereign of the globe, must some day be invested with the power of regulating the seasons, of moderating or stimulating, at his will, the heat of the Sun, so as, in short, to make rain or fine weather at pleasure on his earth.

Those brave obscurants of the fashionable world do not understand how the privileges of their species can rise so high. Vainly you may object to them that the sky of Egypt has been, at least, 6000 years without raining, and that this phenomenon of celestial irrigation, yet unknown in these localities at the time of the French expedition, now produces itself forty days in the year, by will of the present viceroy, Mohammed Ali. They do not listen to you, and shrug their shoulders in token of contempt and incredulity. They were more polite and more learned than that at Athens, twenty centuries ago. At this time every one took account perfectly of the influence of forests, and of their destruction, on the climate of countries. Theophrastus mentions a clearing in the environs of Philippi, in Macedon, which occasioned a complete revolution in the temperature of the environing districts. Now it seems to me that a forest clearing is a work of the hands of man. Most of the towns of antiquity, Greek or Roman, had their sacred wood, to whose protection a local legend attributed the safety of the city. The Greeks respected the forests, and never allowed them to be stupidly cut down as we do, in order to gain a few votes for a ministerial candidate. They understood all the importance of the part which great forest masses play in the administration of the waters of heaven; and this judicious respect for the forests reacted very happily on the multiplication of the large species of game. Thus the bear and the wolf have been perpetuated until our day in the north of Greece, and it is not the fault of the inhabitants of this country if the family of curly-haired lions, to which the famous lion of Nemea belonged, is no longer found there. Pausanias relates that this species, so much to be regretted, long chose its dwellings among the groves of Tempe and Olympus.

The same Athenian people, in its love for natural objects, eagerly

occupied itself with breeding the pheasant and peacock, fifteen centuries before the epoch of the crusades, in spite of the vulgar opinion, which is wrong in attributing to these holy enterprises the honor of first importing these noble fowls into the European world.

I should find myself very much embarrassed to say what invention there is that does not proceed from the chase, either directly or indirectly. I should be tempted to draw myself out of the affair like that young intellectual pantheist, who, on being promised an orange by his archbishop if he could tell him where the good God was, replied, "I will give you two if you will tell me where He is not."

It is the Hunter who has invented the dog—the dog that gave to man the herd—the dog, cornerstone of the social redemption. The astronomer descends in right line from the shepherds of Chaldea, to whom the dog had given some leisure. What shepherd is not somewhat of a hunter, an astrologist, a sorcerer, a physician?

The Scythian, ancestor of the German, father of the Franc, are cited in all the writings of antiquity as perfect models of sobriety, innocence, and honor. These people, so jealous of their independence, and who bear an immaculate reputation for justice and bravery, have been hunters, among whom woman, admitted into the counsels of the tribe, guides the warriors to glory, combats and dies with them. It is the superhuman courage of the heroines of Scythia that recalls the tradition of a nation of Amazons on the banks of the Thermodoon. They were right in seeking for the free woman to liberate the world, those Judases of St. Simonism, who have since sold the blood of the people to the powers of capital for a handful of gold! The voice of free countries proclaims the beneficent influence of the spirit of the chase.

The testimony of various beasts is also homage to the chase. The dog, the wolf, the fox, that have in their souls so much finesse, rascality, and wit, modestly confess that they owe their superiority over other beasts only to the daily practice of hunting, which has developed their intelligence immensely, by forcing them to invent every day some new strategic combination, and keeping their im-

aginations constantly awake. I have seen dogs perfectly emaciated by their excessive headwork.

I know not whether it be necessary for me to undertake the defense of the hunter against the common accusation of mendacity so complacently addressed to him by the profane herd. The hunter does not lie, he embroiders—he embroiders with more art and delicacy than any one else—that makes him so many enemies.

Ornament, imagination, and poetry are the dress and the luxury of truth. If the hunter adorns the truth, it is from love for it, as the lover decorates the woman he adores.

It is not his fault if he is more a poet, and more initiated than the rest of mortals in the secrets of God—if his language is more gilded with metaphors than that of common use. The language of the setter dog is also full of metaphors; but who ever was tempted to call that an evil, and to impute it as a crime to the setter that he has too much wit? It is his business to have wit, this hunting animal, we pay him for that. Wit is, after all, what distinguishes us from the beasts. The good hunter is rarely modest—it is just to confess it—but still less a mere boaster. And why should he lie, when the truth is already, by itself, so attractive and engaging? Let the beasts speak their natural language, they will always have more spirit and grace than we could give them. And besides, how to lie in an entirely practical art, where the demonstration must immediately follow the theorem? The vulgar do not understand that the science of hunting is a science of observation, a profound science, and more difficult to acquire, a hundred times, than that of comets and eclipses, and that he who possesses it, and who has paid for it by rheumatisms, tusk-gashes, and dangers, has the right of using a little more assurance in his relations than a mere Parisian of Paris. The geometrician also affirms positively, and every one takes care not to accuse the geometrician of exaggerating, for fear that he may ask to give the proof of his proposition. Then if the hunter is, like the geometrician, sure of what he advances, why blame his confidence, instead of admiring his courage? The true hunter, besides, rarely gets proud of his science; he knows, indeed, that he will always remain below the dog in finding out game, and below the rheumatism and the hare in

foreseeing changes of weather. I am obliged to say it, but it is the ignorance of the vulgar that nearly always makes the lie of the hunter.

When I say that I have shot flying a superb salmon, of several pounds weight, I relate with all possible simplicity a true fact, but I do not therefore pretend to insinuate that salmon have wings; it is only the whimsical imagination of the auditor which has imputed this design to me. I employ a figure of rhetoric, an *ellipse*, to say that I have shot flying at a sea-eagle, which has experienced so much emotion at the whistling of my ball, as to have let the prey he held in his claws fall into my game-bag. I have not lied, since I shot flying—since the fish has fallen from the air. And yet how often have I not seen a frivolous audience explode with hilarity and universal incredulity, at the simple announcement of such a shot. You are liable every day to shoot flying, a chamois bounding over an abyss—a roebuck leaping over a thicket: relate in company, in the simplest manner, the accident that has befallen you, and suddenly you shall see a fine talker rise to thank you for teaching him that chamois and roebucks have wings, a peculiarity, he will add, with an air full of malice, of which he had, until then, been completely ignorant. For my own part, I declare all conversation impossible in a saloon where one cannot have killed a deer or a salmon flying. The lie, in matters of hunting, should commence only beyond the limits of the possible.

The hunter, I have said, adorns truth because he loves it. There is no harm in that. The hunter is human—he has felt cold on the shoulders of the poor goddess—he has understood that it was necessary to dress her a little, to produce her to better effect in a world where false modesty reigns—where the corruption of the soul leads man to blush at the most charming creations of his God. But how the respect of the hunter for truth reveals itself through the slightest details of those ornaments with which he has decked his idol! How gracefully the waving folds of her silken, pearl-embroidered mantle lend themselves to delineate the most delicious curves at the least motion of the breeze! How ill they keep the secret which the artist has confided to them. I swear to you, it would not have been the moralists of the puritan school that would

have invented the genealogy of Love, son of Venus; nor that of Minerva, goddess of wisdom, who issues from the brain of Jove, already armed to combat error. It would not have been the publican orators of our days that would have dared to enrol under the banner of the same god—under the ignoble banner of Mercury—the lawyer, the merchant, and the robber, as those fable-making Greeks, bolder and franker than we are, have not feared to do.

On my soul and conscience, I tell you, the hunting people that has created the mythology—the Greek people—has reared to august Truth, the most magnificent temple that the love of mortals has ever yet built. And never has austere religion or doctrine of sacrifice formulized the eternal truth in a manner so neat as the pagan mythology, nor better characterized the relations of man with nature and with God. Hunter and spiritual was that Athenian people whom God formerly chose to sow the principles of His law upon the new-born globe—that Greek people, to whose beneficent and imitative genius the present civilization still pays homage.

Hunter and spiritual is still the people to whom God has transmitted the heritage of Athens—the people whose generous sons will have sounded, before the end of the age, over the whole surface of the earth, the reveillé of freemen and the knell of tyrants—the people of unity and fraternity—the people of my country, whose emancipative genius and glorious name the Harmonian generations will bless.

# CHAPTER II.

## EUROPEAN FRANCE—ITS CLIMATE, INHABITANTS, AND ZOOLOGICAL SCHEDULE.

France is a country favored by heaven. It is the country of noble hunters and noble thinkers—the country of the queen woman—of delicious wines and exquisite game.

In no other country of the world has God sown more songs, treasures, and flowers. The spirit, the women, wines, and game of France are titled with a superior aroma—have a seal of their own, which will not allow them to be confounded with those of other growths and other countries.

France is the warmest country on the globe in the same latitudes. The isothermal line that passes through Paris, situated under the forty-ninth degree, passes through Philadelphia, which lies under the fortieth, at the same distance from the equator as Naples. The latitude of Paris, where the grape and the peach ripen in the open air, is the same as that of Quebec, where the mercury freezes. The average temperature of France is the same as that of England; but neither the grape nor the peach will live in England. This is also a little the fault of the English population, a people devoted to trade and merchandise, and which has prohibited the rays of the sun in its island, in order to favor the consumption of the national coal. The English soil is only a sort of dark lantern. The admirable disposition of the superficies of the French territory explains these favors of temperature. High mountain chains, gradually rising from north to south, divide our soil into a vast series of deep and sheltered basins, almost always open at the south and closed to the north wind. These chains, although some of them are crowned with eternal snows, give rise to

numberless streams, to magnificent rivers, which, slowly descending the gentle slope of their beds, water and fertilize the valleys, anastomose or run parallel with each other, binding, by natural communications, all parts of the territory, and facilitating the exchange of all the products of the soil between the inhabitants of different zones. For there are truly three zones in this little France, which the black swallow traverses in five hours through its whole extent. There is the tropical zone, where the orange and pomegranate ripen in the open air, where all the flowers of the tropics flourish in the breezes of the south—the zone of the Mediterranean shore, the basins of the Var and Tech, where frosts are still unknown, where the clear air has the azured tint of the Sicilian Heaven, and distributes with as constant a prodigality splendid days and starry nights. There is the middle zone, where the vine, the mulberry, maize, and other cereal grains grow; then, lastly, the northern zone, where the grape no longer matures, but where the apple and the hop still yield their harvest, so that each division of this blessed land should have its exhilarating liquor. Sometimes the productions of the three zones will meet under the same eye, and rise above each other in grades from the base to the summit of the same mountain, on the shores of the blue sea: below, the olive and the cork-tree; a little higher, the mulberry, the walnut, and the oak; then the chestnut tree; then the ash; then the hemlock; then shrubs, with dark and glistening leaves, bordering the region of eternal snows, where the soil no longer lives. At the base of the mountain the ortolan, the little bustard, the quail; higher up, the gray partridge, the thrush, the snipe; still higher, the red partridge, the grouse; then still ascending, the Guernsey partridge, the heath-cock, the hazel-hen; finally, on the limits of the region of snows, the ptarmigan, compatriot of the eagle, the wild goat, and chamois.

The ancients forgot to place the garden of the Hesperides in one of those oases of the south of France, where the tree with golden apples grows, and which Esculapius now assigns as a dwelling to weak chests and to exhausted constitutions. Modern poets have repaired the omission of the poets of the Greek mythology: "Si vellet Deus in terris habitare, Biterris," they say. There is,

in fact, no pleasanter climate in the world than that of the towns of Beziers, Perpignan, Hyeres, Antibes. Happy country—rich dwelling of man—if man, whose mission is to create after God, and to adorn his dwelling, had known how to profit by the bounty of nature! But the civilized man, that inveterate enemy of his own happiness, has not acted thus. He has furiously laid low with his axe the mountain forests, that covered the tops of high chains, and carded the stormy winds, and sifted the vapor of clouds down in mild and fertilizing dews. He has denuded all the heights, and opened to the devastating breath of the maestral (northwest wind of the Mediterranean) the passes of the valleys, and the clouds, black with tempest, meeting henceforth on the crests which they graze, only sharp points of rock to tear their sides—the clouds have burst upon the hills, and their furious cataracts have ravined the declivities, and piled up below in plains the soil washed away from the hill-sides. The frost has nipped the vine—the maestral has driven back the olive and the tree with golden apples from the sheltered shores of the southern sea. And each year some new misfortune has afflicted cultures. On the last crop came inundations, the hurricane, or the waterspout—now the drouth, or contagious disease of the herd or of the harvest—and hideous famine, the purveyor of the criminal court and the executioner, seats itself in the hearth of the laborer of this blessed country. Eternal shame to its governors!

A noble land for all this, and cherished by God among all, and destined by Him as the tomb of all barbarity—the soil where the bones of the Huns and Arabs have slept for so many ages—a land where God has placed the heart of humanity—the pivot of intelligent life, where every cry of suffering, and all the curses of oppressed nations must find a response, and whence the regenerative idea of liberty and fraternity was to gush forth, like the regenerating arterial blood, to the very ends of the world. In one word, the land of the good God, the common country of all peoples, where every just cause was sure of finding martyrs; every exile, a refuge!

Noble France, whose avenging name expiring nationalities lately invoked under the axe of the executioner, saying: God is too high, and France is too far!

Noble country, and noble the people that inhabits it! Frank people, whom the ancient world saluted, from its first appearance on the scene of history, by the title of Saviour of the Christian Unity and buckler of God. For long before the fierce Sicambrian had bent his brow for the blessing of the humble servant of Christ, the extermination of the hordes of Attila, the scourge of God, already proclaimed the prowess of the hero Frank, and the might of his invincible arm! Already the holy and emancipating VIRGIN, whose mildly radiant aureole was to color with such poetic reflections every heroic page of our annals, had made her appearance in the legend. A great nation, so generous, so repugnant by nature to ignoble traffic, that makes a liar of man, that it has had to fetch from Judah and Geneva, mercenaries trained to cheating to keep its shops. It has been obliged to draw from the stranger its parasitical tribe of money-shavers, as it already had drawn its chimney-sweeps! A great and holy nation—the only one in which the spirit of nationality is absent; I mean the spirit of ancient barbarism, the hatred of the stranger, the exclusive love of their own parish. Ah, let the incense-bearers of the golden calf, let all the partners of the Jew King deplore the incapacity of my country people for affairs of commerce, and their want of national selfishness; I uphold these defects as France's proudest titles of glory, as the clearest signs of my nation's superiority! That spirit of ardent nationality is good for the people of prey. It is well for the Englishman, who, out of England, sees only people to plunder, to wallow in his insular patriotism. The Englishman is another Jew, who, like the latter, has declared war upon all the peoples of the world, and whose fortune can be made only by the ruin of all the other peoples. But it is precisely because it has been thus for the Jewish people that it must be otherwise for the French people—a Christian nation. When the drunken Englishman exclaims in his stupid pride—"*The vine does not grow in our island, and we drink the wine of all nations!*" the Frenchman should answer, "If God has given us the vine, it is because He wished to make us the cup-bearers of the globe; let us take the cup of fraternal communion, and pour out the wine for all the nations." When the bloody barbarian, the opium merchant, takes

for his maxim "Every one for himself," the genius of France must write on its banner, "All for each—each for all!"

I admire the Dutchman, the Genevese, the English—all those Jews, calling themselves Christians—boasting of their superiority in the ignoble industry of traffic, where victory is assured to the greatest cheat!*

Why was the cause of popular liberties so long united with the cause of royalty in France? Why did the liberty of the communes begin on the banks of the Oise, in the heart of the country in France most full of game, under the protecting shade of royal houses?

Because all the great kings of France are hunters, and the passion of hunting is like the love of glory and of gallantry in their hearts. Let us search well in this long list of kings during fourteen centuries, and we shall find that the most glorious names, and those most cherished by popular gratitude, are the names of hunting kings; to begin with good King Dagobert, who found it so hard to take leave of his dogs, down to the unfortunate Louis XVI., so worthy of a better fate. There is Charles Martel, the hammer of the Saracens; there is Pepin the Short, who severed the head of a lion with a single blow of his scimetar; there is Charlemagne, the great emperor of the west, the conqueror of the Saxons, the

* Pride has not allowed me to suppress in the author's text the foregoing invectives on the Jewish people, of which I am a member. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." So far as the Jews have identified themselves with the false commerce of civilization, they well deserve this basting, and the sauce with which they are served up in the author's work entitled "Les Juifs Rois de l'époch." Their commercial character is, however, phenomenal, and not essential—an expediency of the times—a quid pro quo, and courteous retort upon their constituted oppressors.

The Jews first bore the scepter in war, under the reign of force; now they bear the scepter in commerce, under the reign of fraud; this force of intellect and character remaining the same, while harmonic channels of development are opened in place of subversive ones; they take their foremost rank among the Caucasian races in the arts and sciences, and enter every honorable sphere of productive industry that lies open to them. Had the Jews found national hospitality in the countries of their exile, they might have been farmers instead of merchants, and M. Toussenel have missed the occasion of this tirade.—Tr.

Lombards, and the Avares. All these heroes, whose powerful hands arrest the irruption of the barbarians, whose heavy lance shivers like glass the swift cavalry of Attila and of Abderamis, have preluded to these games by hunting the Urus in the dark forests of Austrasia.

The chronicles of their time attest it. The Carlovingian heroes dwelt only at their hunting-seats, Heristal and Aix la Chapelle, in time of peace.

The great emperor—so called because his foot was twelve inches long, and for this reason served his subjects as a line-measure, called the *king's-foot*—the great emperor also loved the chase, as passionately as war. One of his whims was to have the beautiful Hildegarde accompany him. She was his favorite spouse, and planted her lance most gallantly in the tough neck of the wild bull. At other times the whole squadron of his daughters flies around him, lance in hand—eight vigorous and comely riders, who have since served as types for the Bradamantes, the Marphisas, and the Clorindas, and whose grace, courage, and lightness the twins, poetry and music, have consecrated. The last hero of this glorious race died hunting, torn by a boar-tusk in the groin, like the beautiful Adonis.

Hunters are the heroes that shine in the crusades, and who bring back to France the pheasant, the peacock, and falconry. Louis XI., that king of France who did most for the people, was also the first hunter of his time. If the high nobility, sustaining itself on the traitor Bourguignon, raised against him the war of the commonwealth, it is because the king wished to deprive that nobility of their hunting privileges, so distressing to the laborer; for where the lord has right, the beast and bird have right, according to the feudal code.

Louis XI. requested to be buried at Clery, in a copper tomb, in a hunter's costume, his horn by his side—and the poetry of the chase owes him a requiem.

Louis XII., Francis I., gallant heroes and troubadours—one of whom does not think cannon balls bold enough to touch a king of France, the other who wears out three swords in one battle—Louis XII. and Francis I. are hunters of high title. Historians

never exhaust the noble qualities of the good king Louis XII. Francis I. alone occupies more space in French history than ten kings.

The chase has also its luminous ray among those which beam from the Pharos of the new dynasty. With this noble epoch is connected the introduction of the ounce (a small hunting tiger) into the French chase—an auxiliary since then forgotten. The branch of Valois has inherited the glorious hunting fame of its chief. Love, under Henry II., resuscitates the worship of Diana, and builds new wonders of the world to her divinity; and the Diana of France inspires the sculptors and architects of Anet, as happily as the Diana of Ionia had inspired those of Ephesus. Catharine de Medicis, so happy to make a fine shot with the arquebuss, as the chroniclers relate—Catharine de Medicis and her son Charles IX., so unworthily calumniated by history for having prevented the great Protestant lords from dividing France among themselves, and reducing the French people to helotism, as the great Protestant lords of England have done with the Irish—Catharine and Charles IX. raise to a luster hitherto unparalleled, the noble deeds of the chase. The son consecrates the leisures of the throne to meditate and write on this important matter; the mother makes the practice of hunting, both with hound and hawk, obligatory on the beauties of the Louvre, and from this salutary obligation springs that charming swarm of Amazons, so redoubtable for the prowess of its arms, so well known in the history of French gallantry, under the merited name of the queen's flying squadron. It is to the hunter king, Charles IX., that Jacques du Fouilloux, a gentleman of Poictiers, dedicates his celebrated treatise on hunting, a master-piece of observation and of science that all nations envy us, and in which the most learned of our day still find something to learn.

Henry IV., the only king, it is said, whose memory the people have preserved, has but one passion—the chase—after those of glory, women, and play. Louis XIII., who allowed so many great things to be done under his reign, holds the hunter in the highest esteem, weeps over the decline of falconry, and raises young Albert de Luynes to the dignity of Constable of France, to reward

him for his skill in training the shrike to take the sparrow flying. Salnove attributes a bugle flourish for the fox to this king, who might have been surnamed the Just, on account of his true eye, being the first French prince who used the arquebuss to shoot flying. Apollo and his Muses—Venus, Diana, and Love—have wreathed with a poetic crown the brow of the great king to whom no glory is wanting, who did more for liberty, and for the indivisibility of the French nation, than any of those who have followed, and for whom was wrought the first double-barreled gun. Alas, with the intelligent hunter who had raised the hare-chase to the rank of a royal amusement; with the magnificent creator of the wonders of Marly and of Versailles, cease the splendors of the monarchy and of the French hunt. All perish in the hands of his unworthy successor, who allies himself with England, as if there could be alliance between the bird of day and the bird of night. And the respect of the people for the royal authority disappears with the glory of the French hunt. The king of France has opened to the English dog the entrance to his kingdom. Dark forests of Gaul, veil your majestic face in thickest vapors, that you may not witness the coming profanation. Wreathe your low branches in a mail of thorns, to arrest the irruption of the foxhound, for the days of the abomination and of the desolation foretold by the encyclopedists, has come. The anglomania, a subtle poison, has made a breach into our laws, our morals, our costume; and it will not pause before your mysterious fastnesses. The revolutionary axe, which strikes together with the English idea, and which delights to cut down old trunks, like old dynasties—the revolutionary axe will open frightful chasms in your sides. Moan, ye mountain echoes, which the resounding clamors of the indigenous pack will no longer awaken.

To replace our races of Saintonge, Poitou, and Lorraine—our white dogs, with large chest, subtle smell, and sonorous voice—they have a dumb and rapid race, sprung from the greyhound, that force the stag in an hour!

They have reduced, by three fourths, the duration of pleasure, and they call this *economizing time.* Accursed be thou, O rose-water Minotaur of the Parc aux Cerfs and the grand Trianon—

curses on thee, traitor to royalty, to France, to the chase, who gave to my country the fox-hound, and caused the chase to degenerate into a butchery, and royal loves into ignoble debauches! Curses on thee, degrader of the throne, who with thy regicidal hand preparedst the scaffold for thy grandson!

The vengeance of heaven was not slow to follow. It is said that the English dog had scarcely touched the French soil with his pestilential paw, before the terrible disease known as the dog sickness, broke out for the first time in France, and destroyed two thirds of the species. And the invasion of this plague is recorded among the unlucky dates of our history, beside that of the shameful treaty of 1763, which, corresponding to that of 1815, of the last century, lost to France, India, America, and her navy; in fine, her honor! Oh! these English ideas—these odious lies—these abysses of corruption and venality called the fox-hound and the representative—the right of law-making, based upon wealth!

Oh, when will the sentiment of patriotism and of indignation that oppresses me at the sight of these scandals overflow at once from all hearts, demanding that these foreign idols be expelled from my country, to restore the worship of the true chase and of true liberty—to restore to intelligence and probity the precedence over money—to tear the protective power of society from the tyranny of capital? It is full time that this transformation should be effected.

For in this classic land of the chase, called France, hunters now wear the red livery, the livery of the English, the same as our ministers! The principal rendezvous for our golden youth, gilded by the Ruolz process, is called the jockey-club! There they drink ale, they smoke, they box, they rob—and princes, too, as well as simple officers under the king's orders.

There they speak a particular tongue, called language of the sport or turf, or in good French, stable slang. Our wonders of the fashion have introduced the riding-whip with tobacco and grog at their select suppers, whence woman is excluded. The roués of the day, the scoundrels (coquins as they call themselves), brokers, merchants enriched by bankruptcies, instead of ruining themselves with dancing girls as was once the fashion, find it more noble to

sponge on these ladies. They no longer thrash the watchmen, but their lawful wives. I declare once again, that such infamy cannot last much longer.

Still then another glory lost to France and to the chase. Glory lost, notwithstanding the benedictions of Heaven, which varied so richly the climates, influences, and productions of the soil of France, so that all the quadrupeds and birds of Europe should find a country there. Vainly had God placed this horse country bordering on three seas, and in the center of the continent, to make it the chief resort of all migratory birds in their periodical migrations from north to south and back. In vain had God ordered the bustard, the snipe, the ortolan, the becafico, the quail, the thrush, and all the birds of the marshes and rivers of the north, to stop in France twice a year. The birds have obeyed, but despite their obedience the mass of the French people is still ignorant of the snipe, the ortolan, and the quail, as well, alas, as of simple butcher's meats, natural wine, and wheat bread. Government of my country, here is an ignorance for which you shall answer before God. Ah, it is a pity, on my honor, thus to see so many treasures wasted, and the civilizee does not deserve the providence of heaven!

The chase, alas! was long in France, as elsewhere, a feudal, warlike institution, destined to serve as the apprenticeship to human butchery for the young males of the oppressor caste, and to provide their papas during peace with a genteel means of keeping their hands in. It is known that the favorite pastime of the Spartans, a people of caste, consisted in shooting the Helot. These Spartans were to the unfortunate inhabitants of Laconia, what the Normans of England are to the Saxon and the Irish. The Spartans made their helots drunk to inspire in their children the disgust of drunkenness.

The Normans imbruted the Irish and the Saxon, to render them more governable. It appears, from what I have heard in my classes, that the Spartan people was excessively virtuous, and excessively moral, although not less distinguished by its love of robbery, its barbarity, and ferocity. I have never been able to endure it myself, either in version or in theme. I recollect that one of my few pleasures at college, where they were scarce, was to shoot

at the Spartans in Latin distichs, while my young fellow-scholars celebrated, in pompous hexameters, their ancestors, their virtues, their rapine, and their love of black broth; which was (by way of parenthesis) not a bad sort of a stew.

The hunt was a privilege of caste before 1789, but the privilege was nobly exercised. The revolution of '89, in destroying privilege, has unfortunately opened the way to the destruction of the game. The whole legislation of hunting is now to be made anew. The present chase, like every industry of subversive order, whether savage, barbarous, or civilized, is afflicted with seven lymbic scourges, called poverty, fraud, oppression, carnage, outrageous bad weather, diseases artificially provoked, vicious circle; seven plagues which pivot upon general selfishness and duplicity of action. Nothing is actually poorer and more depopulated than our country and forests of France. Where are the buffalo and the urus, the elk, the reindeer, the fallow deer, the stag, the bear, the wild boar, the wild goat? Where are the great and the small bustards, the Guernsey partridge? Even the hare and the common partridge may be *counted* everywhere. The quail, tired of the war of extermination which the European populations have waged against it, sometimes decides on leaving the continent for whole years. I know fields in France where the lark no longer sings, and great woods where the nightingale, the robin, and the white-throated warbler cease to nestle every year. The domain of the becafico, and that of the ortolan, grows narrower every day, at the same time with that of the vine, the fig tree, and the olive. The snipe and the water rail fly before the deplorable draining of our marshes; the duck and the teal seek running waters more hospitable than those of the Somme and the Seine. France, the beautiful country, favored by Heaven, and destined, by the diversity of its temperature and the delicacy of its fruits, to be the favorite dwelling of all the juicy game, France has become a frightful cut-throat for all the Lord's creatures, where the boldest travelers tremble as they alight. It is sad. I know, in the whole city of Paris, a city seven leagues in circumference, and provided with numberless monuments, only four or five miserable colonies of swallows.

Now the insects, freed from the police of the little birds, of the

woodpeckers and the tomtits, have gnawed the pith of the large trees, and devoured their leaves, and the vegetation of the forests and orchards has suffered incalculable damage. The destruction of the linnet has delivered the vine to the invasion of the *pyrale.*

The game destroyed; an important source of nourishment, whose keeping cost man nothing, has been taken away from the French people, and this game has become the privilege of the tables of the rich, and the exaggerated increase of its price has urged the field laborer to leave his plow and to become a poacher; and there have followed lawsuits, hatreds, and murders, and the necessity of increasing the onerous and unproductive body of repressive agents; and another grief has been added to the troubles of the proletary, who has asked by what right the proprietor sought to appropriate to himself alone, all the game that he has not created, and that God gives to all. And as cunning, theft, fraud, and lying are the natural arms of the slave; of the child, whose natural inclinations false morality repels; of woman, who is made to swear oaths she cannot keep; of the proletary, who can take no part in making the laws which are enacted against him; the poacher retaliates, by the snare and the night-watch, on the theory of the absolute right of property; and his rebellion, which is sustained by a just principle, keeps up a fearful fermentation of ruin in the midst of society.

With the last century has perished that aristocracy of race, whose titles of nobility our fathers one day threw into the river; but upon its ruins another has risen—the aristocracy of money—greedier, prouder, less well-bred than its predecessor, and less brave; and which dishonors the hunt by selling its game. The banker, who values his game according to the money he makes off of it; the banker and the English poacher, who pullulate in France, and regard this country as a conquered land since 1830; the banker, I say, and the English poacher, figure honorably in the category of the lymbic plagues of the chase, under the title of *oppression.*

As to *carnage,* it is the only art in which the civilized hunter is a graduated master. For the civilized hunter, the game has no sex, and season no laws. If, however, the worship of destruction had altars among us, our prefects would be rightfully its high priests. Had the prefects been created and sent into the world to

organize the massacre of the game, they could not have done better. * * * * * * * * *

Outrageous weather is not less a cause of ruin for the game of France. In the times of King David, the heavens declared the glory of God; they seem at present only to declare the glory of Satan; for it might well be said, that chance, and no longer Providence, regulates the order of the seasons. There are no longer any seasons in France. I have often seen the cold of winter continue until the summer solstice, and the lilac in flower at this epoch; another year, the winter forgot to come. In 1845 the crops perished with rot; in 1846, with drouth; and a fearful famine ensued, which caused gold to flow in streams into the coffers of the monopolizers, and thousands of unfortunates to perish with hunger.

What an insult, what a shame for Man, who calls himself the king of nature, and who cannot even order HIS clouds to rain when it is needed, and His seasons to equipoise themselves and keep their order! Whence proceed these miseries of unseasonable weather? I have already explained—from the ill-considered felling of forests on mountain summits and their declivities—from the stupid carelessness of government and the governed. When the water of clouds has burst upon the hill-sides without having been divided by any other surface than the bare rock—when the brook becomes a torrent and the river a sea—the brook and the torrent have carried off, and rolled pell-mell in their waves, the bodies of partridges, rabbits, and hares, with those of man's herds and his furniture.

The heathcock, the hazel hen, the dove, the wild boar, the roebuck, have disappeared with the hemlock and the oak; the bird of passage no longer dares to stop in this denuded, barren, shelterless country. Another disastrous consequence of these abrupt transitions from a Siberian spring to a summer of Senegal; the tissues of plants that God had not prepared for these rude trials, are disorganized by the too frequent repetition of these shocks; plants and grains have contracted germs of disease, which they have communicated to the blood of animals nourished by them, even to that of man. The cold rains have killed the young coveys, the rot has attacked the rabbits and hares.

The game and plants suffer cruelly enough from the folly and improvidence of man, who governs them; it is just that man should be punished by the unwholesomeness of crops or of meats, for his numberless infractions upon the principle of universal Solidarity.

Solidarity, Association, only path of salvation for man and for the beast! So long as this saving principle shall not have prevailed in international policy, it is useless to expect the complete solution of any question of the chase. Of what use, for instance, for us to apply in France a just legislation to the quail, if the principles of this same legislation are not observed in foreign countries—in Africa, in Italy, in Sardinia, in Sicily, where the quail stops six months and more, as well as other species which are to bring us the precious tribute of their flesh? Out of unity, I can see only the vicious circle. The destruction of game has led to its dearness, high prices have incited to its destruction; *vicious circle.* The law forbids poaching under severe penalties; the poacher kills the forest guard to escape the rigor of the law; the guard dares no longer become the agent of this rigorous penalty; *vicious circle.*

The civilizees understand the necessity of associating themselves against the scourge of destruction by fires. They invent the system of insurances. Next day fire breaks out at all points of the territory, on which the insured person hastens to set fire to his barn and chattels, so as to get rid of them at an advantageous price; *vicious circle.* Civilization turns in an eternal vicious circle. Why is not this sportsman tired of killing when his swollen game-bag refuses place to new victims? Because this sportsman knows that the game he does not kill to-day, will be killed by some one else to-morrow, and it does not please him that this other person should profit by it. You complain of the spirit of destruction that seems to animate all the country people with respect to the game.

I should really like to know why the man of the fields should interest himself in the preservation of game that eats his crops, and that he never expects to see figuring upon his table? The *general selfishness* which takes form in these acts, and which is the direct pivot of the seven lymbic plagues, of itself alone, opposes

an insurmountable bar to the preservation and multiplication of the game. The *duplicity of action*, though only the inverse pivot of the same plagues, does not lend them a less powerful aid. Duplicity of action is the crime committed by the prefects, who contrive to issue decrees contrary to the spirit of the laws made to protect the game.

The prefect of the Oise, who classes the stag and the roebuck among pernicious creatures, which it is lawful to destroy at all seasons, while he forgets to place the magpie in this list; the prefect of the North, who permits the chase in the field in time of snow; the prefects who do not make decrees concerning the mode of hunting with snares; and those who regulate the opening of the season; and those who revive the edicts of the church by interdicting game during the carnival, are all culpable administrators, sinning by duplicity of action, and vieing with each other who shall make most enemies to their government.

Prefects and governments are wrong, not to choose to understand what I repeat to them in every page—that successful revolutions are affairs of the fowling-piece; proof, William Tell with his *cross-bow*, and the event of July. Were I government, I would take care not to trifle with fire-arms.

I have told what God had done for France in game, and what man had done with the munificence of God in regard to France. The same generosity on the part of Nature, the same folly of the civilizee, with respect to the vine. Barbaric France has shown itself more grateful than civilized France for the favors of the Sun. In its Salic law there is an article affixing the severest penalty to the destruction of a vine plant. The vine is a holy plant, and a favorite of the Lord, since Christ has chosen the generous blood of the vine to replace his own in the cup of communion. Moses caused only clear water to spring from the side of the rock; the vine draws thence a perfumed nectar, which strengthens the laborer and consoles him for his troubles; which makes his labor attractive, and twines delectable bowers on all the trees it meets with, offering its shade and fruit to the traveler, overpowered by the burden and heat of the day.

The country of the vine is a blessed country, and no country of

the globe can dispute with France this glorious title of country of the vine. Now because the vine is a holy plant, the game of the vine is the most exquisite of all; and because the vineyards of France, and the growths of Cote d'Or, of Champagne, Gironde, the Rhone, and the Adour are the first vineyards of the world, the game of France was also of a superfine aroma. The French grape communicates to the species that have once tasted of it, a juiciness of flesh and a superiority of flavor which undeniably assign it the place of honor at the banquets of harmony. Cite me something here below that resembles the becafico of the vine—the becafico of the vine, that needs not to be fattened, like the lazy ortolan—the becafico, marvel of delicacy and succulence, and of which it has been said, that if it had the size of the turkey, no fortune in the world could pay for it. Poor gastrosophists of civilized society, who do not know that the turkeys of Harmony will be at least three times as big as the present turkey, and that the sweetness of their flesh will attain, if it does not surpass, the delicacy of the present becaficos! And that there will be immense Clos-Vougeots, and immense Clos-Lafittes expressly planted, with the most precious vines, to nourish the pheasants, the quails, and the thrushes! For nothing approaches the becafico of the vine, unless it be the quail of the vine, the thrush, and the pheasant of the vine. The Romans, who were rather great eaters than great gastrosophists, had nevertheless recognized in their time the superiority of the thrush.*

"Inter aves turdus gloria prima."—MARTIAL.

But the vine, as I have said, was a cardinal emblem of friendship; consequently the vine was too nearly related to the earth not to have felt among the first the bad health of its planet. The vine, then, has been afflicted with its especial disease, like the wheat and the potato—like the oak—like man. Its small-pox, its caries, is the disorganization of its tissues by laceration; it is the evil of late frosts. Now, as the most delicate and perfumed vines

* Fie! Mons. Toussenel, to commend singing-birds, like the thrush, for the table. You will be calling next for a ragout of poets, or a roasted opera-singer.

were naturally those which had most to suffer from the ravages of the evil, they have been replaced by coarser plants, and the vine-grower, ruined by the frosts—ruined by direct taxes—ruined by indirect taxes—has renounced quality for quantity; and the exquisite game of the vineyards of France has lost its flavor, and the French wine its renown. Then the artificers of the great cities, the manufacturers of Normandy, where the vine does not grow, have fabricated wine, out and out, to poison the people; and the treasury, seeing here a means of collecting taxes on water as well as wine, has associated itself in this ignoble traffic—associating the shame of the administration with that of patented poisoners.

Of all the precious gifts that Heaven made to France, one only, the most precious, has remained to it, the Blonde Woman, a charming creation, with which the supreme ordainer of things has gifted the pale countries of the north to compensate them for the absence of the Sun. I do not slander the Brunette, but she is of all climates. I know that the selfishness of the age has not yet falsified the divine nature of the woman of France; that she alone among us has not sacrificed to the golden calf, that she alone still consecrates to the worship of true passion the privileged altars of her heart, and that she faithfully keeps her soul for the poet and the artist, when paternal tyranny delivers her body to the banker or the lawyer. This is enough to save the world.

If besides in truth, the gifts most beloved of Heaven, the Blonde woman and Wine, have the defect of disarming the intelligence of man, and of mystifying his thought; the woman and the wine of France have, on the other hand, the privilege of giving spirit to beasts and of galvanizing inertia. It is an age since European society would have died of the Britannic spleen, if the French soul had not been there to preserve nations from the disastrous influence of constitutionalism, and to revive fallen courage—the French spirit, adorable gayety of good sense aromatized with fraternal expansion by the bouquet of Chambertin, shaded with delicacy and modesty by the reflection of chivalry. If the French spirit has conquered the world, it is because it has through all times translated the influence of woman, it is because woman has never ceased to reign among us. Courtesy, gallantry, loyalty,

contempt of traffic, which were, until the invasion of English ideas, the distinguishing traits of the French character, were but the glorious radiations of feminine royalty. Urbanity of language, another conquest of woman's, is only the expression of the charity of the heart. Why do all victims of oppression turn their eyes toward France? Because it is the only country where woman has preserved some sway, and woman is always on the side of the victims, because oppression cannot last where woman reigns.

The children of Loyola well knew what they were doing when they called themselves the champions of the Virgin.

Why is Molière so powerful as a thinker, and so beloved as a poet? Because he is the most redoubtable champion of good sense and of the true and free development of love; because there is not one line of his immortal writings that is not an ardent protestation against the oppression of woman, and which does not tend to ridicule absurd husbands.

Molière, who has revolutionized as many brains as Rousseau and Voltaire, was born and could be born only at Paris, capital of good sense, where the sympathies of the pit have never broken forth for vexed husbands. And here let me say for the honor of France, that of all deceived husbands, and the list is a long one, that of my country is the most discreet and the most generous. Like the husband of Athens, he forgets and pardons; or if sometimes, when anguish bewilders him, he poignards the unfaithful one, he does not humiliate her. He does not give her over to the populace, like the Jewish husband, to have her stoned, still less does he think of making money out of his dishonor, like the English husband. I know few secrets that have perplexed the philosophers, poets, and beauties of foreign parts so much as the secret of this magical power of the Parisian woman; a power which brings all the executioners of the earth to capitulation, and which tames the wildness of the turtle-doves. The secret of this power is indeed not only in the superiority of her physical charms; it resides especially in the superiority of her title of character, in her coquetry!

Selfish love and fools have cursed the coquette, let the friend of humanity raise to her an altar in his heart. Coquetry is the

ambition of pleasing and of reigning by attraction; it is the great art of conquering and of keeping one's conquests. Now to render oneself mistress of another's wills, she must commence by becoming mistress of herself. The ungrateful, who curse the coquette, know not what the preservation of her power costs her. For at last, in love, the greatest happiness is, not so much to please as to love; the happiest are those who love the most. Why then do you complain when the finest part is left you? Do you not understand all that there is admirable and sublime in the spirit of coquetry?

If the Spanish soul, the Italian soul, and the German soul have not conquered the world, it is because the Italian woman and the German woman have too much forgotten the art of pleasing, to occupy themselves only with that of loving. If the French spirit is in the way of finishing the work of Christ, it is because the woman of France has always known how to guard herself from a dangerous intoxication, and to sustain over her slave her superiority and her rights. Had the French woman yielded like the others, the French soul would not now pour into all peoples the hatred of injustice and the love of liberty.

The French people has remained upright because it has not cast its idol to the ground like the rest, and has not needed to bend in order to adore.

I am now in despair at the pain I must give to the admirers of the antique, but I cannot, however, for the sake of flattering their errors, lie to my conscience and to the truth. Now here is the truth: from the Greek beauty of former times to the French beauty of the present day, there is just the same difference as from the temple of Madeleine, to Notre Dame of Rheims or Notre Dame of Paris. I speak of the Greek beauty that is resumed in the inferior types of the Venus of Milo, the Venus of the Tortoise and of the Callipyge, all creatures full of health, and capable of realizing the ideal of the wet nurse, but having nothing to unfold, alas! of the pure ideal of Divinity. The only feminine type in which Greek art has succeeded in incarnating the ideal is that of Diana the huntress, and the unfortunate has no sex. I declare myself entirely of the opinion of a young Artesian lady, well

versed in mythology, who one day said to me, that if the Greek poets had visited the shores of the Rhone, they would never have had the idea of causing Aphrodite to be born from the foam of the blue waves of the Ionian sea. And should the virgins of Austrasia, Neustria, and Aquitania, for analogous reasons, protest against the authenticity of the baptismal record of the goddess of Love, I should again associate myself with their legitimate protests.

Delicious types, do you know it, these daughters of the Rhone, with graceful sweep and proud and noble eye, quick, impulsive, smiling, brunette with blue eyes; and the others also, the virgins of Austrasia, of Neustria, of Aquitania, pale or rosy, perilous, dreamy, blonde with black eyes, are sweet to see again in dreams. Still we have better in the beautiful country of France; there is the woman of Paris, pearl queen of this rich national casket, to which every country, every river, has contributed its jewel. Men have yet neither sculptured nor painted, nor written any thing which so nearly approaches the ideal of feminine or of divine beauty as the type of the Parisian by blood, grisette or marquess, even citizen of the middle class.

Mèry asserts, and after him many other observers not less to be trusted, that it is not rare to meet with this type, with its most charming details, even in the deepest back shops of the street St. Denis. (See, for more ample details, in *the History of a Conspiracy at the Louvre,* the portrait of Mademoiselle Eugénie Bonchatain.)

Here listen, young and old; there is but one ideal woman, she who glides through the dreams of the lover of sixteen, the tempting demon that comes to tear the unfortunate student from his cold cell, to draw him into the whirl of fantastic waltzes, to intoxicate and to lose him. Now I know in the world only the woman of Paris who can sit for an apparition, for the angel beloved in dreams, the Parisian woman who glides over the mud of the sidewalks and does not stick there like other mortals, proof that this sylph-like form is animated by superior aromas.

Many, in all times, have suspected the woman of Paris of hiding her wings.

I have little curiosity in my nature, but I should not be sorry to see the Venus of Milo, or the Venus of the Tortoise, try to make use of a pair of wings. I candidly confess that I have some trouble in getting an idea of these two even waltzing agreeably. The enthusiastic admirer of the antique, who bites his nails furiously at hearing my blasphemies, and whose rage amuses me, here interrupts me, to tell me that woman has not been created and sent into the world to waltz and to glide through the dreams of young collegians. I ask my interrupter a thousand pardons, but woman has been created and sent into the world to embellish our destinies—to be the soul of our joys—the pivot of our attractions, in dreams as well as waking—by night as by day. Now woman, being legitimate queen only on condition of reigning by attraction, and all her graces, all her seductions, being able to develop themselves completely only in the dance, it follows that the dance is a divine institution, and that every woman not formed for this exhilarating exercise, is an incomplete creature. I may possibly deceive myself, but it seems to me that this reasoning is almost a rigorous geometrical demonstration.

Let us see—let every man of sense judge and answer. Are, or are not, the Venus of Milo and the Venus of the Tortoise formed for the dance—especially for the waltz? The waltz, true dance of love; the dance of two; the elliptical dance, whose curve resembles that which the planet describes round its focus; the wild, intoxicating dance, where all turns—both head and senses; the protective dance, which allows the two lovers to isolate themselves amid the crowd—where the dancer, when moved, may choose either to abandon herself languishingly to the arms of her partner, to drink passion from his eyes, or even demonstrate to him, within the burning focus, the power of the law *of attraction inversely proportioned to the square of the distance!!!* In Herschel, where loves are free, where manners are consequently modest and reserved in the highest degree, the right of waltzing belongs only to lovers.

Long ago, by the universal suffrage of nations, of whom I am here only the humble echo, the scepter of the dance has devolved upon the Parisian woman, as well for the grace of her step, her distinction, her supreme elegance, as for the pliancy of her stature,

the smallness of her feet, her aerial tendencies. None can, without injustice, accuse me of having yielded to the ridiculous inspiration of a poor sentiment of national vanity, in declaring that the type of Parisian beauty was the only one which could lend itself to the incarnation of the ideal. Because, although the Parisienne be what has been best devised in the way of woman up to this day, we must not conclude that this is the last word of feminine beauty; for there is no limit to the perfectibility of the ideal—no term to our insatiable aspirations. The most beautiful half of the human race will not, besides, give the perfect type of earthly beauty, until after she shall have been able to develop all the magnificence of her nature in its liberty and glory—until after human wisdom shall have purified the globe of its actual miseries—poverty, moralism, hypocrisy, and venality.

What causes the inferiority of the Greek types is, the absence of soul—it is the absorption of intelligence by matter. The women of Phidias, and even the Venus of Milo and the other Venuses, are assuredly very beautiful creatures; and the chisels that have modeled these forms are the chisels of sublime artists, stronger, by many points, than Puget or Nicholas Coustou; but the most skillful chisels in the world can only reproduce what they know; and in those times, when the genius of art gave birth to these charming bodies, *man, born of woman,* had not yet thought proper to concede a soul to her from whom he held his life. Wherefore, soul is wanting, like the perfume to the vase, in all these charming bodies. As woman was only a slave, destined for pleasure; as not a soul, but only flesh, was asked of this instrument of pleasure; the artist made her a body in conformity with her destiny—a body where the "*phenomenon absorbed the substance*"—where the brow, abode of divine intelligence, was depressed and reduced to the proportions of stupidity. The small head and narrow brow are a seal of inferiority among all species. All the ancient Venuses, however gentle the lines of their torso and shoulders, are only odalisques with proud and stupid brow. Those brains are all too small to hold a goddess' soul. Greek art has been punished where it has sinned; because it could not rise to the idea of the woman-queen, it has not been permitted to reproduce her features.

For do you know the ignominious myth concealed under the robust opulence of these forms—do you know the meaning of that superb oyster-woman seated by Praxiteles and Protogenes of old, on the back of the tortoise? This humble attitude meant to say, that the principal merit of woman consists in putting neither her head nor her foot out of her household, and that she should limit the development of her intelligence to the cares of the kitchen pot and the mending of her husband's clothes.

The principle of the ancient conjugal policy was the same that the obscurants of all ages—that the short-sighted conservatives of our own day—have applied so shamefully to governmental policy; the impious principle of quietism, and of every one for himself, personified by the turtle, and glorified by the journals of commerce.

The civilizees at large, who understand nothing of this, are perfectly free to admire the substantial and bulging shape of the squatting creature; but I, who know the under face of the cards, am naturally less prone to praise; and it is precisely this *harmony of the group*, so much admired by the vulgar, that frightens and incenses me. I feel that this low brow, those vast and heavy sides, set too well on the slave; and that this figure is fixed for a long time to the back of her steed, whence she will not fly away. I pardon the old who make the laws—I pardon the notary and the banker their interested sympathies for the Venus of the turtle; but let young men of letters, who care to remain my friends, beware of ever confiding to me that they prefer this massive figure to those of Coustou arranged near it, for I forewarn them that I am disposed to think all imaginable evil of them. Coustou, Watteau, and Gavarni are the three artists who have best understood and best expressed, by the chisel, the brush, the crayon, the nature of those seductions which are special to the woman of Paris—distinction, grace, and coquetry.

To the sculptor, the goddesses; to the painter, the marchionesses; to the crayon-drawer, the lorettes; the last comer, according to custom, has been the best served. Artists who have only succeeded in producing tiresome and heavy figures in sculpture and painting, are in the habit of treating the Coustous, Watteaus, and Gavarnis as *affected*, because they are pretty. In literature,

also, the light, the graceful, is called *frivolous;* the heavy and pedantic is entitled *serious.* Those unfortunate English ladies who have never known how to dress themselves, but who also, for the most part, make excellent nurses, treat the Parisians as coquettes, on whom every thing sets well, especially the undress costume—that primitive dress, so simple, and yet so difficult to wear. The wife of the broker, the virtuous lady citizen, who makes so large a consumption of crinoline, only shows herself so intolerant with regard to the levities of the lorette, because the latter is not obliged, like her, to add by art to the insufficiency of her charms. The crinoline is a tacit homage which virtue pays to beauty—the common to the noble. Rich women, of little charm, dress themselves to hide themselves. The Parisienne of blood would be less naked without her robe. I have had great quarrels on account of so frankly expressing my preference for the lorette, merely from the point of view of art and of form.

The disdain of small journals and small wits for the type of the lorette, superior, by many degrees, to the type of the Greek Venuses, does not surprise me at all. France is a generous nation, but generally endowed with remarkable ignorance in matters æsthetic, and absurdly prepossessed in favor of every thing foreign.

I remark that there has been, in all time, an alliance offensive and defensive against the lorette, between the moralist and the ugly woman. Both have accused her, for example, with intention to injure her, of exerting a pernicious influence over lately acquired inheritances. These poor people are ignorant that this is precisely the most charming side of the part which pretty girls play in civilization, which consists in causing to be restored to the mass of laborers the parasitical capital levied by the rich upon labor, and buried by hoarders, to the great detriment of society. On the day when France sank under the triple coalition of English gold, Moscovite frost, and the sequestration of grains, which succeeded in causing the opening of the campaign of Moscow to be delayed six weeks; on that day, when crushed France paid an indemnity of fifteen hundred millions to victorious Europe, which did not keep a centime of it, it was not the moralists that made the enemy disgorge.

We have not been sufficiently grateful to the lorette, for her admirable perseverance in bringing back into the current of public circulation the metal which fatal individual preoccupations would have diverted from it. We forget too much, in France, that the Lorette of Gavarni, and Charlet's Veteran of the Empire are perhaps to-day, the only two institutions that have preserved the brilliant reflections of the French national spirit—carelessness, gayety, generosity, devotion. Perhaps, alas! there is nowhere else that the paltry ideas of the age have not yet penetrated—ideas of balancing accounts and measuring every thing by money.

Yes, it is a valiant corporation, that of the lorettes, and superb in its struggle against capital and false morality, and whose future appears to me rose-colored. Its grammatical education is, perhaps, to be reformed, but it is not the less certain that the first woman who shall reign over humanity, both by right of conquest and by right of beauty, will be descended from a lorette. It is also certain that, from the day when civilized governments, at the end of their follies, shall wish to get a little good sense by way of a change, the lorette will be called to play the pivotal part in the reform.

One of the first lucid acts of these governments, indeed, would infallibly be to arrest the human race on the slope of its degradation; and for this purpose to cause it to share in the benefits of the prizes for encouragement hitherto reserved to the species of horse, ox, sheep, and hog. Now I promise, for this time, to the lorette, an existence all silken, of festivities, liberty, and glory—of liberty, first happiness of woman; for from the day when beauty shall be a fortune, a consecrated superiority, beauty will find itself emancipated from the odious tribute that it pays to the frightful Minotaur of commerce. Beauty will then give itself, and not be any longer sold; and its worship, progressively infiltrating into our manners, will put every thing in its true place; then art regenerated, arming itself with the avenging lash, will purge its temples (the first boxes of the opera) from the tradesmen and tradeswomen that now dishonor them; and people of the right sort—I speak of myself, of you, the artist, the laborer—all who produce and all who think—true men, I say, no longer fearing to

find themselves mixed up with infamous parasites, counter-jumpers, or skimmers of the exchange, in a communion of intellectual pleasures, will again find the way to the theatre. And beauty now will have its temples, and will be surrounded with so much veneration and love, that no adorable creature will be tempted to keep for herself alone, and for her selfish curtains, the secret of her charms, and that even the virgin will consider it a pious duty to make public confession to the plaster and to the Daguerreotype, and to have an immense number of copies taken, in order to transmit to posterity the remembrance of the liberality of heaven. And the public gardens will be enriched with these divine forms, and the impressible imagination of mothers, incessantly acted on by the repetition of these types, will strive to reproduce them in living casts, and the odious days of moral artifice and of the crinoline will have fled. Let us now say, that these wise ideas, renewed from the Greeks, are already the ideas of the immense majority of thinkers to-day, and that every day the sublime example of the beautiful Pauletta Borghese finds imitators in the midst of the best Parisian society.

It is not long since I met, at the rooms of Ottin, the elegant sculptor, two plaster copies, quite fresh; two copies of native Parisiennes, the originals unknown, but destined ere long to impel all vagabond imaginations in search of a new ideal. Between these two a subtle hand placed two Venuses, one of them that of Milo! Poor Venus! Poor Greece! The two charming images were, it was said, those of two sisters of illustrious origin, somewhat of artists; who, having heard of the scarcity of models, had chosen to offer to art (unknown to their mother) a proof of devotion. I know sublime acts of charity and love in the same kind, on the part of the lorette. And I repeat, that all glory in the future is reserved for the woman of France, whose noble brow was ever radiant with the fire of celestial intelligence—whose lithe and pliant form inspires all perfumed and graceful comparisons, and calls to the lips the rapturous invocation of the poet—

"Alma Venus, hominum divumque suprema voluptas."

God himself, moreover, does not conceal His predilection for the

women of my country; it is by their weak arms that He loves to show forth His power and His natural sympathies for the cause of love and of liberty. It is by a virgin of Nanterre that He turned away from the banks of the Seine the devastating hurricane of the hordes of Attila; by a virgin of Domremy that He chases, a thousand years afterward, from the noble territory of France, the Englishman, that other scourge of God; it is by the hand of a virgin of Normandy that He slew the most sanguinary of the slaughterers of '93. And God has not finished saving Europe by the same process. As He has raised a French virgin against the Hun, against the English, against the reign of terror, He will raise up one against the reign of money—never doubt it.

I am told that the English, though chased out of France by the sword of a virgin, have not the less taken hold by commerce and pillage on all the rest of the globe; that impure Albion, the great prostitute, the mistress of the seas, proudly raises her head above justice and the rights of conquered peoples; capturing in full peace Portuguese or Egyptian vessels, bombarding cities, and poisoning populations. I laugh at superb Albion, for I know that the days of her insolence are counted, and the new Joan of Arc is born to us, whose feeble arm shall break the golden Colossus with feet of clay, and crush the infamous creature under its wreck. And this virgin will not proceed with the sword, like the immortal heroine whom the English burned alive in punishment for her glory. She will only shed into the soul of her companions love of equity, and horror of traffic. She will make them all swear to renounce marriage sooner than to marry a merchant. She will kill trade, as the other virgins of Germany have killed slander. And the reign of the shop laid low, the tariff of consciences and of votes abolished, the Jew and the Genevese obliged to seek their fortunes elsewhere, the spirit of Albion will cease to rule French politics, and the great nation, liberated from fraud and banking, will regain its place as supreme directrix of the destinies of peoples.

And attractive labor, freed from the oppression of capital, will realize suddenly the tenfold product. Innumerable armies, completely strangers to the handling of homicidal arms, will soon re-

call *verdure, the roebuck, and the dove,* to the re-forested mountain tops, and will bar against the maestral the gorges of the South, and will daily enlarge the domains of the orange tree, the olive, and the vine, and the restoration of the climate will restore to the territory of France her exiled game. Let the reign of woman come, and all the marvels of Arabian fairydom will rise from the soil under our feet quicker than in the tales. Oh how sweet will life be in these times to the birds and to the flowers, and to all innocent and gracious creatures, of which man is still the executioner!

Not ages, but only the will of woman stands between this era of France's emancipation and her present abasement. *What woman wills, God wills.*

I have spoken of the sweet treasures with which the favor of Heaven had filled France. France has always been poor in species of quadrupeds and birds comparatively with the countries of the equator. The species that she nourishes are, however, of superior quality; the stags and wild boars of her forests are stronger and better armed, her snipes and quails have a more delicious flavor. Rare species but useful: such is the general character of French zoology, although the emblems of evil be here as everywhere, predominant. Here we are not to look for enormous pachyderms with thick cuirasses, nor feline giants with roaring voices, nor immense boas, nor musky saurians with naked jaw. The existence of these monsters seems attached to boundless deserts, to virgin forests, and to the burning sands of the fire zone, as that of the fabulous dragons to enchanted gardens. The calm temperature of the middle zones must have modified the fury of sanguinary appetites in beasts, as it moderated the flow of the sap in the tissues of plants. The family of the tiger is personified in France by the domestic cat; the boa constrictor, that strangles bulls, here descends to the proportions of the blind worm; the crocodile and alligator, to those of the lizard; and the maleficence of species has decreased in the same relation as their size. The zoological apparatus of France has not, however, always been as poor as to-day, and without remounting very high in history, there was a time when the precincts most bereft of

game, as the banks of the Seine, had little to envy those countries of the European continent where it most abounds.

At this epoch, the urus, bull-giant of the forests of Gaul, lost honor of our climates, peacefully grazed in verdant meadows, where since have arisen the Louvre and the Institute, the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal.

The thick-necked elk, with legs like the giraffe; the elk, whose branching horns shelter, under their immense roof, near the half of its body, drank at the pure waters of the Bièvre. Heavy buffaloes mired over in passing the isles of La Cité, of Louviers, of Saint Louis, immersed in the river to their chests, seemed like a flotilla of canoes, posted there to bar to Roman civilization the roads of Lutecia (from the Latin *lutum*, city of mud). The reindeer, friend of the cold, dwelt on the same borders, seduced by the length of the winters, and the permanent brilliancy of six months snows. At this time, deep and dark forests, theatres of bloody sacrifices, covered with their somber green five sixths of the soil. Every valley had its repaire—every river and every rivulet its marsh. There countless herds of the wild hog, a fruitful race, rooted under the shade of old oaks. There yelled and growled the silver wolves (chat cervier), the panther of the north, and the lynx; the blue-furred isatis, and the great black bear of Russia, rivals in pursuit of the fallow deer. There bounded in herds more serried than the sheep on our plains, the stag, the buck, the hind, and the roebuck, and the treacherous glutton, concealed under the low branches of the colossal ash, awaited the passing elk to leap upon his throat, to fasten his claws in the flesh, and to drink his blood.

Meanwhile, the royal eagle, the gerfalcon, the shrike, the saker, the goshawk, furrowed the air with their wheeling flight. The porpoise sported in storms on the back of the Seine, virgin then of man's bridges, but not of the dams of the beaver.

The bird dear to Leda admired its white in the crystal of the wave, receiving on the right and left, in its majestic wake, testimonies of awe and veneration from a number of respectful palimpedes. The solitude resounded every hour with battle-cries, sharp screams piercing from the sky, sinister howls, and death-notes proceeding from the deepest recesses of the forest!

How times are changed, and how two or three thousand years, still less, sometimes suffice to alter the physiognomy of things! Go, then, to ask for the elk and the buffalo of the woods of Romainville, or the orbs of the gerfalcon of the fields of air! Decline, alas! too rapid. From the first days of the Roman invasion the elk commenced its retreat toward the Baltic; the elk placed the Rhine between himself and the Gaul; Cæsar still meets him in the Hyrcanian forest, in company with the "*machlis*." The reindeer is cantoned on the other side the icy mountains of Helvetia and of the Cantabria.

The two noble races disturbed by the floods of civilization, have been chased from retreat to retreat, even beyond the boreal regions and the extreme of Cape North. They have stopped in their flight only where the land failed beneath their feet.

"Hic tandem steterunt, illis ubi defuit orbis!"

There are learned men who will not have it that the reindeer of Lapland and the elk of Norway have ever trodden with their large hoof the soil of Gaul. I have very often asked myself what interest a learned man could have in refusing to the ancestors of the reindeer and the elk, which now inhabit Finland, the pleasure of browsing the young shoots of the oaks of Gaul two thousand years ago. It has always been impossible for me to answer this in a satisfactory manner. The elk is still at this day found in the north of Russia in Europe, in Finland, and in the government of Archangel; it is not invisible either in Sweden or in Norway. The King of Prussia keeps a superb herd of them in one of the islands of the Niemen.

Of the bison, also, they have made a myth—the bison celebrated in all the chronicles of Merovingian and Carlovingian France, and with which all the ancient naturalists occupied themselves—Aristotle, Pausanias, Pliny; the bison, so dear to the pleasures of the great king Charlemagne, they have denied—denied for the reason that they do not know it. Neither do I know perfectly the animal designated under the name of bison; but that is no reason why I should deny it. Is this bison the same as the bonasos of Aristotle, which bears a tufted mane like the lion, but whose

brow is adorned with inoffensive horns, which curl back over either ear? I know not, but nevertheless I see among the beasts of my acquaintance only the bison of America that corresponds with the above description; and yet the American bison resembles the bonasos of Aristotle and the bison of Oppian only by the mane. For the rest, we know that the ancients easily lost their wits on the subject of horns, and Oppian in particular, found them everywhere, even in the tusks of the elephant. It is not the less certain that there existed in France, in the times of Charlemagne, a powerful race of wild ruminants that were called bisons, and hunted in the royal chases in connection with the urus; since the Monk of Saint Gall, describing the feasts given by the great Emperor of the West to the embassadors of the Calif Haraoun Al Raschid, speaks of hecatombs of uruses and bisons immolated at this conjuncture (uros et bisontes). Pausanias also has spoken of the bison in describing Phocis.

He explains how the games of the circus made a frightful consumption of bisons, and how they went about to procure them in Greece.

The procedure is not very ingenious; it consists in digging a ditch, with slippery edges, at the bottom of a sloping forest, so that the animal should fall in. Once imprisoned, it is subdued by starvation. I wonder that more precise descriptions are not given of a beast which entered into public feasts as an element of the drama and of pleasure in the public festivals.

As to the urus, no doubt about its identity. Julius Cæsar signalizes it in a passage of his sixth book *de bello Gallico.* He begins by giving it a stature a little smaller than that of the elephant, *magnitudine paulo infra elephantos,* and afterward gratifies it with an incomparable force and swiftness, that causes it to precipitate itself headlong on all that it meets, beasts and men. It is impossible not to recognize under these features the urus of the forest of Ardennes, in the time of Charlemagne, and the present urus of Lithuania. The urus leaves France toward the end of the second race; history says nothing more of its path toward the fatal epoch of the Norman invasion. At this same epoch, when the urus left us without intention of returning (878), France sustained

a frightful deluge of pernicious insects, spiders, scorpions, and maddened wolves, that scattered desolation and terror everywhere. But, according to all the writers of the time, the worst of these scourges is still the Norman, ancestor of the English lord.

The last remains of the family of the urus now wander under the chilly shades of the Lithuanian hemlocks. The individual given by the Emperor Napoleon to the museum of the Jardin-des-Plantes, came from these forests. The Polish bisons which the Emperor of Russia sends to the London garden of beasts to vex the French government, are uruses.

The glutton and the panther had emigrated in the suite of the elk and the reindeer, their chosen victims. From this time they appear very rarely in the history of Central Europe.

The black bear, the silver wolf, the blue fox, were totally eclipsed ; or perhaps not zealous to preserve a splendid fur which made them too many enemies, they renounced these robes of luxury for the modest costume of their indigenous congeners.

The stag, the fallow deer—delights of the royal chase—have perished in the fall of the royal hunt. We still find in the parks of commissaries or contractors—the kings of our time—a few individuals escaped as by a miracle from revolutionary vengeance; for it is the game of the government which generally pays in France for the faults of princes.

The race of the wolf would have long since disappeared from the French soil, as it has disappeared from England, but for the tutelar institution of the Louveterie, a salaried corporation of high and potent wolf-hunters, as their name indicates. The wild boar is near its end, like the wolf—the roebuck not yet.

The lynx has ended in France with the eighteenth century.

I do not despair of meeting, on the subject of the beaver of the Seine, a very learned member of some institute, who will demonstrate to me that it is not the individuals of this family who have built the two bridges of Jena and of Austerlitz. I reply in advance to this specious objection, that it is absolutely impossible to judge of the intellectual capacity and the physical means of the indigenous beaver by the individuals that now remain with us—sad wreck of a dispersed people, that misfortune has caused to

lose the traditions of their art. The associative order was the whole secret of the industrial superiority of the beaver in both worlds. From the day that the beaver of France had to renounce the societary order, there has been an end of his boasted skill, as of the strength of Samson after the stroke of Dalilah's scissors.

Association vivifies, isolation kills. The French beaver, now hiding along the too thickly settled shores of the Rhone and the Gardon, vegetates there deplorably, unremittingly pursued by man, and assailed by perpetual terrors. What human brain, however firmly cast, could resist for centuries the brutifying influence of such a life!

Isolation has killed the beaver of France. From degradation to degradation, the noble, interesting creature has morally passed to the state of a water-rat. The successive stages of his *earth* still betrays the studies of the ancient engineer; but if he sometimes remembers his ancient talent of miner, carpenter, and mason, it is to employ it for the destruction of the ditches and causeways made by man. Sad and sterile vengeance!

The fortune of the French beaver reveals to us that of the future reserved to the beaver of America, for an epoch more or less distant. I have heard it said that the intelligence of this superior species had already undergone a mortal attaint from persecution.

Great and holy lesson for men! Solemn confirmation of that high truth, that *the misery and brutalization of the laborer are fatal consequences of every separated industry.*

How many ages have elapsed since the generous race of falcons, whose stomach the cadaverous odor of cities sickens, has deserted the air of Paris! Even at the epoch of the crusades, that is to say, at the earliest period of French falconry, falconers complain of the scarcity of falcons in France, and are forced to draw their subjects from Greece, from Norway, and from Scotland. Now the French atmosphere belongs in full sovereignty to black bands of jackdaws, crows, starlings, and ringdoves. From his city dwelling, the observer perceives in the air only the rare and rapid sweep of the large turret swallow, or the capricious evolutions of pigeons, or the heavy sailing of night-birds around old belfries. It is evident by the preceding table that the property of civilization is ev-

erywhere to replace noble races by vile and inferior species. Who can recognize in the miserable conscripts of our industrial cities—who do not even come up to the height of their muskets, and who congratulate themselves upon it—the race of those Gallic giants who marched with songs from their homes to Asia Minor, and pillaged Rome and Delphi on their passage. Civilization has banished from the territories of France the elk, the reindeer, the bison, the urus, the fallow deer, the stag, the wild boar; it has allowed the rat of Montfauçon and the cabbage-rabbit to multiply themselves there in disastrous proportions. This is no progress, if yet the multiplication of the pheasant, the peacock, the turkey, and the Guinea-fowl had succeeded in compensating so many losses. But civilized man is on fire only for folly and destruction; he is of ice for what is good. An intelligent administration, truly desirous to immortalize itself by great things, ought to have to-day but one aim, *to cause larks to fall already roasted into the people's mouth;* for the most durable popularity is that which is based on the gratitude of the stomach.

If the hunting king, Henry IV., has remained in the memory of the French people for having uttered the simple wish that the immense majority of his subjects might exercise their jaws once a week on the corded muscles of a tough fowl, with what laurel crowns would not the same people cover the head of the august monarch who had subjected it to a daily diet of roast chicken!

What am I saying of chickens? better than that, if you please—a diet of pheasant and snipe, seeing that the snipe and the pheasant, which cost man no expense of feeding or education, come cheaper to him than the chicken. The same reason applies to sugar, which ought, in the normal state of things, to cost but half as much as bread for equal weights. I have never been government but once in my life, in Africa. As the price of beef passed the means of my subjects (it cost 2 francs, 40 centimes the kilogram*), I used to distribute gratis, two or three times weekly, a certain quantity of partridges and snipes. My subjects adored me.

I repeat, that I know nothing easier to realize than these culi-

* The kilogram is 2 lbs., 8 oz., 3 dwt., 2 gr. Troy.

nary Eutopias. The only question, in fact, is that of acclimating a number of new species, and of multiplying those which are indigenous. Now Bakewell, the greatest man that England has produced—Bakewell, the sublime artist who entered so deep in the secrets of the Creator—who made living flesh as plastic under the hands of the rearer as clay in the fingers of the potter—Bakewell, to whom pagan Greece would have built altars, has resolved problems much more impossible, and given reality to dreams far more chimerical.

A true friend of animals—one of the masters best beloved of science—Isidore Geoffroi St. Hilaire, has formerly presented to his government, which will take no account of it, a memoir of extreme interest, in which it is proved that France can no longer dispense with founding a menagerie of acclimation in the south of France. Because the shameless French government prefers to occupy itself in furbishing arms for its good friends, the Jesuits of Switzerland, to acclimating the Alpaca or the Tapir in France, it is no reason why I should suppress my warm approval of the conclusions of the above-mentioned memoir. I expected no less from an heir of the illustrious name of Geoffroi St. Hilaire, from the true learned man—from the professor of high title, who marches so happily in the paths of paternal glory.

Alas! the transcendentalism of subjecting the laborer by authority of a paternal power to a daily diet of roast game!

How could I so far have forgotten the political principles of present governments and of the time in which we live?

The time in which we live, it is the year of misery and famine (1847). While I am writing these lines (20th of January), sheer death rages over populations; cold and hunger reap with double strokes in the proletary ranks; parish relief stops paralyzed before the immense devouring gulf of necessity. The rich man hides himself, and trembles at the aspect of so much suffering, and capital, in its fear, answers by decrees of death the paroxysms of despair, the maddened misery of famished laborers.

For protection against all this suffering, governmental providence has placed the ministry of agriculture in the hands of a cloth manufacturer, completely a stranger to game and to crops,

and who, having always heard in his part of the country, that years of great heat and of excessive drowth were eminently favorable to the sale of *white*, has not been able to imagine that such a temperature could have a less happy influence on the fruits of the earth. Then the country has been found destitute in the day of need, and the criminal improvidence of power has made of public misery a new chance for the pawnbroker and the monopolizer. Always the same note! Poor agriculture! Poor France!

While waiting for another administration, more provident and more humane, to occupy itself seriously with repairing and completing the zoological apparatus of France, let us reckon up the list of mammiferous quadrupeds.

This part of the zoological apparatus of France, including the isle of Corsica, contains sixty and some odd pieces.

I have spoken of the falsehood of the different systems of zoological nomenclature adopted by official science. I have indicated the true classification, that which rests on the analogy of passional relations between Man and created objects.

Unfortunately, I have not under my hand the table of all the types of human character, so as to be able to refer each piece of the zoological apparatus to its characterial title, and it will be impossible to write a passional nomenclature of beasts before the study of Man has been completed, and the movement of his passional gamut perfectly circumscribed and analyzed.

I shall nevertheless try to indicate the method as often as it shall be possible for me to do so in a truncated treatise on zoology, where the series is at every moment interrupted by omissions. I shall tell the true name, the characterial title of the individual, or of the species; but I have considered that the simplest method to remain faithful to analogy, and still be clear, was to call a *cat* first a cat, like the rest of the world, then to make the insufficiency or falsehood of such a denomination felt in passing; finally to indicate a better one, based on the rational appreciation of passional titles. I shall reject absolutely only those names which are too absurd. The space which I shall accord to the study of the species will be proportional to the importance of the part that each of them play in the history of our pleasures and of our interests.

## MAMMIFEROUS QUADRUPEDS OF FRANCE.

The mammiferous quadrupeds of France are about sixty-two in number, comprised in six series, arranged in their natural groups, and those of transition or ambiguous, in the following order:

Porters (beasts of burden), Ruminants, Hunters (carnivorous), Proboscidians, Rodentia or Gnawers, Cheiropteria. Six families are commonly reckoned: Pachyderms, Solipedes, Ruminants, Carnivora, Rodentia, and Insectivora.

I have suppressed the pachyderms and the insectivora by my own authority, to make but one family, that of the Proboscidians.

The series of Porters is that which the learned call the family of Solipedes. The Solipedes is not, in my opinion, one of the happiest terms of scientific genius: since it was generally agreed that Quadruped meant a four-footed beast, it was evident that Solipede could only mean a one-footed beast. I do not then well understand where the learned could have got the idea of creating a series of solipede quadrupeds, that is to say, of *four-footed beasts having only one foot.*

Civilized science does not sufficiently avoid these facetiæ which turn the laugh upon it. So with the barbarous name Pachyderm, given to the hog as well as to the elephant. Why Pachyderms? Because the elephant and the hog have both of them very thick skins, I am answered, doubtless; but is there not a still more prominent feature of union between the elephant and the hog? Has not each of these species an organ more apparent and more characteristic than the thickness of the skin, and giving a better proof of their relationship in origin, a snout, a trunk for example?

Well! I say that this formidable development of the olfactive apparatus, which reveals to me the pivotal passions of these beasts, is the true sign that ought to connect them. I decorate the series then with the name of this common organ, and I call it the series of Proboscidians or trunk bearers.

And as I know the meaning of the snout, by analogy, I have the pleasure of knowing in advance that I have to do with the most sensual, the ugliest, and the most voracious tribe of beings in the creation, to the series of gluttons, *par excellence.* Who

now would suspect that this creation, so little refined, proceeds in greater part from the aromas of the Sun! It is, however, the case.

The series of French Porters contains but two genera, the Horse and the Ass. The Mule does not constitute a species, since he does not reproduce himself. The dwarf horses of Corsica and the Landes constitute true varieties, since they are the productions of another planet than Saturn, generator of the horse: two genera, three varieties. The series of *Ruminants*, which I wished to baptize as Nourishers or Victims, from the lot which the cruelty of Man and of other carnivorous creatures assign to it, has also been named by the civilizees from the faculty which the animals of this family possess of chewing the cud or ruminating. It bifurcates in two principal groups, called the horned and the branched. I cannot accept the denomination of solipede for the horse, nor that of pachyderm for the wild boar, but ask no better than to accommodate with that of ruminant for the ox and his congenera. The group of horned ruminants takes its name from its head armor, vulgarly called horn, which is at once ornament and defense.

This horn is permanent, which distinguishes it from the armor of the branched ruminants.

We meet, nevertheless, some good families of domestic ruminants, which, by deference for their master, whom the horn displeased, have left it off. This group now counts in France only seven varieties, of which three are domestic: the *bull*, husband of the *cow* and father of the *calf;* the goat, and the sheep. The ox and mutton are not particular species, but only the uncles of the calves and the lambs, whose fathers are the bulls and rams.

Four species still live in the wild state: the wild goat of the Pyrenees, source of the domestic goat; the wild sheep of Corsica, source of the ram; the chamois and isard, which perhaps have also ancient links of relationship with the she goat. Absent, by extermination, the bison and urus. The group of branched ruminants receives its name from its head armor, like that of the horned. With them it seems to vegetate and ramify like a branch. It is caducous, that is to say, it falls and shoots out anew every year at a fixed epoch. The French group of branched ruminants, as well as the horned, has great losses to deplore. It regrets the

elk and the reindeer, and at this day comprises only three species: the stag, the fallow deer, and the roebuck.

The stag and the fallow deer, besides, figure only in memory in the catalogue of the zoological apparatus of France. I have just learned, by reading an interesting memoir of Mr. Isidore Geoffroi St. Hilaire, that the acclimation of the *hog deer* of India was already a resolved problem.

There will be a third division to take account of, that of the ambiguous genera, the ruminants with neither horns nor branches, such as the dromedary, the vigonia, etc., species not yet naturalized in France. But let us not forget to mention the fruitless attempt of the Emperor Napoleon to naturalize the dromedary in the department of the Landes.

The dromedary is the emblem of patriarchal slavery. For this reason I doubt (*a priori*) that it should ever succeed in acclimating itself on the soil of France—land of the gospel and of liberty—unless the Jewish race, which has not yet deserted the patriarchal state, implant itself decidedly on this soil, absolute sovereign, as formerly the Frank race.

Many political writers who have exposed the dangers of the infeodation of the roads of communication to the Jews, have not probably foreseen this danger in consequence of the concession of railroads to private companies.

Number of the present species of the series of victims or ruminants: Ten.

The series of hunting or carnivorous quadrupeds living exclusively on flesh, prey, or rapine, is decomposed into three principal groups, and connects itself with the other series by ambiguous groups. First group, called forcers or chasers proper; animals endowed with powerful noses, hamstrings of steel, and superior intelligence, and who associate themselves for the chase. Three species: Dog, wolf, and fox.

Group of the Felines or Ambushers (guetteurs) lazy beasts, hunting separately, creeping toward their prey, surprising it, but not running it down. Three species: Lynx, wild cat, and domestic cat. These two last species make properly but one; the individuals of the two families having always preserved intimate rela-

tions with each other. I repeat that I have no doubt of the northern panther (chat cervier) having once lived in our forests as well as the glutton. Two (guetteurs) ambushers.

Group of *slaughterers* or blood-drinkers (mustelians), animals recognizable by their pointed muzzle, their narrow waist, and their fetid odor; the most ferocious and the most sanguinary of all animals, preferring blood to flesh. The slaughterers kill for the pleasure of killing, and get drunk with delight on the blood of their victims, which they bleed in the jugular vein like true practitioners. Eight species, of which one only is domestic: Marten, beech marten, skunk, mink, ferret, weasel, ermine, and erminette.

One ambiguous genus: the fish hunting otter, an amphibious creature, destined to supply the fishing dog: Unique species.

Finally the group of ambiguous sleepers, lazy fellows, hunters, dainty enough of flesh, but who accommodate themselves quite as well to fruits and honey, and who sleep upon their fat a great part of the cold season. Two species: the bear and the badger.

The civilized nomenclature calls this genus the *plantigrade*, walking upon the sole, to distinguish them from the digitigrade (dog, cat) which walk upon their toes. I have found this distinction insufficient, like that of *mustelians*, which means *stretched rat*. Slaughterer or blood-drinker is better undeniably. Total number of species in the series of hunters: Sixteen.

Series of Proboscidians or of gluttons. Hideous omnivora, endowed with unequaled voracity and sensuality, preferring animal nourishment, but making food out of every thing. Distinctive character of the family: the snout, sign of luxury, of avarice, and filthiness, whence the name proboscidian. Five groups: Boar or hog, hedgehog, mole (two varieties), desman, shrew mouse (three species). Total number of species in the series: Nine.

Series of (Rongeurs) Rodentia, Gnawers. I shall willingly preserve the name which this series holds in civilized science, although that of ravagers is more to the purpose. It is the natural family that counts most species in France. It encloses three principal groups, and is connected with all the other series by a number of ambigus. The two distinctive characters of the *gnawer* are, to bear in each jaw two incisive teeth of extreme length; next,

to have the hind quarter much higher than the fore quarter. Among most of the species, the fore paws, besides being much shorter than the hind paws, tend by their functions to approach the hand of the quadrumana. The first group of the gnawers, and the most interesting, is that which contains the two species, hare and rabbit, two other tribes of *victims*. The second group is that of *climbers*, living upon trees, frugivorous gnawers, endowed for the most part with the instinct of foresight, either hiding away provisions for winter, or else becoming torpid by the cold: the squirrel, the dormouse, the garden mouse, the muscardin. The third group, called *cannibal*, comprises the gnawers that live underground, emigrating at fixed epochs, and devouring each other with pleasure, like barbarians. Six species: the hamster, Norway rat or rat of Montfauçon, brown rat, mouse, meadow mouse. The water rat, which has no membrane to its paw, constitutes, notwithstanding, a particular species.

The series of gnawers is connected with that of the carnivorous sleepers (badger), by the marmot; with that of the carnivorous fishers, by the beaver.

The cabiai, a gnawer without a tail, is ambiguous between the rat and the rabbit, between the herbivora and the omnivora. Total number of species in the series of gnawers: Fifteen.

There remains the great tribe of the Cheiropteria or bats, ambiguous between the mammifers and birds, and comprising at least ten species: Vespertilio, Megalotis, Rhinolophus, Noctilio, Serotinus, Pipistrellus, Barbastellus, etc.

Sum total of the mammiferous quadrupeds of France: Sixty-two.

To proceed in our work with order and clearness, we divide into four principal chapters the history of these sixty-two quadrupeds of France. The first of these chapters will be consecrated to the history of the animals connected with man as *auxiliary or domestic*. The second will treat of beasts that are not hunted. The third, of beasts that are killed but rarely hunted. The fourth, finally; of the running *chase*.

# CHAPTER III.

## ANIMALS ALLIED WITH MAN—AUXILIARY AND DOMESTIC.

The secret ambition of all animals is to connect themselves with Man, their legitimate sovereign, and yet, perhaps, up to this day the Dog alone has had the courage to express his opinion.

All the beasts, birds, and quadrupeds, with a few exceptions, desire sincerely to fraternize with man; and yet it is the utmost, if during six thousand years, out of several thousand beasts, man has been able to draw around him forty. I know no bloodier condemnation of the present social phase than this simple comparison.

The impotence of the civilizee to assemble the beasts, is a geometrical proof of the subversive character of civilization. I hear the Zebra every day abused for his unsociable and ferocious humor, for his untamableness, and his invincible horror of work. The zebra is the emblem of the savage; he partakes his profound antipathy for civilized labor, and affects to tatoo himself in the same way. I confess that I do not understand these reproaches, and consider it on the contrary perfectly legitimate that the zebra should hold the men of the present time in contempt and aversion. Why, here is an animal that has opened his eyes to the light in the country of the Hottentots, of the Namaquois or the Amazoulons, the most hideous people in the world; that has had under his eyes, during all his youth, only scenes of carnage and of cannibalism fit to sicken his stomach; and transported to Europe by a singular concurrence of painful circumstances, has there witnessed those barbarous punishments which man is in the habit of inflicting on the unfortunate creatures that have had the imprudence to confide in him. This animal is not, therefore, seized

with sudden love for the human species and its institutions, and the human species is astonished, and calls the refractory animal stupid. Your pardon, gentlemen, but here the greater ass of the two, is not that one which has been supposed so. I boldly join my protest against repugnant labor with those of the savage and the zebra, and so long as the association of the active forces of society shall not have emancipated the laborer from the oppression of capital, I also shall sustain, that the most terrible imprecation against one's enemy is that of the zebra: Mayest thou be reduced to plow the field!

The animals connected with man are divided into two categories, that of the *auxiliaries*, who bring all their faculties to the service of man, like the dog and the horse; and that of the *domesticated* or *tamed* animals, which are contented to live under his laws, to bring him the tribute of their fleece or their flesh.

### THE DOG.

In the beginning God created man, and seeing him so feeble, He gave him the dog.

He charged the dog to see, to hear, to feel, and to run for man.

And in order that the dog should belong wholly to man, he titled him exclusively in friendship and in devotion—affections of the major mode. He placed in his heart the most profound contempt for the joys of the family and of paternity. He limited in him the sentiment of love to the brutal instinct of reproduction. He left the minor passions—love and familism—to the inferior canine race, to the fox, so dear to the English.

The dog, who is the most docile and most intelligent of all animals, took care not to disobey the will of God. He became the devoted servant and police officer of man.

The dog is, in every society founded like ours on individual property, the vigilant guardian and heroic defender of what is called public order and property. That citizen with hoarse voice and tattered garments, has a look rather suspicious for property, the dog stops him rudely to ask his passport. But as the majority has its principles, the minority also has its own, and both have

their dogs, whom they have taught to venerate their institutions. The dog of the thief will then profess, on matters of public order and commerce, principles diametrically opposite to those of the magistrate's dog. The dog discusses no questions of right, his duty is to obey and keep quiet; he obeys without murmuring. The dog is the finest conquest ever made by man. He is the first element of human progress. Without the dog, man would have been condemned to vegetate eternally in the limbos of the savage state. It is the dog that causes society to pass from the *savage* to the *patriarchal* state, by giving him the herd. Without the dog, no herd; without the herd, no assured subsistence, no leg of mutton nor roast beef at will, no wool, no time to spare, no astronomical observations, no science, no arts. It is the dog who gives man these opportunities. The East is the cradle of civilization, because the East is the country of the dog. Take the dog from Asia, and Asia is no more than America; the Roman, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Chinese, than the tribes of the Western Continent. (Is not Peru a brilliant exception?) To what, indeed, are limited all the efforts of intelligence, all the labors of the Mohican, who can live only by the chase? To study the great art of tracking out and of following by the scent the game or the enemy. Now a young hound knows more of this difficult science after six months' studies, than the most skillful savage in forty years of practice. The indigenous races of the East who had the dog, have then been dispensed with giving themselves up to the painful labors which absorbed all the time and all the faculties of the red-skins. They have had time to spare, and they could employ it in creating industry. Here is the origin of arts and trades, the difference between the old and new continents. Historians have written thousands of volumes upon this grave question without having discovered this very simple truth, and brave anatomists continue to dissect American skulls, to seek in them the cause of the inferiority of this race, without suspecting that they are a hundred leagues from the solution of the problem.

By the side of this so new and humorous anthropological solution, comes another observation equally peculiar to myself, it is that anthropophagy is an evil endemic in the countries disinherited

of the dog. Why have we never met anthropophagy among the shepherd peoples, among the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Arabs, Mongols, and Tartars? Because milk and the flesh of herds, which the dog has given to these people, always preserve them from the criminal temptations of hunger.

It is evident that anthropophagy has sprung from excessive hunger combined with the habit of flesh eating. Some day when game was scarce and hunger growled in their stomachs, it has happened that two hordes of hunters met in the pursuit of the same animal, and quarreled. They fought, some were killed, and the bodies of the slain naturally replaced, at the hearth of the conquerors, the carcasses of the missing game. Then the fury of blood-thirsty vengeance mingled with the feast the intoxication of victory also; the fact, consecrated by tradition, became a moral custom, and we know how much it costs to root out bad habits. The savages of North America never entirely renounced the custom of roasting their enemies, until since they have become possessed of the dog and the horse. And still the famous answer of the Indian chief, questioned by M. Humboldt, proves the lively regret which the remembrance of their former banquets has left in the stomachs of the unfortunate cannibals.*

Another proof that it is the absence of the dog, that has betrayed the populations of Central America to the demon of anthropophagy or cannibalism, is that the horrible custom has never invaded the hut of the Esquimaux, who inhabits the northernmost country of the new continent—that in which the grip of hunger is roughest, and must furnish the madness of the stomach most occasions of manifesting itself. The Esquimaux has enjoyed the assistance of the dog from time immemorial; the Carib never had the good fortune to know him. Let us now remark that the same causes have produced the same results in both continents—that anthropophagy has ceased on the frozen soil of the Laplander, of the Ostiack, of the Samoiede, rich with the dog, while it consumed with sanguinary

* The illustrious traveler asked this Indian chief, one of the chief lieutenants of the fierce Tecumseh, if he had known in the war of 1816, an American officer, whom he named to him. "Well," replied the Indian, "I eat some of him."

fury the inhabitants of the fortunate isles of the Equator—Borneo, Celebes, Timor—where the nutmeg flourishes, but the dog is missing.

I shall ask in this place not to add my curse to those which false morality and false philanthropy have so often launched against anthropophagy. Anthropophagy is one of those diseases of the early childhood of our race—a depraved taste, which misery explains, while it does not justify. It is a short madness, first occasioned by hunger, but humanity must pass through the phase of famine before reaching that of abundance.

Let us pity the cannibal, and not curse him too much, we civilizees who massacre millions of men for motives certainly less plausible than hunger. Of all the wars that men wage on each other, that in which they eat each other is the only one that I understand. I excuse all the guilty who are hungry, because the first law for all beings is to live, and because it is natural that man should kill his fellow man when he is persuaded that this death is indispensable to his own safety. These principles are every day practiced among civilized nations. Gericault, Delacroix, and Eugene Sue have made masterpieces of art by their application in desperate cases of shipwreck, and public opinion pities more than it condemns the unhappy starvelings of the Medusa and the Salamander.

The evil is not so much that of roasting one's enemy after he is dead, as that of killing him when he does not want to die. And the proof that the crime consists only in the manner of investigating the matter is, that the same moralists who so severely blame the hungry savage for assimilating to himself the substance of his enemy under the form of roast beef, have made of Queen Artemisia a model of conjugal love for having swallowed her husband in pills.

Where there is unpardonable crime, furious madness raised to the seventh power, is in the war with cannon-balls, which the civilized peoples, French, English, Prussians, Russians, wage on each other without being hungry for each other's flesh.

War is the most atrocious of all human follies ; but the most absurd of these atrocities is certainly that in which they kill without appetite, for the mere pleasure of killing—where enemies courteously salute before slaughtering each other—where the conquerors after the battle philanthropically busy themselves with adjust-

ing the legs of the conquered, as though it would not have been simpler not to have broken them in the first place. Alas! the bird of prey and the tiger, who are obliged to live upon flesh, every day give proud lessons of humanity to man. They do not hunt among themselves, and they kill only to satisfy their hunger. Castagno, my hound, believes in his heart that I calumniate my species when I relate to him certain human extravagances. The dog is not contented with having given the herd to man; he has constituted himself the guardian and defender of the gift which he has given us. The enemies of the right of property who see in individual property only its abuses, and who will not agree that the ambition of property is also one of the most active stimuli of human labor, hardly pardon the dog his ardent sympathies for the law. It is ungrateful of them. The dog who defends the sheep and the horse against the tooth of the wolf, works for the whole society, and not for one man. It is not his fault if man abuses the wealth that he has placed in his hands. The passion for hunting is the characterial dominant of the canine race. The dog, the wolf, and the fox employ the same system of hunting. They call each other, and unite to attack a beast when its importance requires combination. They know its refuges—all have been studied; they repair to those places where they are certain to see it pass, to seize it *en route*.

While some are in ambuscade, others lead and give voice on the track, to indicate to their accomplices the direction of the animal pursued. When they do not succeed in thus capturing the beast chased by surprise, they try to run it down. Wolves, who have few friends, and who are obliged to behave with extreme prudence in the neighborhood of settlements, almost always hunt dumb. I have several times been in a position to admire the deep subtlety of their strategic combinations—their calculation and sagacity are frightful. All these animals, especially the wolf, practice the procedure of relays from time immemorial. The relay is a squadron of dogs, or of fresh wolves, that hold themselves on the presumed passage of the beast hunted, to take the place of the fatigued hunters, so as not to leave the unhappy victim one moment of rest. There is no forester who may not have heard the fox, hunting by night. The warbling of the jackal makes the

charm of the nights in Algiers for amateurs who relish this sort of concerts. Every day, in the woods or fields, we meet many dogs of every species that profit by the dangerous liberty left them by their proprietors, of returning to the practice of the natural method. Often the compact is concluded between individuals that are hardly acquainted, but who need only a word in order to appreciate and understand each other. The wild dog, or rather the dog returned to his wild state, such as inhabits the pampas of North America, or the lands of the Cape of Good Hope—thus called from the violence of the storms that blow in those latitudes—the wild dog is the most skillful and amusing of all these carnivorous runners. The hunters of these different countries hold in high esteem those runaways from civilization, and try to get possession of their leaders. Thus might the wolf cub be trained to the service of man, for the wolf is eminently susceptible of attachment and of education. The first dog that hunted in company with man was a tawny greyhound, such as may still be seen in Syria, in Algiers, in Egypt, and which strangle the wild boar. They are less hollow bellied than our fine races of Spanish greyhounds, and nearer neighbors to the wolf and the jackal. The type of the primitive dog is sometimes found admirably preserved in the dog of the European shepherd. It is a light animal, and cut for the course—chest high, belly hollowed, step oblique, ears fine and straight, air alert and spiritual. Nature has given it a coat of rough hair, a piercing sight, an exquisite scent, a jaw of diamond, and a hamstring of steel. Its bristly tail sweeps the snow; its eyes flame in the dark; it keeps all the promise of its mien and more. All the hunting dogs that man now possesses proceed from this breed. I do not count the amphibious dogs, such as those of Newfoundland or the Esquimaux country. The head of each race shows the influence of domestication upon it; the finer, more hanging, and tremulous the ear, the more the animal departs from the primitive type; the straighter it is, the more it approaches this type.

It is, as we know, just the contrary with the horse, whose ear bends under the influence of the wild state, and is refined and erects itself in proportion as education perfects its forms.

All dogs are more or less hunting dogs. All hunting dogs are

running dogs. The true instinct of the setter is revealed in its dreams. I have long owned a spaniel bitch, perfectly trained and perfectly mute, that had never barked but once in her life. Hardly however was she asleep, before her imagination carried her off in furious courses after fantastic game. *Then* the precepts of Man must be forgotten, and those of Nature only remembered, and she opened in full voice.

The true hunting dog being the running dog, the true hunt is the running chase.

There is but one excuse to legitimate the employment of the shot-gun with running dogs: that is misery; but this excuse is worth a hundred. Every one is not a king, grand duke, or Jewish banker, to have the means of keeping up a pack. But because we are not kings, grand dukes, or bankers, is no reason for renouncing the pleasures of the hunt, and it would not be worth while to make revolutions, if revolutions did not restore to the citizens the right of hunting. The chase with running dogs is then only the perfection of the natural hunt practiced by the wild dog and the wolf abandoned to their instincts * * * * * * The dog is however of a nature eminently malleable, docile, and accommodating himself to every thing. It must be thus for man to live in all climates, and by all kinds of industry. The running dog hunts every thing, from the hare to the lion, and even man himself. He will play a game of dominoes on occasion to keep his master company. All the animals of this race, the wolf, the fox, the jackal, are strong in calculating time; they know such or such an hour of the day as invariably as one of Breguet's chronometers, especially that of meals; but I believe that the dog alone knows the political division of the days of the week.

Where village butchers are in the habit of killing on Saturday, it is not rare to meet with isolated dogs upon the road, repairing from farms or villages to the site of the weekly butcheries.

You may read a grave preoccupation in their deportment, and it is in vain for a loafing comrade or a person of their acquaintance to try to stop them with any frivolous conversation. An important affair awaits them where they are going, and they have no time to squander on their way. On their return they are not so

difficult. These poor dogs resort thus to public charity, because their masters have not the means of feeding them, and would otherwise have to abandon them.

In Constantinople, and many other cities of the East, the police of the streets is confided to dogs regimented in brigades for each ward, and all travelers agree that the city of Constantinople is less infested with assassins and night robbers than any other in Europe.

Certain persons, envious of the dog, having thought of taking his title of hunting companion to man and of giving it to the hog, under pretext that subtlety of smell was still greater in the latter; the hunting dog, indignant, experienced the necessity of taking a terrible revenge for this absurd pretension. He studied thoroughly the art of finding out the truffle, which was the speciality of the hog, and contrived to carry off from his poor rival this glorious branch of industry. The dog, not eating the truffle, as the hog does, there was no way to accuse him of being inspired in his ambition by the moving spring of personal interest. It must be recognized, that in legitimately using the right of reprisal in respect to the hog, the dog had no other aim than to repel an injurious accusation and to condemn his enviers to silence. The dog has been trained to turn the spit without paying too much attention to the roasting piece—to draw water from the well—to make all sorts of utensils—to play in comedies and dramas. It is however evident that the present society has not been able to draw from the intelligence of the hunting dog half the profits it will one day draw.

The dog adapts himself to every thing. He replaces the post-horse in the snowy steppes of Siberia, of Kamschatka, of Greenland, of Labrador. These regions would be quite uninhabitable without the dog. Man vegetates there only by the grace of the dog, and under his good pleasure. The mission of the post-dog is not limited to carry the traveler across the ocean of snows as he carries children or four-pound loaves through our crowded streets. His trade is severer in polar countries, where the institution of bridges and causeways does not yet exist, and where the cold alone has charge of leveling and Macadamizing all the roads. From this absence of engineers, it follows that the poor beast, to whom the conduct of a sledge is intrusted, is bound to perform at once the

office of postillion, guide, and motive power, *i. e.*, to take the place of two men and a horse! And how suffice for such an exigency when he has only his nose for compass and chronometer; for no trace of vegetation is up to indicate the path—to serve as a landmark in those dull solitudes, where the earth sleeps buried in depths of eternal frost, under a leaden sky.

At long intervals only, stand wretched huts, often uninhabitable, —obligated stations of the tourist in these snowy deserts—only shelter for man against the cold of the night. There the sledge must arrive by a certain hour; danger of death is impending on the least mistake of the road.

We may perhaps imagine that the dog, conscious of the immense responsibility which he assumes, would be tempted to shrink before the peril. They know him little who suppose him capable of such cowardice. The courage of the dog is of that sort which rises to the level of circumstances. As the eye and foot of the mule steady at the sight of a yawning abyss, so the intelligence of the dog increases in proportion to his responsibility. It is, in fact, still a small affair to pull a man straight along through empty space: a man, he is docile—he gives no trouble—he has no great will, at the north pole, 32° below zero. The danger does not lie in the insubordination of the traveler; it lies entirely in the inexperience and want of discipline of the pack: all is lost if mutiny arises. For the reader must learn that one ardent, impetuous passion—the only one that can struggle against universal atony in these extreme confines of the region of life—the passion of the *chase*, burns in the heart of these ten coursers that have just been harnessed to the car of our traveler, and the least spark may provoke its explosion. Let a fresh track of bear, reindeer, or elk cross the line of the light vehicle, and behold the sledge suddenly turned on this track with furious leaps—behold the aim of the journey completely lost sight of. They have sworn indeed to the master, at the moment of departure, to behave themselves like wise dogs; but passion has spoken by the scent of the beast, and reason is killed, and the sledge flies—flies with the speed of the hurricane, rasping the dust from the silvered crest of the snow billows.

Whither, good God, are we running, and where shall we sleep

to-night, say the tourist and his companion, pressing together, borne on the trail of the bewildered pack.

Lord take pity on us, take pity on two noble creatures made in thine own image! Come then, cease trembling, feeble humans that you are, and do not invoke the divine intervention for so small an affair as your existence. This God whom you so piously invoke in your extreme peril, may be elsewhere occupied, and may not hear you; and besides His infinite foresight having given you the dog, what more do you want? You see well, indeed, that there is a dog that watches over your days. He is the chief of the pack, he is the biggest, the strongest, the most respected of the band. As soon as he has answered for you, you may be easy, you shall rest this night under the sleeping hut.

If the chief of the pack has not thrown himself from the first across the cursed scent; if he has not threatened, as a man would have done, to strangle the first of his soldiers who should transgress his orders, it is because he knows perfectly well that threats or caresses, oaths or prayers would be lost at such a conjuncture, and that he must take the part of youthful fire, and respect the legitimacy of passion, even in its most disordered freaks.

The wise dog understands that this passion must be directed to good purposes, and not compressed, and he acts consistently. In place of imposing silence on the pack, he howls louder than any of them. It rushes on the scent, *He* questions the air, he asserts in full voice that he has seen the animal bodily. We know the respect of dogs for the opinion of their superiors. Every one believes him on his word, and the pack straightens out like a single dog, opening furiously on the imaginary beast. *They take the diagonal* to cut the distance shorter. Five, ten minutes pass, during which the tumultuous pack has annihilated space, thinking they see, but seeing only with the eyes of their chief. They ask to breathe a few seconds before rising the hill to which the chase has led. (As a general rule these sights of the game always lead to the base of a rising ground.) Very lively opposition on the part of the chief, who objects that if the least time is lost the game will gain the start and clear itself of pursuit. Courage, friends, one last pull on the traces. And joining acts with words, he bears for-

ward with all his weight. Urged by this noble example, our comrades resume the work; but they have not got half up, when already the hamstrings of the strongest fail. They had stopped running, but they still trotted; they now only walk. The time that has been lost is the reason why the shadow of the fugitive has completely vanished from the horizon, when they reach at last the summit of the ridge.

The chief had said true that we should lose it. No means of finding the track except to retrace our steps, and to double the diagonal. Useless to think of it. Universal disappointment; especially, inconsolable desolation for the director of the enterprize, who banters his troop on their giving out so easily. But at last the mischief is done, we must submit to let the animal go. If we should try, however, to find his tracks again, suggests some voice of the group. Doubtless, replies the chief, but before coming to this we must get rid of this sledge, so heavy to run with, and set these men down in a safe place. It is so much the easier, that by one of those happy chances that we might truly be tempted to attribute to calculation, the famous diagonal *followed during the chase,* has so obstinately tended to approach the straight line that separates the two huts, that *it has at last fallen into it!* A half gallop thirty minutes, three quarters of an hour at most, and the task is over.

Thus speaks the sage Mentor, and his judicious proposition is welcomed without too many murmurs by the majority. They resume their route and at a quick pace, every one trying his best in order to be free the sooner; space flies, thirty minutes pass, and even sixty. At last a thin pennon of dark smoke detaches itself upon the distant horizon from the immaculate white of the surface. It is the sign that betrays the dwelling of man, king of the earth. We arrive—we are at our journey's end. I have seen civilized men, European guides of the Pyrenees and the Alps, who would not have extricated us from such a scrape without setting exaggerated prices upon their services. In Kamschatka, the hairy, four-footed guide, whose history I have just related, asks of you for his wages, only an oral sign of satisfaction. Never-

theless should you have a reindeer cutlet or a bear steak to offer him, he will not refuse it.

Adieus exchanged, the liberated pack retraces its steps. They hunt on their return if they are not too tired, especially if they have been already fasting some days. On their return they gently scratch at their master's door; not to ask a place at the hearth, (these huts are so small); not to beg for a part of the feast, (victuals are so scarce); they scratch, simply, to announce that they are there. Give yourself no trouble, we are home, all has gone right. Then the pack unharnessed, every one coils himself up in the hole he has dug under the snow, stomach empty, but conscience calm.

I do not know that the human race swarms with devoted servants of this character, who give their labor free, and find food and lodging at their own expense.

However tough, alas! the constitution of these beasts, hunger often makes an end of them; when winter, for example, is prolonged beyond its limits, and takes ten months in the year instead of nine; then famine rages over the unhappy species, and threatens it with complete destruction. Many a time in these painful seasons poor women have been seen rescuing orphans of the canine race, and sharing the milk of their breasts between these and their own babes. I have it from trustworthy sources, that grateful travelers have offered fabulous sums to some of these polar coursers without being able to determine them to leave their country. Vainly has the attempt been made to seduce them by painting the delights of other climates, by the perspective of sinecure offices in serener latitudes. Faithful to their mission of charity, these noble beasts have always declined the presents of Artaxerxes. Ah! what would become of this poor people without us, they seemed to say to those who sought to bribe them.

Dentatus and Cincinnatus, whose heroism Roman historians have boasted, were not continually in danger of perishing with hunger like the dogs of the northern deserts, when they refused the presents of the Samnites. They had turnips at discretion.

Every day men are witnesses to these acts of devotion, of renunciation, and of sublime sacrifice on the part of the canine race.

There are in the most unhospitable countries of the globe, beings whose life is passed in saving that of man, and poetry which alone can write the history of beasts, as it alone can write that of men, —poetry has not yet dreamed of glorifying these generous martyrs in its songs. And I hear disgusted poets every day tell me that there is nothing new under the Sun, and that all subjects are used up. What misfortune for the poor beasts, what a misfortune for myself, especially, that my name is not Alphonse de Lamartine or Alfred de Musset.

The setter dog is only a product of art like the reine claude plum or the double rose; he is a dumb dog grafted on the running dog, and which returns to the wild stock like the double rose, when the graft fails to take effect. I have known running dogs that amused themselves with pointing at the quail. The setter is, without dispute, the most magnificent of all creations of the human mind. It is here that man has truly created after God. The setter has in his favor elegance of form, vigor of muscle, and power of thought; but he is not faithful, as has been too often asserted. He is too spiritual and too pretty for that. Some cynic will, perhaps, be tempted to see in this last line a treacherous allusion to the skill of the fair sex, so rich in pretty and spiritual individuals. But according to my way of seeing things, the allusion, instead of being an epigram, was a compliment! For every one was not created to be constant, and without inconstancy there would be too many unhappy ones. What is the love of woman, if not the sweetest reward of merit? Love; it is the supreme sanction of public favor; it is the crown of flowers which woman places, with her white and rosy hand, on the brow of the conqueror. Woman needs to be proud of the man to whom she gives her love; her interior preference needs to find a response in the admiration of the public. There are none who are cruel for heroes and poets. If the love of woman varies with the conquests of genius and courage, that is not infidelity, but only justice. The affection of the setter for his master is likewise measured by the merits of the latter. He likes to see his preferences confirmed by the sympathies of public opinion. He abandons to the disinherited poodle dog the glory of a love beyond the grave. The setter

allows himself to be beloved by greenhorns—he never loves any other than a perfect hunter. I remember having often suffered in my youth from the contempt of a setter named Ajax, whom I courted every day with wings of fowls and other delicate attentions, and who flattered me in return with every friendly expression of his good will while *at the table*, but elsewhere *in the field*, no longer knew me. Why this cruel disdain, insulting contempt?

Because I had had the misfortune to miss three quails successively, under his nose, the first time he had been entrusted to me. Since this awkwardness, the ungrateful fellow had withdrawn his esteem from me, and had ceased to consider me as serious; he willingly consented then to go out with me, but only to walk, and not for any other cause. Once out, he ran after larks, and seemed to take a great interest in the work of mice and moles, but no more troubled himself about partridges and quails than if that game had never existed.

I have yet upon my heart the look of cold irony that he cast at me, turning his head the time that I missed three shots in succession. He remained, perhaps, a whole minute motionless at his last set, to give me time to calculate the distance at which I had fired on his *third* quail; then suddenly letting down his ears and tail, he came with a slow and grave step to take his place behind me, giving me to understand that he considered his services perfectly useless for the purpose that I made of game. I tried many times after to make him forget his unfavorable opinions in respect to me. I presented myself at his domicile with game-bags filled to overflowing. He continued to welcome my visits with pleasure, and pretended even to give faith to my words, when I affirmed that I was indeed the murderer of all this game, but never could I persuade him to verify the assertion with his own nose. The setter is faithful only to talent, and loves to work only under the eyes of an artist capable of appreciating his work.

The setter has far too much intelligence. I know some that abuse it odiously to exploit the credulity of their masters. My rogue Castagno is of this number. I desire that these lines may not come to his hearing. Once when I had winged a water-hen that swam to an islet covered with reeds in the midst of the Seine,

I requested Monsieur Castagno, by voice and gesture, to make perquisition in the said place. The water was cold, the stream was rough with floating ice. The winter bath did not appear to be this day to the taste of the cunning beast. He, however, pretended to obey me, and directs his steps in a small trot toward the bank; but doubtless he met in his course a piece of glass bottle or a sharp stone, for he suddenly utters a plaintive whine, and limps back to me, raising his right foot.

I have a master; it is to make use of him. Castagno is in the habit of recurring to my assistance for this sort of accidents. I then examine and feel the painful limb in every point; impossible to find the slightest scratch. The animal has lied. To the water, do you see, and quick; and, pretending a serious indignation, and taking out my whip, I strike the air with energy. The liar runs off on all his legs, complaining bitterly of the whipping I have not given him, having taken great care, as I always do, to strike aside.

Having come to the edge of the water, he wets his foot there and trembles through his whole body, and turns toward me imploringly a last look.

Have I softened? It is possible, for here he comes creeping up to me to finish my defeat; but, unfortunately for him, the wretch could not tell a straight lie to the end. Just now, you recollect, it was the right foot that limped—now it is the left; the fear of the lash has taken away his memory. The cheat was too visible, and I got angry in earnest at this last piece of impudence; but the traitor perceived his own awkwardness first, and finding his trick discovered, he takes his part bravely, leaps into the freezing waves, looks out the game, brings it and lays it at my feet with an air of vexation, seeming to say; My master, I thought you less of a rake than that. Then, without losing time, he sets off in full gallop, on his four feet, for a field where he has seen some stacks of grain—straw towels, whose use he knows perfectly well, and returns to me in a few minutes with his skin dry and shining.

It is a certain way of considerably humbling Castagno to remind him of this event, though he persists in pretending that any one else than his master would have been taken in the snare. The same fellow, since he has remarked that I sometimes use the leaves

of the Spirit of the Times to wad my gun, never enters a house in the village without laying his grip on all the almanacs. He is a well-trained setter, that never flushes in the fields—was raised in Vendee, where the pheasant is unknown. I ask myself, then, where he has learned that two or three light barks are sufficient to make a pheasant fly up from the ground on a tree; for after hunting two months in a forest where pheasants abound, Castagno was not ashamed to use this method of the basset any more than to steal partridges out of the game-bags of my companions and bring them to me. One of my friends, who knew the rogue thoroughly, and had more than once been a victim of his tricks, has surnamed him Rodin. One of Castagno's favorite sports is to hide the hunting-whips, instruments of which he has had cause to complain, it would seem, in his youth. When the scamp is too far before me in the woods or field, and I permit myself to recall him, his first impulse, the best, is to obey me; but doubtless he reflects afterward that it may be dangerous to allow a master to acquire a bad habit, for he suddenly pretends to have got a scent of game, and stops motionless in a posture of interrogation and in a half set. It is a mode of proceeding that means to say, My master, you see that I am fastened here by my countersign, and that it is impossible for me to obey your orders; could you not give yourself the trouble to come to me? Now I have hardly caught up with him, when he breaks his set, and observes to me, with an air of perfect frankness, that it was only an old scent, and that he is very sorry to have called me for so small an affair; but I have come three quarters of the way, and the idle fellow has spared his trouble. He asked no more.

I have often invited Castagno to vary this mystification, which he abuses; he unfortunately sticks to it, and finds it always excellent. Charming gossip he is besides, powerfully titled in cabalism, and pushing the corporate spirit even to fanaticism.

Once when Charles Dain, the brilliant orator, the eloquent and impassioned painter of tropical nature, was relating to us a dramatic episode of the Antilles—the history of a hunter of Martinique, saved from the bite of a trigonocephalus by the devotion of his dog—Castagno, who had seemed to take an immense interest in the

relation, did not await the end of it, to offer to the narrator the energetic expression of his personal satisfaction. And since that day he never meets the orator without renewing the assurance of his sympathies and gratitude. At every meeting it is a siege of caresses, and all sorts of affectionate demonstrations, that seem to say, Ah, when will you tell us another of those beautiful hunting stories that you tell so delightfully ?

The setter has more subtlety in his imagination than the running dog, with less brutality; but you would be much deceived in supposing that the latter has not also a few tricks in his head. There was once an old hound—very old, very old—and so drawn up with rheumatism that his master always took him out in a carriage. He was named Carillaut, and belonged to the Count de Montrevel, one of the greatest hunters before that last revolution which was so fatal to the game and to hunters. Carillaut had the reputation of having never in his life been deceived. Whenever the slip had been given, and the pack and the piqueurs were embarrassed to find the true scent, Bring Carillaut, said the master. Then a dog-servant gently lifted the poor, gouty fellow from his carriage, informed him of the difficulty, and placed him, with all the respect due to his age, on the debatable ground.

Carillaut tasted the animal's scent, made all the other dogs clear out and leave him free, then, decyphering the slip and the cunning of the beast with unequaled sagacity, There he is! barked he, or Here, run you fellows that have legs, and try to do better than this. And the pack resumed furiously, and Carillaut registered one view halloo more on his list. Now it happened one cold, winter evening that the unfortunate Carillaut, whose services and glorious wounds had obtained for him the place of honor beside the hearth for the dogs, was roused from this lair by a brutal pack, eager to warm itself on returning from a hard day's hunt. Another beast would have groaned and whined it out in futile complaints of this indignity; but complaint was not among the habits of the sleuth-hound; his natural pride suggested to him a bold device. He dissembles and drags himself, unperceived, outside the walls to a neighboring thicket. There he opens with furious voice the most formidable rallying cry that the echoes of that place had

ever yet heard. Suddenly the whole pack leaves the corner of the fire, and repairs in disorder to the call of that well-known voice that never lied. That is what Carillaut wanted; he has speculated upon the confidence which he inspires, and now returns by a side-cut to the deserted hearth, where he triumphantly installs himself in the first box, laughing in his sleeve at the success of his trick. No setter could have managed it better.

Intellect—genius, even, do not save from death, and Carillaut died. His master erected to his memory, in an isolated corner of his park, a superb mausoleum, a gigantic granite column. Some years later the intrepid Joubert, child of the same country, crowned with a glorious death his brilliant and too short career. The companions of the hero, wishing to honor his memory, carried off Carillaut's monument, and erected it in the public place of their city, with an inscription commemorative of his high deeds in war.

What, alas! could not man have obtained from a race so spiritual, so docile, had he only sought to turn its magnificent dispositions toward good. Alas! man has trained the dog to hunt and to eat man. Shall I recall the word of that Spaniard of Hayti to another cut-throat: "Lend me a quarter of Indian for my dog's breakfast; I will return it to you to-morrow or the day after." If America has killed Spain, it is proof that there is justice in heaven.

The Spaniards of Cuba no longer cause their dogs to devour their slaves; they only charge them to bring back these runaways to their dwelling. A negro has escaped—the road he has taken is unknown; then they bring a dog trained to this business; they show him a knife, a belt, some rag of clothing that belonged to the slave.

The dog asks no more ample information to fetch back his man. He holds his description at the end of his nose. He seeks out, finds, brings him back, or conducts the agents of the police upon his track.

I doubt whether many police officers, who know how to read and write, would be capable of acquitting themselves of such a mission with such data, and especially, at the same price. Ah! let us not blame the dog for having served as an accomplice to the tyrannies and misdeeds of man. His crimes are of his master—

his virtues are his own. Let us turn our eyes from these saddening scenes, where man exploits the sagacity of the dog to purposes so inhuman; rather rest in sympathy with the acts of sublime devotion in the dogs of St. Bernard. Poor dogs of charity! so happy and so proud of having been chosen to rescue the traveler from the avalanche that has engulfed him, or to guide his steps through the abysses and hurricanes of snow. He was a grand artist and a profound thinker, that Charlet, who made the soldier say, in his simple language, What is best in man is the dog! When ignoble civilization shall one day be brought before the tribunal of history, its advocate will successfully adduce the dog of St. Bernard as an attenuating circumstance. It has need of it.

I have heard in Africa that the French government had thought of employing the hunting dog in the conquest of Algiers. It appears that the system was tried at Bougie, where every one has heard of the exploits of the free company that guarded this place, and confided the defense of its block-house to the company of dogs. I have known the illustrious Blanchette, the Attila of Kabyla, the most noble incarnation of canine bravery. A large, white greyhound, that walked then only on three legs, having forgotten the fourth in a hand-to-hand struggle with a chief of the enemy. Le Zephire admired her, and shared his meals with her. The lustre of her services had even drawn upon herself and comrades the gratitude of the administration. It had been decided in a day of justice, that the company of dogs having behaved nobly before the enemy, there should be served to it in future a daily ration of a pound of bread per head. Unfortunately this decision, so sensible and just, only once took effect. Le Zephire, who abuses every thing, even the innocence of the commissary, found means to increase the above ration by half a litre of wine, under pretext that the canine race needed not less than man a fortifying tonic against the enervating heat of the climate. But as it was proved afterward, by an authentic experiment, in presence of the military intendant, that the canine race had been unworthily calumniated in attributing to it the Bacchic appetites of the virtuous Cato, authority, furious at its deception, exceeded justice in its vengeance. It suppressed the solid at the same time as the fluid

ration. The body of dogs sustained this undeserved disgrace without complaining; it did not threaten the government to retire among the Volsci—far from that; and like Caleb of the Manor of Ravenswood, its devotion and fidelity increased with its losses. The horse treated thus would have passed over to the Arab.

The hunting dog is often seen running before the soldiers, in company of the little boys, at the entrance of a regiment into the city. It is because the regiment is the hearth of friendship and of devotion—the two sentiments that vibrate most strongly in the heart of the dog: *similis simili gaudet.* The same reason explains the affection of the dog for infancy, the age of equality, of friendship, of candor. The spaniel has many troubles with the child on account of his long, lustrous, and silken ears, which the latter loves to pull; but he has also many delights in regard to slices of bread and butter, and conformity of tastes. I should not be far from believing that there was much to be done for the colonization of Algiers by the organization of the dog, and especially by *that* of the township or commune.

The dog aspires to battles like the horse; he is intoxicated with the smell of powder, and goes into ecstasies of gayety at the sight of a gun. I had one in Africa who as willingly attacked the Arab as the hare, and who perished a victim of his passion for war. He was a charming animal—an admirable mixture of the brack and bull-dog; his ears had been cut, but in compensation he had a superb tail, that curled like a hunting-bugle. One day when a large party of Hadjouts had surprised us poaching toward the fragrant border of the dark orange-masses of Allouya, just at the foot of the Atlas, and when the conversation in saltpetre grew warm, Bichebou—it was the name of my companion in arms—amused himself in playing the shuttle-cock between us and the enemy, running at each shot to see what we had killed.

To this excusable vice of curiosity, the animal united, alas! that of holding too fast to his master's game, and of having a hard tooth. It happened then that an Arab chief, superbly mounted, fell in the direction of my piece; the intrepid Bichebou thought his honor at stake in fetching him to me. Perhaps success might have crowned the attempt with a dead enemy, but this one was

not so; he was only winged in his right arm, and seizing in his left his terrible yataghan, he dealt his aggressor a huge wound in the side. Poor Bichebou! I think I still see you stretched upon the red arena, extending to me in sign of last adieu, and without moving your head, your bloody paw, and with look and tail saluting me with a last caress; then trying to rise once more at the well-known sound of my piece, and falling back exhausted with the effort. They say over there that I have avenged his death—it is not impossible, I looked to that.

The chase with running dogs began one day when man was very much at a loss what to do with himself. It is a long time ago. It was some ages after the Edenic period, on the banks of the Indus or Ganges, the Tigris or the Euphrates, in full patriarchal. Man had gathered in his harvests; he was no longer in love, and knew not what to turn his hand to. Then he took his dog aside—his dog of the herd—and said to him: It seems to me that we have been very good hitherto to suffer the hyenas, the wolves, and the jackals to come to carry off our sheep and our fowls from amid our dwellings. Might we not in turn push a little reconnoissance among these incorrigible enemies, and retaliate on them? The dog, who had laid his head upon his master's knees, to read in his eyes and feel his words, made one bound from his place to the door of the tent—an eloquent manner of answering that this warlike proposition fulfilled his dearest wishes. And then he confided to his master, that hardly a day passed, but in conducting his sheep to pasture, or in reconnoitering near them, he meets some defenseless leveret, some timid pig, some innocent game or other, which he amused himself in hunting for diversion, and also to vary his nourishment a little.

Up to that time he had said nothing to his master, but he did not less ardently sigh for the hour when it should be permitted him to lay aside his pastoral functions to give himself up to the full spring of his dominant passion. A treaty was immediately concluded between the man and the beast, whose conditions were that the dog should undertake the hardest aud thorniest part of the task, on account of which should be conceded to him as the price of his assistance, the entrails of the victims. Dating from

this day, a great number of dogs, and these the most honorable, have refused any other employment than that of the chase. All the nations (I speak of the old continent) have in turn claimed the honor of having produced the first hunting dog. The Greek mythology alone has ten versions on this chapter. Some pretend that the race proceeded at first from a brazen dog, forged and animated by Vulcan, who gave it to Jupiter, who ceded it for a kiss to the beautiful Europa, who passed it to Minos, king of Crete, and thus successively. This brazen dog must have been especially the type of the molossus, our mastiff of the present day, dog of great heart and strong jaw, and one of the ancestors of Cerberus, so well known in history, who had several heads, and who eat Pirithous, the unfortunate comrade of Theseus. According to Xenophon and Oppian, the discovery of the art of breeding dogs would naturally remount to the two children of Latona—Diana and Apollo—who must have transmitted their science to the centaur Chiron and to his comrades, whom antiquity considers, in fact, as its most ancient hunters. Others attribute the invention of the hunting dog to the two famous twins of Leda—Castor and Pollux. To Castor, the honor of having invented the chase on horseback; to Pollux, the inventor of the cestus, the art of piercing beasts with the spear. Many Greek historians recognize only two races of running dogs, one created by Castor, the race of the Castorides, the other proceeding from the cross of the dog and fox, and called Alopecide, from the Greek name of the fox.

I know no examples of the alliance between the dog and the she fox, though many, of his alliance with the jackal, with which the ancients may have confounded the fox. The dog attached to man, willingly consents to couple with the savage she wolf, but never the bitch with the he wolf, as rarely the mulatress with the black; for the female, though in all species the element of fusion, is so only of ascending fusion.

Every country and mythology claims the honor of inventing the hunt. Nothing is more natural.

I have vainly questioned the archives of antiquity to find traces of the setter dog. I have appealed to the memory of the most lucid somnambulists to ascertain the epoch when this race

appeared; all the information I could procure on this interesting subject leads to this conclusion: the setter dog is a creation of modern times, whose date is not well fixed. It sprung in Europe after falconry, the air chase, an institution of high antiquity. As dogs were necessary to make the feathered game rise, and the hairy game run, before the birds of prey, some were met with that naturally pointed at the game before starting it; this disposition has been cultivated by prolonging the point to the dead set. By this means the crouching dog has been obtained, the dog that crouches against the game that he sets, allowing himself to be covered with the latter under the net (or by the falcon).

The gun having come, which permitted to kill flying, the crouching dog has transformed himself into a simple setter. All those statues of dogs bequeathed to us by the ancient world represent running dogs. Diana of Ephesus and Diana of Poictiers had only greyhounds in their suite.

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Education has introduced such modifications in the conformation of the species, that it would be quite impossible for the anatomist of this day to assign a common origin to such or such families of dogs from the inspection of their crania.

We hardly even know now whether the dog is carnivorous, piscivorous, or frugivorous; for his appetites are proportional to the means of his master. We shall find farther on, under the chapter of each beast of the chase, the portrait of his dog, of his special hunter. In the eye and the step of certain dogs, as of certain men, there is a seal of distinction which proclaims them types of noble race. Let us resume in one trait our opinion of the dog.

The better we learn to know Man, the more we learn to honor the Dog.

## THE HORSE.

Every one has written on the horse, from good-man Job, who does not date from yesterday, down to Youatt and M. Lancosme Brève; but no one has defined him, not even Mons. Buffon, although he wrote with ruffled lace sleeves.

The Horse is the exponent of the society. Tell me the horse of a people, and I will tell you its morals and its institutions.

The history of the horse is that of humanity, because the horse is the personification of the aristocracy of blood, of the warrior caste, and because all societies, alas! must pass through the oppression of the warrior caste.

There is but one true horse in the world, the Arab stallion. I know the world is full of ambitious quadrupeds, which illegally arrogate this title to themselves, but most of these usurpers may be advantageously replaced by steam or by the camel.

The true horse is the emblem of the true gentleman.

I should sincerely pity the prosaic and limited spirit that could contest with me the analogical relationship between the horse and the gentleman, so perfect is the resemblance between the two types. Either the Arab stallion means nothing at all or he means the cavalier. We must choose between the two.

See how the noble animal invokes war with all the movements of his body and with all the springs of his soul. His glowing nostrils dilate and smoke, his impatient feet excavate the soil, his ardent eye darts lightning and devours space, his mouth champs the bit and whitens it with foam, his elegant free-flowing mane trembles and rises with his wrath, his tail rounds itself into a plume. Listen to the neigh that his jealous fury accentuates; to that voice more warlike than the clarion's; it is still a provocation to the combat, a menace of death. If you do not recognize there the knight of the legend, the hero of the crusades, the cavalier with burnished arms and waving plumes, anxious to shine and to please, eager for the tournament, for dangers, pomp, and tumult, what farther need be said?

The wild horse who lives to-day still as master over a large third of the globe's surface, has indeed the proud character, the warlike habits, the chivalric manners of the Arab courser; but you must not ask of him that exquisite grace, that courtesy of manners, that perfect good keeping; elegances which only education and the contact of the great world can give. Swiftness itself is a quality which develops itself completely in the horse, only under the influence of Man. The whole space extending

from the gates of China to the shores of the Danube; the central plateau of Asia and the region of the Steppes, belong in full sovereignty to the horse, and in America his domains embrace the unmeasured solitudes of prairie or pampas, from the banks of the Amazon to the fields of Patagonia; yet, not satisfied with reigning over this vast extent of territory, the ambitious animal has recently planted his foot on the soil of Australia. The Sun no longer sets on the empire of the Horse. Now this empire, wider than those of Charles the Fifth or of Djingis, wider than those of the English and of the Roman, is fractured, separated into a myriad of little aristocratic republics, where authority—source of endless combats—devolves upon the strongest. As many chiefs as cantons, as under the feudal system of the middle ages there were as many states as manors.

There the young stallions who aspire to power seek to render themselves worthy of it by brilliant actions, and usually commence the career of glory by killing a wolf. It is not rare in the steppes of Russia to see a stallion, two years old, dart forth alone to meet a band of four or five wolves, kill one, cripple the others, and sow the terror of his name in all the country. The wild horse strikes with his fore feet like the stag, not with his hind feet as is generally supposed. He rears to his full height against the enemy, crushes it under his murderous hoofs, then seizes it with his formidable incisors between the two shoulders, and flings it to his mares, that they may amuse themselves with it, they and their progeny.

The mare needs no persuasion to rush to the fight when danger threatens. War is the element of the species. Saturn admires himself in his work.

We cannot deny the identity of the passional dominant in the gentleman and the courser, when we reflect that the blooded horse is of all beasts the only one that possesses his genealogical tree, when we see the horse parading in public ceremonies, and curvetting in self-homage like an Austrian chamberlain in the exercise of his functions. Bucephalus once caparisoned, would have no conversation but with Alexander.

The Arab poet, Eldemire, also relates, that the Calif Meronan

had a horse who never permitted his groom to enter his apartments without being called. The hapless fellow chancing one day to forget this observance, the horse, indignant at his irreverence, seized him by the back and ground him against the marble of his manger. Pausanias relates, that he knew a horse who showed himself completely conscious of his triumph when he had won the prize of the race at the Olympic games, and who, whenever this happened to him, proudly directed his steps toward the tribunal of the judges to claim his crown.

No beast, moreover, has had, and ought to have had a greater number of panegyrists, than the horse. Homer causes Patroclus to be wept by the horses of Achilles, and makes those of Rhesus speak of their good fortune—this is perhaps a little exaggerated, but then he is a poet, he uses his right. I less approve the attempt of Aristotle, who is only a savant, when he tries to make us believe, that in Scythia a horse has been seen, in the act of suicide, to precipitate himself from the top of a very high rock, in order to punish himself for having yielded to an impulse of the senses and committed an incest. The horse has enough of other qualities, such as memory, tact, courage, and intelligence, to be able to dispense with that of modesty, which does not belong to him. To attribute to a beast the qualities that he lacks, is almost to calumniate him. Let us say in a *whisper* that the blooded horse is *carnivorous.*

But I need not call on Plutarch and others to witness to a truth clearer than the light of day, and which the poets, those privileged mortals who divine every thing, have proclaimed for three thousand years. The book of Job, composed under a tent in the free Arabian desert, overflows with splendid allusions to the chivalric and warlike temper of the steed.

The Municipal Council of Athens had to choose between Minerva, goddess of Wisdom, and Neptune, god of the Waves, who warmly disputed the honor of patronizing the new city. The Goddess of Peace, invited to display her talents, brings forth from the earth the Olive, emblem of difficult but fruitful industry—a pale tree, with hard and knotty wood, with fruit acrid and troublesome to prepare, but capable of producing light and riches by dint of la-

bor. The Sea-God strikes in his turn the soil with his trident, and he causes to issue a fiery Horse, who begins to rear and to neigh: a picture too faithful of the quick and stormy temper of the master of tempests. The people of Athens—a wise people, and loving their liberties—had the good sense to prefer the symbol of emancipating industry to that of oppressive aristocracy, and found the benefit of it. But Rome, I am sure, would have chosen the gift of Neptune. If you wish to penetrate the character and institutions of the patriarchal world, question the Horse.

In the patriarchal world—in the Arab tribe, the Horse, companion of the glory and the dangers of the chief, has the first place in his affections; woman and the child come after. To the horse, coquettish cares, tender caresses, and the poetic homage of Atar. His genealogical tree is better kept than the family's, as his locks are more artistically smoothed and dressed than those of the wife.

The reason is, that in the patriarchal world the warrior caste is every thing, and that the barbarous father holds right of life and death over woman and the child. I dislike to confess it, but the oppression of the weak, and the misery of the laborer, are in direct ratio to the fortune of the horse. Every revolution which raises the people, sinks the horse. I fear much lest this profound observation should have escaped the sagacity of historians.*

Every one has heard of the antipathy of the Horse for the bear, the elephant, the camel. The Bear symbolizes primitive and savage equality—the black beast of aristocracy. The Elephant, poor in his wardrobe, and whose nakedness is unbecoming, represents the industrial indigence of Edenism, a period eminently antipathic to the horse, who will hear only of luxury, plumes, and gilded caparisons.

The Camel is the emblem of feminine slavery in the patriarchate. All aristocracy, all tyrannical power pivots on the oppres-

* One may easily confirm this statement by comparing the quality of the horses used through the country of our free states with that of the horses in our slave states. In the former are abundance of strong beasts of burden, but for delicate blooded horses, which it is a pleasure to mount, you must repair where the slavery of the masses legitimates the existence of the gentleman.—Tr.

sion of the minor sex. I know a superb volume to be written with the two words antipathy, sympathy.

I have read in a book of fables that, in order to put to flight the most famished bear, it was sufficient to play some air upon a drum made of horse-skin. Let us follow the fortune of the horse in its different phases, and the corresponding picture of the different phases of humanity will unfold itself before our eyes.

The Horse is a conquest of the Dog, one of the pivots of the patriarchal tribe.

The tribe once become conqueror, and its tents deserted for the palaces of Babylon, it passes from the patriarchate to barbarism. The victorious horde immediately needs to organize itself, to implant itself solidly upon the soil of the conquered country. It commences by ennobling the service of the Horse, which has been good for half in its victories. The ennobling of the horse is, properly speaking, the constitution of the feudal system. The first functionary of the state, after the king, is called *constable* (chief of the stable); then comes the marshal (physician of the horse); then the great écuyer (first foot-servant of the horse), and the rest in order. I regret being here obliged to mention that from our ancestors, the Germans and Scythians, derives the singular habit of clipping the mane and tail of our horses. The German horse were long a subject of expense to the Italian, after which the parts changed.

The apogee of the Horse's splendor tells of the fine days of feudal nobility and of chivalry. The horse's name stands in the songs of poets beside that of the noblest heroes.

One day this fortune declines. The brave Bayard is struck with a cannon-ball; gunpowder has killed the horse and the feudal system at the same blow. The spirit of examination rises and protests; the dawn of popular liberties stains the horizon.

Now, with the same facility that the war-horse has told us of past times, barbarism and the patriarchate, Abraham and Semiramis, Rome and Athens; he will tell us of present times, and perhaps if we question well, of the future. Let us see how it goes now in England and France. In what country of Europe does the blooded horse still enjoy the most brilliant part? It is England!

Why so? Because England is a country where oppression and misery reign—a country which a thousand families of barbarian blood odiously exploit. In England the conquering race is all—the rest of the nation nothing. The English lord esteems his horse in proportion to the contempt he bears toward the Saxon and the Irishman—inferior races, whom he has conquered with the help of his beast. Beware of offending against a single hair of the robe of a noble steed in the Britannic estates, you who hold to your crowns and your liberty, for the horse is the apanage of the aristocracy—of the lords—and these lords have declared by their law, their horse inviolable and sacred. For example, you may permit yourself to knock a man down with your fist—to carry your wife to market with a rope round her neck—and to drag in the mud of the gutters the unfortunate prostitute, the daughter of the poor artisan, whom misery has devoted to infamy. The law of Great Britain tolerates these peccadillos.

The English people, which makes no use of the horse, is excessively proud of the philanthropy of its lords, which extends, it says, even to domestic animals.

The inviolability of the English horse throws more light on the aristocratic institutions of England than all the volumes of Blackstone and of Montesquieu. Now the simple inspection of the animal will unveil to you the most private features of morals, character, and arts in the British physiognomy.

Were we ignorant that an excessive love of the vertical, and aversion to the ellipse, are the two most salient traits of the English character, the conduct of this people in regard to the Arabian horse would have sufficed to demonstrate it.

The Arabian horse—such as he came from the hands of God—was an adorable beast, a harmonious combination of suppleness, strength, and lightness, coming immediately after woman and the cat in the order of graceful creatures. The curve of his neck and of his croup rivaled in purity and delicacy the softest of feminine curves.

This curve of the neck had thus been arched like a bow, in order that the cavalier might be absolute master of the movements of his steed, by means of the bridle—cord of the bow—

which allows every rebellious impulse to be restrained by the slightest pressure, which forces the head of the animal to approach his chest. In this position, the bit bears upon the bars, the most sensitive part of the horse's mouth: an infant could guide him with a silken thread This system of elastic curves, which succeed and correspond to each other over the whole extent of the body, from the top of the head to the extremities of the limbs, had been imagined only to soften to the horseman the jar of the shock, and to convert the movement of the gallop into a gentle swaying. There was the secret of the exquisitely mild reactions of the Arab Horse, of the grace of his gait and the sureness of his foot.

The Britannic genius has experienced the necessity to ameliorate these forms, and to approach them to the type of that ideal beauty which its ardent imagination caresses (the right angle), type on whose pattern it had already cut the step and costume of the women of its country. The Englishman has spent millions on millions, and two centuries of efforts to obtain the wonderful result which is called the race-horse.

I would give something handsome to illustrate my opinion by the aid of an image representing a stylish horse, with a concave chest; the head of a she goat, an angular crupper, adorned with a rat's tail, and mounted by a hideous jockey, who should be separated from his saddle by a respectable distance, and making a hideous grimace expressive of the atrocious reactions of his steed.

This marvel of Britannic perfection, which recalls to all those who have yawned over geometry, certain charming details of the square of the hypotenuse, has then atrocious reactions, a hard mouth and a treacherous foot.

For this last reason it is forbidden to run elsewhere than on a soil perfectly smooth, not slippery, and carefully graveled. Those beasts work three or four times a year, three or four minutes each time. They are besides fit neither for hunting, for war, or for pleasure riding. Steeds of this species claimed a special race of grooms.

By the aid of superior chemical procedures, the Englishman has attained to create the jockey, an intermediary race between

the Laplander and the jocko, and which he has named from its resemblance to this last of the quadrumana.

To this pure and complete exposition of English art and its ideal, a last trait remains to be added: the English racer speculates—'tis a betting machine—nothing more.

France, on the other hand, with its one hundred and four millions of acres, cannot even produce a sufficient number of war horses, for the miserable expense of its cavalry; that is to say, the French nobility has passed from life to death. In fact privileges, parchments, rights of seigneury, and other tinsels of human vanity, were buried one night some sixty years since, and the castles of the last sons of the Crusades, sold at public auction, have become properties of the knights of molasses and squires of the yard-stick. The yoke of the barbarous conquest is broken, but do not believe that Frenchmen are yet free for that reason. For if the French territory refuse to produce the war-horse—emblem of the feudal nobility—it produces in abundance the stage-horse—emblem of mercantile feudalism, a voracious order which commences in all countries by getting possession of the monopoly of transportation.

France is in the hands of stock-jobbers, of bankers, of monopolizers of the public routes. The only horse then which can be esteemed and nurtured there is the draught-horse. The other was handsomer, though I spend little regret on him. Who now shall deliver us from the stage-horse? One of the most inconceivable political follies of this age has been the attempt to subject to the same constitutional forms two nations so opposite in characters and breeds of horses, as the French and British. The draught-horse will never accommodate himself to the discipline which suits the horse of the race course. An idea which seems to be marked in the corner with supreme absurdity is, to have tried to create a high chamber, an aristocratic and hereditary chamber, in a country which cannot even furnish its own contingent of war-horses in time of peace—a country where aristocracy is gained and lost by a turn of dice, where the agent of exchange executes the peer. Once more, no war-horse—no aristocracy; consequently no necessity for a chamber of peers: ad-

vice to the constitution makers. It was not enough to have borrowed from England her Puritan hats, her narrow coats, her constitutional system, and her paltry smoking-rooms. France, in her paroxysm of Anglomania, must have also the betting-horse. At the present day every second-rate town in France is occupied in the construction of race courses, and imposing extra taxes on itself to favor the developments of the racing interest. All the funds destined to the encouragement of agriculture, are consecrated to furnish prizes to fortunate gamblers. But these absurd prodigalities are perfectly logical in a country where the ministry of agriculture has been confided, during ten years, to a maker of black cassimere breeches, completely incapable of distinguishing a beet from a cauliflower. The constantly increasing popularity of the race course, has obliged the Parisian journals to employ the special editorial services of a writer on horses, who must be up to all the sporting terms or stable slang.

I remark that it is the Count of Artois and the Duke of Orleans, father of King Louis Philippe, who chiefly contributed to introduce the race-horse into France. We know the profit which has accrued to both from the progress of English ideas.

Old Priam's kingdom also perished long ago by the introduction of a strange horse within the walls of Ilium. Alas! what avail precedents against fatalities.*

Paris is the mirror and the axis of France. The capital gives tone to the provinces. The horse which plays the first part in Paris, and in the rest of the kingdom, is the horse of the express —post, diligence, and omnibus. The city statistics show that this heavy quadruped lames two persons and a fraction every day, and that it costs the Parisian population two victims every month. It is not his fault. There exists at Paris—seat of opulence and happiness—a number of individuals who have nothing better to do than to throw themselves under the wheels of a carriage to get a limb broken, and entitle themselves to an indemnity, which secures them bread for the rest of their lives. Some succeed, others fail, and others, without making special attempts, are not sorry to take their chance.

* Toussenel's prophecy has become history between the dates of the original work and this the translation.—Tr.

The most inoffensive of all these horses, but not the least estimable, is the hack-horse—a modest race, of Breton origin, which does not invoke war with its smoking nostrils. It is the emblem of the humble laborer, whose crushed ambition leaves him to the impulses of necessity and misery, who finds scarce a shelter against the severity of the weather, and whose head fatigue bows down toward the earth. Hardly will his executioner allow him time, between blows, to take his meals. Alas! this executioner himself is tortured by the spur of a master still more barbarous and unpitying—competition—the civilized fury which destroys all pity in the heart of the manufacturer, and awakes, with the lash, the child who has fallen asleep over its task in the English factories.

The stage hack relates the different phases of the horse's fortune—unforeseen falls—splendors eclipsed. I know not whence comes that lying adage, that Paris is the hell of horses and the Paradise of women. If ever two destinies were alike, it is surely those of the beautiful woman and the fine horse of Paris—both considered as objects of luxury. The Boulevards, and the forest of parks, furnish a Paradise for both while their beauty, health, and youth last. The omnibus; prostitution—public contempt—there is their hell. . . . . And the two noble creatures, whom heaven had endowed with so many means of pleasing, arrive at the fatal term, Montfauçon and the hospital, by the same road. What queen of fashion and pleasure has not sometimes had to repel an obstinate reminiscence or anticipating thought of humiliation and disgrace—a chapter from the history of the omnibus horse.

That centre of pleasure—that gulf of fortunes, called Paris, annually consumes near fifteen thousand horses. It is nearly the same number of young virgins which the poor families of Paris deliver each year as a tribute to the minotaur of prostitution.

Yes; the horse of France is very low, and its fine gentlemen also. The posterity of Alphanes and of Bayard draw hand-carts, while the peer of France assassinates his wife, or trades in mining grants, and the son of proud houses sells the blazons of his fathers, to serve as signs to pawnbrokers' shops.

Where, I once asked, are those robust children of Gaul, who formerly traversed at a single bound the Alps, the Apennines, the

Adriatic, and the Archipelago, and rushed on death with the same impetuosity as on pleasure or the chase?

I might, for the same cause, ask what has become of those proud Gallic horses so terrible in combat, according to Guichardin and others, who actively engaged themselves in all affrays, attacking each other's riders, biting each other's necks, rearing and striking out on all sides to enlarge the circle around their own rider.

Alas! it is long since these brave times are past into desuetude, and the level of discipline has killed in the private soldier all development of courage, devotion, ambition! The French horse has had all, all that he needed, to please—all that the Teutons required of an accomplished horse, the grace, the tresses, and the pride of woman; the piercing eye, cool blood, and appetite of the wolf; the straight ear, thick tail, and suppleness of the fox. If he and his riders have perished for not knowing how to make a sacred and worthy use of so many precious gifts, let his ruin be at least a lesson for our future. *Discite justiciam moniti.* Horses and gentlemen, warned by the avenging voice of revolutions; learn that the duties of individuals are in the direct ratio of their faculties; that the more we can do for the good of our brothers in God, the more we ought to do, that idleness and parasitism are real thefts for all but the idiot and the paralytic, and henceforth try to conform your acts to your principles. For the adoration of grace and form is not forever destroyed because the grocer reigns and governs in France. Let the horse bear a little longer; the grocer's reign is not eternal; the grocer will pass as saffron and muscade have passed, and with Harmony will return the rivalry of beauty, vigor, suppleness: the cavalcades, emblazoned with the escutcheons of the series, and endless tournaments of laborers, and quadrilles, and eternal feasts; and the existence of the horse will be only joy, enchantment, intoxication. Then let every noble creature which has some intelligence in its brain, some beauty in its form, turn its eyes with me toward the happiness of the future, to console itself for the miseries of the present.

I wish to state, in conclusion, two problems on the horse for the learned institutes;

Why does the horse, so strong a friend of cleanliness, muddy the water before drinking?

Why do his ears, straight in domesticity, fall downward in a state of liberty, quite the contrary to what takes place in the dog ?

### THE ASS.

At a lower degree than the horse in the varieties of species, we meet the Ass—primitive emblem of the peasant—sovereign despiser of dress and of fine language, who, for his nourishment and dwelling, is contented with every thing. The water-carrier, the ass's companion in trouble—the native water-carrier of the mountains of Auvergne—does not shine any more by the atticism of his language, the elegance of his manners, or the choiceness of his table. There is relationship between the ass and the Auvergnat, as between the gentleman and the Arab horse.

This is not the first acquaintance between the ass and analogy. It is several thousand years since history and fable have introduced them. Sacred history especially has made much account of this poor beast, which the Saviour was wont to ride. He was first baptized a Christian because he bore upon his back a cross—the emblem of tribulations. He seemed to love briars and thistles, and he has been compared to the philosopher, who bears calmly all the bitterness of existence—to the just man, who, in order to gain Heaven, has renounced the pomps and vanities of Satan. Because it was remarked that this prudent beast does not willingly traverse the dangerous passages where he has once stumbled, he has been compared to the wise, who shuns with care the snare which has once deceived him. Finally, because the ass has little confidence in new waters, and has to be coaxed to make him drink at unknown watering-places, he has passed for a model of prudence and fidelity to the Church—for the beau ideal of the believer who resists heresy and new ideas, and repulses the right of examination. The spirit of darkening council, and of systematic repulsion of new ideas, which dominates in the character of the ass, and which he loves to display, has never constituted wisdom. On the contrary, the ass, which is the emblem of the coarse peasant, and of narrow conservatism, sins above all by his indolence of intellect. It is not so much the love of old customs which retains him in the harness of routine as it is the fear of what is

new. We must not confound indolence of mind—the nearsightedness of intellect—with fidelity to the religion of one's ancestors. The two things do not resemble each other at all. I willingly admire the ass and the peasant his image, in what they both have that is admirable—in their sobriety, their constancy in labor, their resignation in poverty, but I cannot make virtues of their vices. When I know that it is from the want of elevation in their ideas that the ass and the peasant so patiently support the yoke of tyranny, I cannot make a merit of their patience. When their provincial utterance grates on my tympanum, I shall not expand in praises on the virile energy of their tones—Erasmus, who cannot disguise his sympathies for the ass, and who nevertheless confesses that this cross-bearing animal has little talent for music—Erasmus adduces this extenuating circumstance in favor of his protegé, that if the ass contributes little to harmony during his life, he generously serves it after his death, furnishing the very best skins for the manufacture of large drums, the best tibias for the fabrication of clarionets (tibiæ). The poor laborers, alas! have no worse enemies than those honest people who are only good after their death, like the swine and the miser, the banker and the narrow conservative, and many other hereditary institutions, which the laws make it dangerous to name. It is precisely these ideas of exclusive posthumous utility which urge to violent methods and to sanguinary executions. Since they can be so useful and beneficent after their death, say the logicians of the scaffold, let us give them an opportunity of being useful.

For one a little versed in the language of beasts—who knows how to appreciate the shades of each style—it is easy to recognize that three quarters of the proverbs of Sancho Panza have been whispered to him by Grizzle. I know of no identification of beast and man more complete than that which exists between the squire of Don Quixote and his steed. The same coarse good sense; the same selfishness; the same dryness of heart; the same necessity to gloze with principles of justice and generous ideas; the same contempt of the right; the same respect for the fact. I could draw up in the course of a week a complete treatise of morals and politics for the use of the limited conservative, by compiling the best

known maxims of the ass. By an inspection of the arsenal of the *statu quo* policy, it will be seen that the greater part of the defensive arms of this arsenal bear the mark of master Ass's cabinet. But let us not deceive ourselves. The ass, like the Auvergnat, is more knavish and more ignorant than foolish, and history has collected a number of his smart sayings, among others this, "Our enemy is our master."

I know another which had some success in its time, and which does not descend less indirectly from the species on account of not having been uttered by an ass. There was a near-sighted critic, who strangely abused his near-sightedness to be laconic, who took great delight in this, and, like eunuchs, loved to revenge his impotence on more complete men.

Whether he was more near-sighted or more insolent, none could say. It is certain that the fellow one day insulted a great poet, and the latter, too sensitive to the offense, was about to cut his ears off, when a friend approached and said, "Why so angry? it is only the kick of a dead ass."

The ass and the peasant are too limited in their desires to be charitable, and the world can be saved only by charity.

The pleasurable emotion which the ass seems to feel at the sight of a yawning chasm, too much resembles that cruel curiosity which causes the population of the country to throng around the scaffold on days of execution.

The she-ass, whose nourishing milk reanimates the strength of those who are worn by the dissipations of cities, is the strong and laborious country woman, to whom the fashionable lady of the capital is obliged to transfer the care of suckling her progeny—of regenerating by an infusion of generous blood its deteriorated system.

The milch ass is emancipated from work, takes a good time, and promenades through the streets of Paris, like the vigorous country woman, whom rich families also admit to share their table, their luxury, and ease, so long as they have need of her.

### THE MULE.

We have measured the distance which separates the horse from the ass, the gentleman from the laborer. It remains to speak of

the intermediary race—of the mixture proceeding from the cross of these two species—of the citizen proprietor—of the mule. The mule is the emblem of moneyed feudalism. Like the horse, he delights in little bells, in plumes, and embroidered caparisons: thus the vain citizen seeks decorations and titles, and his wife aspires to figure near great ladies in the train of princes.

The mule likes to be attached to the car of *popes* and of *queens* —pacific royalties. The citizen is not less eager in his interested adulations than the gentleman courtier.

The mule marches with stateliness, shaking his bells; thus the citizen of distinction in small towns, frequenter of the Exchange, likes to speak of his riches, and to jingle his crowns.

Unhappily for the mule, I seek and do not find in him that ardor of combats, that boiling courage which render poetical, if they do not legitimate the oppression of the aristocratic class.

Vainly does the rich citizen try to give himself an imposing air, as he draws over his head the redoubtable bear-skin cap of the citizen militia. He aims at the majestic, and only attains the ridiculous. The martial head-dress, instead of assisting to conceal the end of the ass's ear—the paternal ear—seems, on the contrary, to impart to it more gigantic proportions.

One of the unfortunate passions of the shopkeeper, of the clerk, of the officer of the National Guard, is the passion for the horse. Now there is an insurmountable antipathy between the two species, and it is rare that the forced marriages (which from time to time are concluded between them) do not soon end in separations.

The generous stallion, like the true gentleman, is always ready to fly to the assistance of the Republic in danger. The mule (read citizen) prefers to employ the services of others in this unpleasant function. The mule (read citizen) likes well to abuse all the privileges of real estate, hunting, fishing, free gathering, leisure time; but he would at the same time like to avoid their charges. He prefers paying others for the defense of the soil—paying for the maintenance of order, rather than to charge himself with these offices. What does he ask, this brave and worthy appropriator, who has made two or three millions out of the public by dealings in flour? He asks this society to secure him the peaceful enjoy-

ment of his rights—fruits of his labor. He is a friend of order and of peace at any price—a faithful subscriber to the price-current journals, and exact in his payments. The mule draws much more from his father the ass, than from his mother the mare, in his intellectual faculties. Although less adventurous and more reflective than the horse, he is more headstrong and obstinate in his rebellions against justice, and there is little hope of his making an *auto-da-fé* of his title-deeds of property, as the horse did of his title-deeds of nobility one night of the 4th of August. In regard to literature and to exhibitions, he desires above all, like the ass and the peasant, the melodrame and the guillotine. Posterity will not pardon him for having voted the death of the famished Buzançais. The mule—emblem of mercantile feudalism, emblem of the vain and obstinate citizen—has not been destined by God to beget offspring, and continue his race. May His holy name be blessed therefor.*

* The mule is not absolutely barren, since the female can conceive and bear young by copulation with the male mule, the stallion, and the ass. It is the race which is subject to barrenness, since it cannot perpetuate itself indefinitely by its females, and its fecundity stops at the third or fourth generation. The learned who have been occupied with this question of the mixed race, have been embarrassed by the want of just conceptions of the power of man. Man may modify and ameliorate created species by their adaptation with his wants. The mule, which is a product of art or of human creation, ought to possess, in this title of character, neutrality of sex and aptitude for all services. Thus, the mixed breeds of the pheasant with the common fowl, fatten as easily as capons, and fill with still greater complaisance the function of hatching eggs, completely forgetting their sex. The flesh of the mule is much preferable to that of the horse, and might become juicy if it were reared for that purpose; nor would the mule ever have thought of his sex had not the learned experienced the necessity of busying themselves about it on his account.

The mule, who is no fool, knows perfectly well that his race is stricken with infecundity, and does not try to revolt against the condemnation of fate. Now when he so philosophically and spontaneously renounces love and its troubles, it is not worth our while to fill his head with chimeras, and deceive him with the hope of a fabulous posterity.

DOMESTIC RUMINANTS.

It is the most important family of mammifers, if not the richest in species, and the most useful to man by the numerous qualities of its spirit and its flesh.

We must believe that the stars, whose concurrence has created it, have been little disturbed in their operations, for the series is almost complete, and we find groups of it under all latitudes; the antelope, the giraffe, the zebra, under the torrid zone; the reindeer, in those frozen regions where the earth no longer lives.

That maternal providence which watches over the destiny of globes, has known how to distribute the pieces of its precious furniture, so that each country, even the most disinherited, should have its own. This providence has given to the camel, together with sobriety and the instinct of divining springs, those large slipper-like hoofs, which enable it to glide like a ship over the burning billows of the desert; it is this which has given the lightness of the bird to the chamois, the wild goat, the isard, to leap wild peaks, crested with the eternal snows. No family has furnished man with so many docile servants as that of the ruminants; witness the herd of oxen, of sheep, and of goats—the *herd*, first element of man's prosperity—most interesting of his animal conquests.

The ruminants have done for man in the order of quadrupeds what the gallinacea have done in the order of birds, they have given to all beasts the example of submission to their legitimate king. Man knows not yet all the gratitude he owes to these two model races, some of which—those allied to him like the ox, the sheep, and the turkey—serve him, feed him, and dress him, while others rebellious—the roebuck, the pheasant, the quail—enter so largely into his feasts and into his pleasures as game. After fifty years of the harmonian order all the ruminants will be ours; the karibou of the north, and the elk and the bison of the grassy prairies of Western America, like the untamed buffalo of the forests of Abyssinia, and of the isles of the Sound. The domestic cow has already made praiseworthy attempts in the forests of Newfoundland to bring in the karibou. God has written kindness, quietude, innocence, in the eye of the ruminants, for God has willed that all

beasts should bear their character written in their eye, as flowers their names embroidered on the field of their corolla.

For this reason the old lawyer has the fox in his features, and the figure of the usurer reminds you, despite yourself, of the vulture.

The Greek people, which so admirably understood the law of universal analogy, the Greek people has celebrated in its poems the blue eye of the ruminant.

Proud Juno, the queen of Pagan Olympus, was highly flattered to hear herself called the ox-eyed goddess (βοωπις), by those who paid their court to her. The Persians, the Arabs, a crowd of yellow and black poets of the equinoctial line, have exhausted the most hyperbolical formulas of adoration to celebrate the soft glance of the gazelle. Had fate made me a Persian lover, I confess I should have felt scruples in attributing the glance of the woman I loved to the gazelle, when it is evidently the gazelle which has borrowed its eye from the woman beloved. There is always something gained, I think, in calling things as they are.

And as all these innocent species were destined to nourish the mischief-doers, with man at their head; as they all symbolize the laborer, the just, oppressed, persecuted by the coalition of parasites, God has stamped their faces with the seal of victim. To the most persecuted races of fallow deer, stag, roebuck, etc.—to those mild eyes, wide open, so full of innocence—He has given the faculty of tears—a gift which He obstinately refused to the dog, and wisely has He acted, for the dog might have abused such a means of seduction to get the better of man.

A great event in the primitive society was the conquest of the bull, and long was it talked of. The dog had a large share in this important victory of man over the brute: history says too little of it; ingratitude is the prevalent vice of the man of lymbic societies. From the day when the docile bull accepted service, society passed from the savage to the patriarchal condition; an immense step!

This was the first redemption of humanity after its fall, and the gratitude of a world rescued from hunger, reared altars to the conquerors of the bull, to the inventors of the plow. Egypt built temples to the ox Apis as to the dog Anubis. Greece, wise imitator of Egypt, admitted Bacchus and Triptolemus to the rank of

Gods, and found a place for the dog and the bull among the brilliant constellations of its heaven. Let us confess that we should have all profited more in our classes, if our professors, instead of posting us up on the victories of Alexander, had taken the trouble to instruct us upon the history of each conquest of man over nature, on the conquest of the cereal grains, of the vine or of the ox; and of the influence of these over the progress of humanity. Ah! doubtless, but there is the *hic:* if the learned attempted to render studies attractive, children in two years would know more than their masters, and these would soon lose the advantage of the position that the ignorance of the masses has hitherto preserved.

It is always, alas! the same history, of the repulsions of constituted authorities for grand discoveries, whether the discoverer be named Galileo, Columbus, or Fourier; it is the old war of obscurantism against progress, of papacy against science, of the priest against the Man.

I once was present at a lesson in vocal music among the brothers of the Christian doctrine, baptised by the liberal sect by the name of *ignorantins.* The lesson (a gratuitous lesson) was given by one of those intrepid soldiers of the good cause, whom no ill-will discourages, whom no obstacle can cause to deviate from the path of rectitude, where a superior impulsion guides them—by Dr. Chevé, a man whom my reason would proclaim one of the noblest intellects of the epoch, if my affection did not call him my friend. There were a hundred children, docile and attentive to the words of the master, a hundred virtuosos impassioned for their art, as the power and earnestness of their songs attested, and proud, as all children, all sincere creatures are, of displaying their knowledge before strangers. They had studied two months, and they sang at first-sight pieces of Rossini and Mehul; and the hour of the music lesson, which everywhere else in schools is an hour of punishment for most children, had become for these, for all, an hour of recreation. It never began soon enough, and never finished late enough; and I understood by the expansion of triumphant joy among the young disciples, by the touching expression of their sympathies for the master, that there might be for this person, rich or poor, a reward more precious than gold. The method of

teaching which produces these wonders, and to which these pretended *ignorantin* brothers—who charge themselves with the education of poor children, have alone dared to open an asylum in their establishments—is the method of Rousseau, perfected by Galin.

It is a method brought to light twenty years since, and now appreciable by experience. It has made of the science of music—the easiest and most elementary of all the sciences of pleasure—a science within the reach of all ages, of all professions, of all fortunes. The president of a great university, or a man of large fortune, might generalize the employment of this method, whose adoption will flood with harmony the rising generation. The indefatigable disciples of this method are multiplying their experiences, demanding public competitions—competitions at their own expense—to have done with the routine procedures, to emancipate childhood from the torments of an absurd and repugnant apprenticeship, to augment indefinitely the sum of enjoyments for all.

I once asked M. Eugene Sue, whose generous sympathies extend to all the seekers of truth, and to all the deliverers of the poor, an honorable mention for the method of Galin and its indefatigable propagators, Dr. Emile Chevé, Madame Chevé, M. Aimé Paris. I besought the celebrated romancer to profit by the privilege of his talent and of his popularity, to give the weight of his name to the abolition of one of the tortures of present education, music teaching by the old method — a method condemned by Weber, by Cherubini, by Auber. No pity, said I to him, for this sorry game that I have given over to you, for the night-birds that hoot at the light, for those sworn torturers of childhood, who would retard without scruples the progress of half a century to touch their salaries a week sooner. Strike—fear not—the accents of popular gratitude will always be strong enough to cover the imprecations of sheltered obscurantism.

M. Eugene Sue has listened to my request, and on the conscientious relation made to him, by a professional man, of the marvelous results of the Galin method, the noble writer has rendered to the devotion of its propagators the public homage which was due them. Thanks to you, M. Eugene Sue, in the name of all the friends of progress!

I know I have laid myself open to the charge of straying from my subject. On the contrary, I have not lost sight of my subject, the order of the Ruminants, and I now return by sweetest path, that of melody. The Ruminant adores melody—melody and salt, —one which perfumes the soul, the other which purifies the body.

Yes, and the passion of melody is also one of the signs by which are recognized sweet and noble natures, the victim creatures. The lizard, emblem of innocence, dotes on the flute.

The ox forgets, in listening to the plaintive pastoral song, both the hardness of the soil and the depth of the furrow. Those mad for love, are cured by tender airs. And what grief indeed would not yield, what storm of the heart would not melt in a rain of tears, under the sweet and melancholy impression which vibrates in the accents of certain female voices, which escapes as in aromal gushes, from the *Invitation to the Waltz*, or Weber's *Last Thought*. I have already made many enemies among the fair sex of Asia Minor, by proclaiming this great truth: fat women are loved, thin ones only are adored. Well! I fear not to draw a new disgrace upon my head by saying: No harmonious and sweet thrilling organ; no woman, no romance, no complete love! The musical passion of beasts has been known from a very early period. Thence those rumors floating through the ages, that Orpheus subdued the tigers of the desert, etc. The first legislators of the people—the poets—having seized before others the mysterious relations which united the beast to man by the chain of harmony, recorded the fact in their songs. In Persia the amorous elegy is entitled *Gazelle*. The French, Latins, and Greeks have called Bucolics their pastoral poetry. Aristotle, as we shall see farther on, knew the taste of the stag for sentimental music. Fable relates, that from the most ancient times, man used the notes of the gamut to collect his herds. In the great pastures of Switzerland, every herd of cows is conducted by a commandant, who bears no other sign of generalship than a bell round his neck. But this bell has a particular sound, distinct from all the other bells of the neighborhood; and all the members of the drove know this so well, that there is no example of a Swiss cow getting into the wrong herd by mistaking an *ut* for a *sol*.

If the shepherds of Spanish Moesta, who every year conduct millions of merinos from the Pyrenees to Estremadura, had the wisdom to adopt the Helvetic method, the assistance of a single dog, furnished with a bell in *fa sharp*, or in *mi* or in *re*, would enable each shepherd to conduct without difficulty a herd of ten thousand head.

I am able to guarantee to the shepherds of Moesta the good dispositions of the dogs.

I know the dog; he will always do for man more than man asks of him.

I also suggest that the note *sol*, if there is absolutely such a natural sound—analogous to the yellow ray, and corresponding with the passion familism—is the favorite note of the Ruminants, as maternity is the strongest of their affections.

What is true of the cow and the goat, is equally so of the doe, the roe, and other rebels of this family.

Another noble instinct of the Ruminant is its passion for salt.

Whatever is indispensable, or only useful to man, God carefully multiplies, so that it is found everywhere within the reach of His creatures.

Thus He has done for sugar and for salt—two substances eminently necessary to man's nourishment, and destined to season all his food. He has placed sugar in all fruits, in all grains, and in all stalks. He has given reeds of the torrid zone to pour it out from their long joints, by merely squeezing, so that man might need only to stoop in order to take it, and to compound with it delicious food and restorative drinks. He has willed that this precious provision should be for the people of the burning zones what wine has been for those of temperate zones, a means of connection and of exchange with the other countries of the globe.

Thus would sugar now be the most common and the cheapest of aliments, had not the civilizee found means of obstructing its production, and of rendering it, by taxes, inaccessible to the poor.

One of the supreme delights of the civilizee would seem to be in destroying the works of the Creator, so as to have occasion to give himself infinite trouble to repair his folly and to remake the work of God. Behold him at this moment occupied in re-forest-

ing the mountains which he has denuded in his necessity to destroy. [So in the clearings of America, the march of the settler is announced by the desolation of vast tracts of country, trunks of noble trees, felled in piles, and wastefully consumed over ten times the space necessary for culture, while towns and cities, sweltering in hot latitudes, begin a century after to plant trees along their streets for shade.—Tr.]

These destructive inclinations seem to be innate in the race; the little civilizee, as he drops from the breast, already tries to break with his feeble hands the flowers and vases within his reach.

Salt has been prodigally spread by God over the surface of the globe. Certain springs have been saturated with it, so that man should have no other trouble than to evaporate the waters and to gather the residuum.

It is deposited in beds by the waves of the sea, so that the fisherman has always at hand the means of preserving the product of his fisheries, and of sending it to a distance. In the midst of continents, salt effloresces at the surface of the soil, and inexhaustible masses of it are inclosed in the bowels of the earth.

As the wealth of man was to consist chiefly in the number and beauty of his herds, which fertilize the earth by their labor and restore it in manure what the harvests take off; God endowed most of those animals which were first to connect themselves with man, with a strong appetite for salt. Salt is for the Ruminants an important condition of health, vigor, and succulence; it protects them from parasitical insects. The dry grasses of meadows near the sea, and saturated with salt, are preferred by cattle to the tenderest and juciest grasses of the interior. The finest sheep live on salt meadows.

The French civilizee could not rest till he had dried up this natural source of wealth and corrected the work of God by the imposition of taxes so enormous, that not only the sheep and the ox have been forced to renounce salt, but even man, to reduce his consumption of it to insufficient proportions. The French people will hardly believe that the two and one third pounds of salt, for which it has had to pay fifty and sixty centimes, costs only nine tenths of a centime at the place it is prepared. I conceive how

the people should make revolutions only to deliver themselves from the tax on salt. But I must have my taxes, the government may reply. I must get money somewhere to oil the machine, and have wherewith to build my fortifications and fatten my bankers. You are most reasonable, O government! but tax your subjects proportionally to their fortunes, and not proportionally to their consumption of salt, which is *directly as their poverty.*

If you must absolutely collect a tax of sixty millions on salt; if you cannot otherwise keep enough standing armies, or fatten your bankers, why then re-establish the capitation tax. That will be more just. We are thirty-five millions of citizens, make us pay proportionally to our fortune, a tax whose average will be two francs per head, afterward emancipating the sale and fabrication of salt.

Salt is riches, purity; salt has so sacred a character, that in all the primitive religions men found no more noble offering to present to the Deity.

Jesus Christ said to his disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

Hospitality is symbolized by salt. The Arab considers himself bound to defend and protect the stranger whom he has admitted to share salt with him. Salt is the product most esteemed by people far from the sea, and the provision which soonest grows dear in a besieged city.

The Patagonian and Tahitian, remarkable for their large frames, do their cooking with sea water. I have heard conscientious and enlightened physiologists assert this coincidence, that the generation of '92, which displayed such great physical and passional energy, was also that which had consumed most salt. The gabelle, under Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, levying on every tax payer a fixed sum, whether he chose to consume the prescribed quantity of salt or not; the people were in a manner obliged to consume it, and hence those wonderful campaigns which our forefathers executed with ease, and which appear to us pigmies, who economise salt, like works of giants.

Seek now among the ranks of that invincible generation, what populations have given birth to the greatest number of the heroes and warriors who melted least under the sun of Egypt, and who

best resisted the snows of Russia? Lorrains and Franche-Comtois, children of the salt country. What sailors buffet it longest on the sea? The Bretons of the salt marshes. To what country belonged those federated giants, whose superb stature so vividly excited the admiration of the Parisian ladies in the fine days of '90? From Jura, country of salt. What are now the most enlightened, most laborious, and least quarrelsome countries of France? The salt countries, Franche Comtè and Lorraine. (The Breton indeed cannot read, but he has few lawsuits.) In what industry has been first introduced the vivifying principle of Association? In that of the Gruyère cheese, a salted product. Salt, which crystallizes in *cubes*, is the emblem of wealth, of salubrity, of preservation; it preserves to man his acquired riches, his fish, his meats; as sugar his fruits. Salt, scattered over arid soils, moistens, fertilizes them, and develops a vigorous vegetation.

Salt excites the appetite of man, and preserves him in health. It causes the skin of the beast to shine, and makes it fatten quicker. Deprive man of salt, condemn him to eat unsalted meat, and soon you will see myriads of worms develop themselves in his intestines, and in all parts of his body—tape-worms, lumbrici, etc.—emblems of parasitism. His hair and body will be covered with vermin—emblem of misery and degradation. I wager that children have their reason for loving salt so well. The Abyssinians, who eat much meat, and who have no salt, are constantly afflicted with worms, and with tape-worms.* I have read somewhere that in certain northern countries, the interdiction of salt was a punish-

* With a vegetable and fruit diet, there is perhaps no longer the same inconvenience from the disuse of salt. Among a communist colony, at Skeneateles, New York, a number of persons lived for two years on this very simple diet, disusing also tea, coffee, and stimulants of every sort, both solid and fluid. I am assured by one of their number, that during that time the general tone of health was superior, and the efficiency in labor very fair. I have also heard of prize cattle, in Ohio, reared without salt, so that it is still an open question, whether conditions healthy in other respects may not permit us to dispense with salt. Our Indians are reported to have made scarcely any use of salt until they learned the habit from the whites, and Prescott narrates the same of one of the finest indigenous tribes of the interior of Mexico.—Tr.

ment reserved to the aristocracy. After some months of this diet the condemned perished by entozoa. Visit in the winter season the stables of poor cultivators of France, and you will find all the animals devoured by vermin on account of their poor feed, together with the privation of salt. Most of the parasite insects, the rot, the glanders, proceed from the impoverishment of the blood, and have no other cause than the bad quality of the food, which would be at once rectified by a small addition of salt. The same causes produce the same effects on the horse, the hog, and the dog, though they do not seem to seek for salt as eagerly as the sheep and the ox. We may one day discover that hydrophobia develops itself in dogs in consequence of an inflammation of the salivary glands, produced by too long an abstinence from salted food.

The deer of North America, instructed by nature, every year at a certain epoch make journeys of three or four hundred miles, to lick salt on the shores of the salt lakes. Tradition has taught them that this was the only means of ridding themselves of the myriads of wood-tics that cling in bunches to their skins.

Some years ago, all the roebucks of the beautiful country seat of Vaux, belonging to M. de Praslin Barbe-Bleue, died of this pest.

Formerly, when many fallow deer were kept in the royal forests, they took care to fix at convenient places little mounds of clay and salt rubbed together, where all the deer came to lick.

This efficacy of salt—emblem of purity and wealth—against vermin—emblem of misery and corruption—is generally understood by the animals. Every one knows the passion of the pigeon for salt. The best means of captivating the fugitive and retaining him in the dove-cot, is to adorn his dwelling from time to time with a well-salted tail of codfish, or still better, with a surloin of roasted fox, richly saltpetred.

The pigeon, as well as the sheep and goat, picks at walls for the saltpetre which sometimes effloresces from them. The fugitive pigeon, prey to a swarm of miseries, is too faithful an emblem of the fate of first loves in civilization.

Official science will have trouble in washing its hands of the odious part it has played in this question of the salt, for it is one of its most illustrious contributors, M. Gay Lussac, peer of France,

who contrary to the advice of all the ruminants and of all the cultivators of France, has declared the salt question perfectly foreign to agriculture, and the tax just on all points.

There is but one excuse to make in favor of science, and of the chamber of peers. It is that the learned peer was stockholder in a glass-making company, where the salt employed paid no tax. He was in his right, this man of science, in sustaining that the salt tax was not too high.

I think it will give my readers pleasure to hear that the report of M. Gay Lussac has been put into an opera buffa by the satirical poets and compositors of the planet Jupiter.—(Cardinal of Familism and generator of the Bull.)—The work has obtained the maddest applauses of laughter.

The bull, reduced to the condition of the ox, is the most precious of all the servants of man. He helps him during his life, feeds him after his death, and turns to good account in every part. He is the emblem of useful and peaceful labor, the sight of the red flag—sign of war and blood—infuriates him, for inhuman war carries mourning and desolation under the roof of the laborer whom he supports; and for the same reason he as well as the stag is irritated by the noise of trumpets, which please the ear of the warlike horse so much. He was the victim of honor in the solemn sacrifices of Greece, the victim whose blood was to appease the anger of the gods, and to purify the country of every germ of infection.

Saint Bernard compares the blood of Christ, which alone suffices to ransom all sinners, to that of the *red* cow, shed on the altars of the pagan Gods.*

* This may be better understood when it is known that the *lamb*, which Christ is called in the Scripture, and whose sacrifice is celebrated at the Easter holidays, at the time when the constellation Aries appears in the heavens; is equivalent to this sign, the *ram*, as well as to that of the *bull*, by which three different names the same sign was called at different times, among those nations who observed in common the rites of the old Mithriac religion, of which the Christian is one of the forms. The Sun, as he passed through the zodiacal sign of this constellation, was represented as the ram, lamb, or bull, and these creatures were slain in the sacrifices of Egypt or Persia, to commemmorate the decline of life in the winter months, when the sun has least power.—Tr.

All the affections of the noble and pacific coadjutor with man, denote the innocence and purity of his manners; his passionate taste for salt—emblem of cleanness and wealth—reveals his attractions for useful work, productive of well-being. The power of his efforts and his gratitude toward his master are proportioned to the care that is taken of him. Whole races of these animals have been seen to carry their deference for man so far as to abdicate their head-dress, which seemed to disquiet their master.

France, holy land of charity, where the rights of the laborer have never been forgotten in theory, but only in fact, has always shown a deep aversion to the bull-fight.

Poor Spanish people! It is this, too, which has trained the bull for the chase, for a chase of surprise and assassination. The poor beast, compelled to obey, has lent itself to the treachery. It serves to mask the hunter, who drives it before him and glides behind it within range of the unsuspecting game that he wants to murder. Spain has paid dear enough for her demoralizing passion for bull-fights, tobacco, the inquisition, and inglorious hunts: Let us not overwhelm her with our anger.

I pass in silence the merits and virtues of the Cow—nourishing mother of all of us—that good friend of children, whose rosy teats, swelled with their white liquor, symbolize so clearly the fecundity of nature. I say nothing of that admirable sentiment of tenderness and paternal foresight, which urges all animals, male, female, and neuter, to associate and to unite by squadrons in the presence of danger; which inspires them with the idea of placing the newly born in the center of their circular groups, presenting their fronts to the enemy. I only say that if there is a beast of the good God upon the earth, it is the ox, and that I never pass before a yoke of these brave creatures without thanking them, without silently saluting them from my heart, while I should pass ten times before a minister of finance, in full costume, without experiencing the least necessity of taking off my hat to him.

It has occurred to me two or three times in my life, to possess an atom of power. I consider that I worthily employed it when I punished all the executioners of beasts that fell under my hand.

The question of the milch cow raises a series of very grave considerations upon hygiene and public alimentation. We should think ourselves wanting to our first duties not to fix the reader's attention here; and what is said of Paris admits of almost literal application to other cities. It might be doubted, on seeing the light bluish liquid which is sold in the streets of Paris under the name of milk, that this city feeds six thousand cows within its walls. Who consumes the milk of these six thousand cows? The ice-cream confectioner, and the rich amateur who despises baptized milk. The imagination of the Parisian cockney is so perverted that they palm upon him for cream, milk almost in its natural state. Pure milk is called cream in Paris. All the cows of Paris die phthisical. The six thousand above-mentioned are renewed every eighteen months. It is known that the milk communicates to the creature who drinks it the diseases of the creature that furnishes it. This truth is so perfectly demonstrated, that children are cured of certain maladies by giving medicine to their nurses, who transmit its influence through the medium of their milk. And pulmonary consumption now carries off more than the fifth part of the Parisian population, and it rages especially over young girls; and the scourge proceeds every day, enlarging the circle of its ravages. The milk of Paris is no stranger to the progress of the mortality. The phthisis of the cow proceeds, like that of the poor workwomen of Paris, from sedentary confinement, from want of motion, and of air. As soon as the symptoms of the disease manifest themselves, and the beast refuses to eat, she is knocked in the head and served up, under the form of surloins and beef steaks, to the Parisian cockney, who lives and dies in this comfortable assurance, that butchers' meat is only fit to be eaten in Paris. . . . . So that we eat, we drink, we breathe phthisis in every way.

Just chastisement of commercial frauds. The man of the fields, simple and ingenuous in his cheating, was contented to double the quantity of his milk by an innocent addition of spring water—a limpid and inodorous substance.

Then comes Science, which has perfected the pastoral method, and discovered the means of adulterating milk with flour and mutton suet. The rich consumer hopes to avoid both frauds by seek-

ing the nutritious beverage from its very source. He has found these sources poisoned, and has drawn thence the germs of consumption and of death. Phthisical milk is the punishment of the adulteration of milk; it will disappear from society only when it shall become useless to falsify the milk of pastures. Nevertheless, had I the powers of the prefect of police, retaining my sound doctrines of Social Hygiene, not a drop of falsified milk would be sold in Paris; not a phthisical cow would have the right of an establishment within the walls.

Perhaps research on this subject would prove that patented poisoners—I mean the adulterators of provisions—kill more people in ten years than the most murderous wars in a century. In fact, wars only kill up the men—they respect woman, who plays an important part in the reproduction of the species, as has been proved by the cipher of the French population after the great wars of the empire. Phthisis, on the contrary, seems to choose its victims, in preference, among the sweetest and most adorable types of feminine beauty—frail, pale, and sensitive—the blonde, most precious gift of creation, with which Heaven endowed the pale countries of the north, to indemnify them for the absence of the Sun.*

* Phthisis does not appear to be so common a form of disease among our distillery-fed city cows in this country, perhaps because they rot too soon of more malignant diseases, or die by the butcher's knife, to furnish our markets with tender beef.

Tied to the rack in crowded stables, which hardly give them room to lie down, without ever a breath of pure air for months together from the day when they have seen their calves torn from them by the butcher; they drink enormous quantities of warm still slops, morbidly stimulating but innutritious, as compared with the ordinary food of the farm. This diet, with their confinement in a warm, moist air, reeking with animal effluvia, bloats and rots them very rapidly, the legs and the front teeth first failing, so that some are dragged out dead nearly every day from the large dairy stables, and the milk obtained from them is not only innutritious and generally filthy, but so poisonous as to cause cholera morbus and marasmus in children or animals fed on it, and plays a very important part in the inverse providence of cities, by thinning off too numerous families, and sowing everywhere the seeds of disease, especially of scrofula, in its most disgusting forms. Half the milk used in New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, and an immense amount in other cities, comes from the whiskey stills, and constitutes their chief source of profit; showing that civilization never does evil in a simple but always in a composite manner.—Tr.

THE CAT.

The wild-cat is the parent of the domestic cat, as the wild-boar is the parent of the hog. The two races are really one. The primitive type is become rare in France, or is only met with in the old forests of the East, in Franche Compté, in Lorraine, in Alsace, and in Ardennes. It is a charming animal, plump, and soft furred, striped and not spotted—of square and majestic countenance. Its tail, with large, wavy black rings, like its skin, is stronger and shorter than that of the domestic cat.

The size of the full-grown wild-cat is nearly the same as that of the fox. I have killed some that weighed as much as twenty pounds. The wild-cat makes very little stir, although it has declared war to the death against all the small game of earth and air. It does not usually make much of a chase; climbing into a tree to see the dogs run, the hunter's ball soon dislodges it. This is a species which would soon disappear did not the domestic cat care for its preservation, and sustain it by frequent crossings. Remarkable and whimsical as it seems, it is here the female that returns to savage life; for this retrogradation on the part of the female is contrary to the general law of movement. It is known indeed as the rule, that in all animal and human races, progress is effected through the female. Thus there is no example of the bitch ever having accepted the misalliance of a host of the woods —a wolf or a fox—while every day, on the contrary, we find the she-wolf listening with the utmost suavity to the amorous proposals of the dog, and even making advances to him in isolated forest-girdled farms.

The black woman comes to the white man—never the white woman to the black man. The daughter of the tradesman aspires to the hand of the gentleman; the daughter of the gentleman seldom descends to the tradesman.

Passional analogy—sphinx of all enigmas—could alone give the key of this apparent contradiction. It must be remembered that Love is a little malicious God whose sport is to invert all social relations—to upset all conventions—all received ideas, and that the Cat is an emblem of Love. Sad love! if it is permissible to honor

with this name the license of the courtezan—of the hired priestess of Venus.

Civilized society can no more do without the cat than without prostitution; a hideous vampire, that it feeds on its best flesh and blood, and dares not fling off for fear of evils still worse. Fabulists have long tried to see in this fawning, selfish, and knavish animal the edifying emblem of the churchman. Holy cat, they say, well furred, large, and fat. I am sorry for the fabulists, but their authority does not bear examination. A beast so nice, silken, lustrous and caressing—so supple, gracious and electric—a beast in whose existence the cares of dress hold so large a place—which makes night out of day, and scandalizes honest people with the noise of its amorous orgies, could have but one analogue. All is not rose-colored in those shameful loves which the cat symbolizes; the unfortunate creature confesses it loud enough by the miaulings of pain that the brutal caresses of her lovers tear from her, and yet she always runs to meet her executioners. If this is not the true analogy, find me any other beast to represent better those tariffed loves which the police protects and morality tolerates. The house-sparrow is the emblem of ardent and faithful loves . . . . . What beast is more hostile to this bird than the cat? Is not the beau cat, who never marries, but divides his life between amorous orgies and theft, the most striking personification of the gentleman about town—of that parasite industry that is practiced at night—of the swindler, not less skillful in shuffling his cards and turning up jack, than scratchy about the point of honor.

The female here stands for the species. The world hardly knows the male but as a sort of neuter gender, *fanciullo o soprano.* The world has known little more of the husbands of Ninon de l'Enclos or of Marion De Lorme. The cat is essentially antipathic to marriage; she accepts a lover, two lovers, three lovers—as many as you will; but just as soon as civilization opposes her free, amorous propensities, she claims her liberty as a savage, and returns to the forest. Wherefore the savage state or wild life develops the stature and the beauty of the cat. Among us she is only encamped.

The cat is the most graceful and supple of all creatures. The

cat is the only animal not deformed by growing fat. Her wheedling ways solicit the caress, her fur shines, and her back grows round under the flattering hand. For her mistress she has inflections of the head and winks of the eye, and a confidential language, ron ron, to express her interior satisfaction.

The Bayadères of Madras, the Almées of Cairo, the Limenian Zambas and the Sylphides of the Parisian opera, also possess in the highest degree grace, suppleness of body, and the secret of enticing attitudes.

The cat carefully dissembles her weapons under their velvet sheaths; she displays them in her quarrels by blows and scratches.

The police gazettes pretend that this is also a common procedure with the ladies in question.

The cat attaches herself to the dwelling, not to its inhabitants—proof of ingratitude and dryness of heart. How different with the dog, attached only to persons, and who accepts misery, provided he share it with the objects of his affection.

[Yet as there are some rare exceptions in the conduct of the class represented, some women of easy virtue who show themselves nevertheless capable of faithful, romantic, devoted affection; so there are not wanting instances—one of which I could sustain by the most unimpeachable testimony—of personal fidelity on the part of the cat.

A lady of my own acquaintance, a rose-pearl in the coronet of our most refined circles, who is very fond of cats, once had her favorite, whom she had left at home on a visit to a friend, actually to trace her out, and come down the chimney of her bed-room to regain her society.—Tr.]

Indolent and chilly, and passing all her days in slumber and reverie, under pretext of watching for mice—incapable of the least effort of repugnant labor, but indefatigable in pleasure and at play, friend of the night—of which are we writing? of the cat or the other?

Love is a passion of luxury, requiring for its free development carelessness, warm air, and wealth. The little malicious god who professes sovereign contempt for breeches, naturally dreads the cold, and willingly chooses his dwelling under rich, close-drawn

canopies, where—thanks to the artificial permanence of the zephyrs—transparent gauze and gold-embroidered scarfs suffice to veil his modesty. The cat also adores silken stuffs, warm and soft carpets which protect her rosy paws against the chilling damp, and the gilded tassels that hang from curtains, tempting to infantile sports, and soft divans, where she and her sleeping kittens lie so comfortably.

One so careful of her toilet ought to like perfumes. The cat doats on essences. Valerian puts her beside herself. Melancholy music produces no less effect on these nervous, passionate, electrical organizations. I have seen cats, impassioned for music, twist themselves about with delight, swoon from pleasure at the melting tones of a symphony. The cat is equally sensible to the charms of the voice, [and perfectly distinguishes her favorite songs. I have known one to lose herself so completely in the passion of a certain song, that her young mistress grew afraid to sing it in her presence—she flew at her neck several different times while singing it.—Tr.]

By such gentle turns and refined tastes the cat has always won the favor of the most intellectual persons. Among one of the greatest people of antiquity she had temples built to her, and her stuffed effigies were preserved. Fourier liked cats. Hoffmann has given one of the first parts to the Cat Murr in his fantastic dramas.

The courtezan has also in all times been the idol of learned and witty peoples. She reigned in Ionia, in Italy, in Greece. The Mausoleum of Pythionice was once reckoned among the wonders of Athens. Flora had her altars at Rome. Free love has its worship in China, the oldest country of civilization.

The courtezan has been the theme of song to the most brilliant genius of the ancient and modern world—to Anacreon, Sappho, Terence, Aristophanes, Tibullus, Horace, La Fontaine. Greece, which had refused to bend the knee before the omnipotence of the great king; all Greece, a little afterward, knelt at the feet of the courtezan Lais.

France has vowed the names of Agnès Sorel, and of Ninon de de l'Enclos, to the admiration of ages, as Athens that of Aspasia.

Certainly the feline race has been richly endowed by the Creator, and powerfully titled in favoritism. Manon Lescaut belongs to this race, and also Cleopatra, the ardent Egyptian, with golden hair, the irresistible enchantress, who owned no rival in the art of bewitching mortals—the fatal Cleopatra, under whose fascination the slave chose *an hour of bliss and death;* and who took him at his word, and who finds her supreme enjoyment in the sight of her lover's agony, sporting with her victims as the cat plays with the mouse. And because I recognize the power of fascination with which these beings are endowed; I conceive, and I excuse the sympathy of persons of taste for the beast with rosy mouth, with perfidious caresses, and insinuating tones, I conceive and excuse the maddening love of the Anthonys for the Cleopatras; but I cannot yield to the general enchantment, for it costs me much to say it; but the passion for cats is a vice—a vice of spiritual people it is true, but of those who have been seared by disgust.

No man of subtle taste and smell will be in sympathetic relations with a beast impassioned for asparagus, that speaking emblem of venal love. I had often asked myself why I liked cats so little before asparagus had told me all.

The domestication of the cat is quite modern, and was only effected in France at the invasion of the Norman rat (brown rat).

Until this day, the epoch of the first crusade, the care of ridding us of mice had been intrusted to the ferret, which acquitted himself but poorly. The ferret had come to us from Mauritania, in company with the rabbit and the Arab horseman, by way of the Iberian Peninsula. The establishment of the Norman rat in France induced the necessity of confiding the care of its lares to a stronger auxiliary than the ferret. Thence the introduction of the cat in our dwellings. Its domestication had been successfully tried among most populations of the south of Europe. I shall explain farther on, in a luminous development of the rat question, how the Muscovite rat, surmulot, has since absorbed the Norman rat. The invasion of the Russian rat now places us in a position analogous to that of our forefathers against the Norman rat. The domestic cat having turned tail like a coward before the rat of the sinks, we must deprive this inefficient guard of her honorable functions, then

replace her by a braver officer. The little bull-terrier asks no better place than to accept the functions of the delinquent, and promises to acquit himself better. I opine then for his official investiture at the earliest date. I have all confidence in the word of the dog, and I have as a guarantee of his fidelity, experience. No cat would kill me twelve a minute, as I have seen done at Montfauçon by bull-terriers educated to the thing by English professors. . It is no cat that would brave the attack of myriad rats to conquer a simple suffrage of esteem, and enable her owner to gain a few pieces of gold. In place of aspiring to such glory—the aim of noble hearts—the cat has put her paw to a Judas contract with the rat of the sinks which it was her duty to slay. Let those who believe the cat incapable of such baseness, repair past midnight to the square of the Halles—there, by the stealthy glimmer of lamplight, they may witness a sight that will harrow their souls with sad surprise, for they will see on every heap of filth a group of cats and rats supping together on good terms with each other, and fraternizing at the expense of man, dividing between them shamelessly the entrails of pigeons and rabbits.

I never meet a cat marauding in the woods or in the fields without doing it the honor of a shot, and I heartily engage all my brothers in Saint Hubert to do like me. Almost always when the pies chatter and make a fuss in the parks, or in the little woods, near dwelling-houses, it is to indicate the presence of a cat on a tree. I have twenty times in my life attended to such calls, and every time I had the pleasure of ridding the country of a prowling thief. The pies are like the jay-birds—wicked little journalists—on the watch for all scandals, who cannot see any thing stolen without telling it everywhere.

### THE FERRET

Does not play a great part, nor hold a great place in the domestic economy of man, but he is more useful than he appears to be. He protects man against the rabbit; and when a credible historian, such as Pliny, relates to you that the rabbit has upset cities, and that the inhabitants of one of the Balearic isles have

been obliged to demand the assistance of a Roman legion against the invasion of rabbits, you will gently feel that the question of the ferret enlarges, and you will understand the importance of the services rendered by him to humanity.

The ferret appears to be one of man's oldest friends, since he is hardly anywhere met with in a wild state. He is originally from Africa, whence he has passed into Spain with the Arabs and the rabbit. He has come to us from Spain in company with these invaders. In France the ferret lives only in a domestic state; he seems to entertain a profound contempt for all his congenera.

I consider it impolitic to say much evil of a beast which is auxiliary to us. Therefore I have preferred to reserve for the article Marten my general observations on the not very edifying morals of the family of blood-drinkers. It is wiser policy to veil the turpitudes of one's friends, then indemnify one's self for this reserve when it comes to the enemy's turn.

The ferret is the black beast of the rabbit, and reciprocally. It has been created in the interest of the human species, in order to oppose a barrier to the invasions of the rabbit, whose excessive fecundity might have covered the globe. The field-laborer has no greater enemy than the rabbit.

The education of the ferret costs no very great trouble; it is sufficient to leave him to his natural impulses, which lead him straight to the earth of the rabbit.

He enters, rummages the galleries, creates a disturbance there, and expels all the inhabitants. His fixed idea is to drive one of them into a place whose only outlet he occupies himself, and if he attains this result, unless he has been muzzled and well fed before the chase, he immediately kills his victim and sucks its blood until he is drunk with it; and as he always falls asleep as soon as he is filled, all have to wait until *he* wakes up, to continue the search. A not less disastrous event in hunting with the ferret is the unforeseen meeting of a badger or a fox in a rabbit-warren; the ferret in such case runs great danger of sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

I cannot like a beast that belongs to the tribe of the blood-drinkers, an insatiable, crafty, and stinking beast. I cannot, how-

ever, refuse a little gratitude to the ferret, and to say a good word for him on account of his obedience to man; for the deference of the ferret for man is the more meritorious, as nothing forced him to solicit our alliance, which he could better than other beasts do without, and as he has lost more than he has gained by domestication.

In fact the ferret is always athirst for blood—blood of pigeon—blood of rabbit—blood of fowl—he lives amid these species; he hears them cooing, crowing, trotting around him all day, without breaking through the barrier which separates him from them. His life is but a long punishment like that of Tantalus; and his master, as if to stimulate the ardor of his regrets and his desires, feeds him almost exclusively with milk-porridge. The lot of the marten and the beech marten in the woods and barns is incontestably happier.

The domestication of the ferret is, in my opinion, one of the most glorious demonstrations of man's legitimate pretensions to the absolute sovereignty of the globe, for it is the homage laid at his feet by one of the most ferocious tribes on the globe, and the most rebellious to all authority.

But when the series of felines (Lions, Tigers, etc.), and even that of the Serpents, were compelled by a superior will to ally themselves with man by means of their last links (the tame cat and house snake*), it was impossible for the series of blood-drinkers to remain out of the general law. It has then become humanized like the others, and it has detached the ferret to man's service, in capacity of a rabbit ouster. I have often been told that the beech marten and the skunk, attracted by the example of the ferret, had sought to approach man. I should not be surprised. We are too much disposed to forget the services of beasts now that we have perfected fire-arms, which allow us to dispense somewhat with their assistance. It is then suitable that those who have preserved the remembrance of the miseries and difficulties

* In the East Indies there is a beautiful little snake which the women wear as ornaments round their necks and wrists; and in our Southern States is one called glass snake, because its tail will snap to pieces and the parts unite again when placed in apposition.

of primitive epochs, should remind the forgetful of the duties of gratitude.

Drunkard, glutton, indolent, gambler, and robber, there is the beast. One need not be very strong on analogy to guess that this portrait reflects the valet of rich houses: a tippler, idler, and corrupt. This ferret, who drinks the blood of the rabbit and intoxicates himself when they forget to muzzle him, how like he is to the Frontin of the great lord, who would drink all his master's chambertin, if the cellar-door were not well padlocked!

## DOMESTIC ANIMALS PROPERLY SO CALLED—HOG, GOAT, RAM, CABIAI.

### HOG.

If the Hog had chosen to continue to lend man the assistance of his snout, to discover and burrow out the truffle, I could have decided on placing it in the category of auxiliaries; but it is evident, that from the hour when it allowed the dog to supply its special function of discovering the truffle, it has lost all right to figure in this honorable class. There is besides another reason drawn from analogy, which compels me to refuse him this honor. The hog is the emblem of the miser, and the miser is only good after his death; consequently it was not in the gifts of the hog to be useful to man during his life.

For these causes I have only placed the name of the hog in this chapter of the animals merely tame or domestic, postponing my special memoirs of it to the history of the original species, Wild Boar, among the beasts of the chase.

### THE GOAT.

Domestic type of the wild goat of the Pyrenees, has never enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity in the Biblical legend any more than in the Greek mythology; and I will not undertake to prove it any better than its reputation. It is very certain that the goat opens itself to slander by its dissolute morals, and that the

odor it exhales does not symbolize a great charm of attraction. It is the emblem of brutal sensualism; the Greek, Jewish, and Christian religions are here in accord with analogy.

The Greeks did not content themselves with sacrificing the goat to Bacchus, as one of the enemies to the vine, and scourges of attractive labor; they covered their Satyrs, those inveterate adversaries of the right of free love, with the mask and character of this animal, in order to blast gross sensual love with a keen disapprobation, to say that exclusively sensual passion degrades man to the level of the brute. It is known that the Jews every year loaded a goat with their sins, and which they afterward drove away into the wilderness, at the same time sacrificing another as a sin-offering to the Lord, by means of which every sinner went forth white as snow and free to work anew for his perdition.

I admire this convenient process of expiation. The Christians had little trouble in metamorphosing the ancient Satyr into Satan. I do not clearly see why the image of the demon of the flesh, in undergoing its last change, has gained a pair of wings; probably from the bat, supreme type of the scarecrow, or flitting nightmare of terrified imaginations, which hangs its terrors over death—that passage to the aromal life—when the devil is supposed to seize on his property in souls.

The essential point here to be developed, is that the opinion of all times and of all peoples has been faithful in condemning simple luxury, and in recognizing the character of divine passion only in *compound love*, the *combined development* of *soul and sense.* I am sorry to overwhelm with my sentence a poor beast already burdened with the iniquities of Israel; but I cannot find a word of indulgence for an emblem of brute luxury, and an enemy of the vintage and of agriculture.

The he goat has from time immemorial crossed with the ewe, and the she goat with the ram. A mixed species has resulted, very common in America, and very precious for the beauty of its fleece.

The goat may thus still, as an agent of transition, render great services to man.

The She Goat, capricious and easy of virtue, addicted to wander-

ing life and to sorcery, dainty of saltpetre—good girl on the whole, and good mother. The goat represents the gitana of pure blood, the gentle Esmeralda, the companion of the Satyr, the gem and the joy of the court of miracles, the unbridled poursuivante of amorous adventures.

Poor race of victims, condemned by defeat and poverty to eternal vagabondage. A race which must disappear from the surface of the globe in proportion as societies gravitate toward their superior phases!

Pity Esmeralda, Djali, and the Satyr, but let them pass away. Why preserve the emblem of feminine degradation, when the type to be symbolized shall no longer exist; when the young girl, liberated from moral and physical misery, shall have arisen glorious in the sphere of Harmony, where beauty is enthroned. One thing will remain to immortalize the memory of the goat; coffee—an emblem of carnal love, whose discovery was well adapted to its character. Let the goat hasten to make itself an honorable position for the future, as a mould of transition.

### RAM—SHEEP.

The fable of the wolf and the lamb—the literature of all people—have told too well the fate of the sheep and the lamb.

The Redeemer of the world, the Good Shepherd, who gives His life for His sheep, has chosen for Himself the symbol of the lamb, which did not prevent Him from saying, that He had come to bring war into the world. Innocence, candor, and resignation in suffering are, may be, good for the people of Ireland, but not for that of France, and happily so for humanity. Come, come, it is high time that the lamb should cease to serve as victim, and that the proletary should issue from his purgatory, after six thousand years of misery and struggle. Beware then ye butchers and bad shepherds.

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The Cabiai, or Indian Pig, thus called because it is originally from America, does not appear to be worth the honor of a pro-

found dissertation. It is still an emblem of the poor world—prolific, famished, imbruted, without shelter from foreign oppression.

Poor, oppressed races!—pretty red-eyed rabbit, poor little Indian pig, with streaked robe; accept here the expression of the sympathies of a poor working man, who never reared you to have you cooked, and who will eternally preserve in his heart the remembrance of those sweet distractions which you brought to his anguish when he pined in captivity for his natal greensward.

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# CHAPTER IV.

## BEASTS WHICH ARE NOT HUNTED.

### HEDGEHOG.

Here is an ignoble beast—an emblem of the narrow conservative, the obscurant, and parasite. The Hedghog symbolizes the mercantile scrub, the literary blackguard, the journalist without faith or law, who makes money out of every thing.

As a general rule, all the enemies of progress are enemies of light, inhabiting dark abodes like the shrew-mouse, the mole, and the fox, and recognized by two physiognomical characters: the smallness of the eyes and the extraordinary development of the olfactive apparatus (nose). Like the scurvy writer of whom he is the emblem, and who can only sustain himself amid anarchy and confusion, the hedgehog delights in thick brushwood, crowded with parasite vegetation. This antipathy for progress is betrayed by the slowness of his step. He creeps rather than runs. It is the image of the hired rhetorician of the bank journal, who parades in his well-fed egotism, who bristles up at the first word of reform, a dangerous and absurd being, who will be crushed a thousand times over rather than advance one step. He is besides a bad sleeper, stuck over with epigrams thick as quills, and always ready to sting. The beast is voracious, and repulsive in

aspect, accommodating himself to every thing—to fruits and vegetables, as to snails and small game. Gluttonous and repulsive, it is also the portrait of the scurvy slave of the pen, trafficking with all subjects, selling post-master's appointments and theatre franks—even promises of ministerial smiles—and drawing without remorse from his sorry Christian conscience, pledges and apologies at fixed prices for all the scoundrels, offering incense to the Metternichs, and deriding the pleaders of the people.

Nature has gifted the hedgehog with a groin like the swine's, in allusion to his cupidity and the grossness of his appetites, but there the comparison ceases. Thus we shall see farther on at the article Wild Boar, the hog is the emblem of useful avarice: all of him is good after he is dead. The hedgehog on the contrary is of no more use after death than during his life. What remains after death of the literary scoundrel attached to the compilation of a venal newspaper? Nothing but the fugitive remembrance of the affronts he has submitted to, of the contempt he has inspired. I know that a contrary opinion has found credit in the country, where the flesh of the hedgehog has passed for being eatable. I can only deplore sincerely this gastrosophic error, which I comprehend and excuse from the misery of the civilizees and the universal deterioration of taste. The error has had no great success, and the dog has from the first protested against hedgehog stews in very warm terms.

There is a natural antipathy between the dog and the hedgehog; the *first*, emblem of devotion and of courage, enemy of fraudulence; the *other*, emblem of cupidity and of cowardice.

The dog becomes infuriated at the sight of the filthy animal, and rushes on him with violence; but as he is afraid of sticking his nose, he soon renounces the attack and passes on, limiting himself to the expression of his disgust in making his adieus.

Thus the legislator well-informed, but afraid of sticking his fingers in the reform of the abuses of the venal press, contents himself with sound curses on the infamy of the literary blackguard taken in the act of robbery and perjury; so that this miserable industry ends by forming for itself, out of the universal disgust, a sort of impenetrable cuirass and privilege of impu-

dence, and not having to fear the law which disdains it, it profits by the faculty of *defensive repercussion*, with which it is armed, to intimidate its adversaries, and to pursue the course of its depredations. This faculty of *defensive repercussion*, proper to several species, and especially to the monopolizers, is one of the most striking problems of passional analogy. Much has been written and discoursed upon the causes of the grandeur and decline of Napoleon Bonaparte, but certainly few suspect that the empire has perished from an effect of *defensive repercussion*, by a hedgehog manœuvre (coalition of stock-jobbers and of grain commissioners, who having cause of complaint against the procedures of the great chief toward them, excited in 1812 a factitious famine, which retarded the Russian expedition six weeks). Why also, when the emperor had guessed the weak point in the armor of commerce, and when he wished to deliver the world from parasitical industry, by depriving it of the two monopolies of the bank and of transportation—why did he not execute this splendid design? Why?—why? Ah then, precisely because commerce is armed with the power of defensive repercussion, and no one knows by what part to lay hold of it.

It is said that the hedgehog is the only quadruped of France on which the venom of the viper has not taken effect. I should have guessed this exception merely from analogy. I am only surprised that a sensible man should consider its invulnerability a merit in this ignoble beast. For explain, if you please, how calumny (the viper) can sting the literary blackguard, who lives below it and upon it.

When, alas! will governments, which have under their eyes the example of Napoleon overthrown by a coalition of monopolizers; when will legislators, who have under their eyes in their tribunal the image of Christ crucified by the Pharisees; when will governments and legislators, better advised, come to understand that all the miseries and all the sufferings of populations proceed from the insatiable rapacity of the commercial vulture, which incessantly tears at the liver of the laborer . . . and that all the struggles, and all the revolutions which aim at thrones, have their cause in the exploitation of the laborer by the intermediary parasite.

Alas! a hundred times, alas! In place of executing Napoleon's plans of campaign against the banks and commerce, the French governments, heirs of the empire, grant premiums of one hundred thousand francs and more to the official organs of the bank for defending the operations of the monopolizers, and for answering with pleasant raillery the despairing prayers of the laborer, who asks to live by his work. And those thinkers placed highest in public esteem, seem to be struck with the same vertigo as the governments.

Why defend the retailing, parasitical Shylock, who nowhere cultivates the earth, who throughout his life has done nothing useful with his hands, who now raises a colossal tithe upon the labor of all nations!

The hedgehog has also advocates among the foresters of France and Germany. Many suppose it innocent because it destroys pheasants and partridges only in the egg, and because it wars only on new-born hares. As for me, whenever I find it I cut off its head.

## THE MOLE.

Virgil has defined the mole: *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens—cui Lumen ademptum!*

How that reads: a monster, hideous, misshapen, concealed from the light.

The mole is in fact the most monstrous of creatures. It is the most powerful of all quadrupeds for its muscular force in proportion to its size; it is the most sanguinary of all the carnivoras.

It is the most complete of all mammifers without excepting man, the champion best armed for war, for work, and for love.

I have heard much of the strength of the elephant, which bears on its back towers loaded with warriors. I have often spoken of the locomotive power of the whale, which does not require more than a fortnight to make the tour of the globe.

Finally, the tiger of Bengal has been cited to me as a blood-drinker, whose thirst is not easily cooled.

The prowess of the elephant and that of the whale are but child's play in comparison with the strength displayed by the

mole, and the Creator has expended more mechanical genius in the construction only of the hand of the mole, than upon the skeletons of all the giants of the earth and of the waters.

The Bengal tiger is a lizard for sobriety, and a lamb for mildness, compared with the mole, for the Bengal tiger has never turned his canines against his own blood. Send two tigers in one box to a friend; they will reach their destination without collision: place two moles in the same position, one will have swallowed the other before arriving at the end of the first stage.

What great difficulty, indeed, in moving like the elephant, through a medium so little resisting as the air; or, like the whale, through a fluid medium where you can rise or descend at pleasure by the compression or dilatation of your lungs! But place an elephant or a whale fifty feet below the earth, in the same circumstances as the unfortunate Dufavel, and see to what will amount the most desperate efforts of the cetaceous animal, or the proboscidian. Alas, both will perish in their anguish, in a very short time, for want of picks to stir the earth, and of muscles vigorous enough to move them. Give to the mole the bulk of the whale, or even of the elephant, and it will upturn every thing before it.

It is equally obvious that the animal destined to live in such a sphere as the turf, should be armed with means of locomotion more powerful than that which is destined to move in the atmospheric or aquatic medium, whose molecules are displaced by the least opposition. The muscular superiority of the mole over the elephant is one of those truths which announce themselves, and require no discussion. The jaw-bone of the mole is armed with FORTY-FOUR redoubtable teeth. His snout—index of an outrageous sensuality—has taken proportions so enormous that it has almost completely obstructed the sense of sight (sense of charity).

The mole moves its head, and the pulverized soil suddenly jets up in the air, as the bitter water is flung from the fins of the cachalot. His stomach is a furnace, always ardent, where the most indigestible aliments instantly twist up, melt, and disappear. Its hunger is mania; its love an epilepsy.

The existence of the mole is a continual orgie of blood. Its

attacks of bellymania seize it five or six times a day. It dies of inanition by ten hours of abstinence. The mole darts on its prey with a prodigious bound, seizes it under the belly, plunges the long snout in its bowels, enlarges the wound with its claws, to immerse itself completely in the blood of its victim, to enjoy through all its pores. Each of its murders is the occasion of a voluptuous ecstasy. A hungry mole leaped one day at the throat of a young girl, and pierced her breast before any one had time to run to her assistance.

M. De Buffon has made a seductive painting of the pastoral manners of the mole, and has envied its happiness. If the ancients had known the mole, it is more than probable that they would have consecrated it to Priapus, god of gardens. The mole does not belie the common saying, that love is blind. In relation to blind love, there is here something very unpleasant to tell man, and besides excessively indelicate to be said in plain language.

I now for the first time recognize that I have been wrong in cursing the tenderness of those who condemned my childhood to forced labors of Latin, instead of allowing it to develop itself freely in the open air of vagabondage and sweet-scented hay-ricks, so favorable to gymnastic exercise and to the disclosure of the ankles of young ladies. Yes, I sincerely regret the loss of my old *Cornelius Nepos* (on whom I once won a prize), to draw me out of my present explanation. I wish to say, that if it is true, as science admits, that the special attribution of a single function to an organ be the character which constitutes the degree of relative superiority of beings in the animal scale, man must place himself on this scale at an inferior degree to that which the mole occupies; seeing that in man there are still organs which serve two functions . . . . in the mole never. I beg not to explain myself more clearly on this chapter, and also to pass in silence the rending examination of that desperate resistance which the virtue of the young mole opposes to the brutal solicitations of its lovers.

M. Flourens, the immortal, the same to whom his interesting studies on the coloring of the duck's bones has opened the doors of the French Academy, has made curious observations on the history of the mole.

It appears from the experiments of the immortal, that the mole professes for vegetable diet so sovereign a contempt, that it will allow itself to die of hunger rather than to touch with its teeth the most savory vegetables. I boldly protest against this conclusion, and in the name of all powerful analogy, I demand that the academician should repeat his experiment, substituting for the carrot, the truffle, and I bet any amount that the mole will yield to the seduction of the truffle, for without that the analogy of the snout would be faulty, and henceforth what principle can be trusted?

That a beast like the mole cannot be the emblem of an individual human type may be easily conceived. The mole is in fact not the emblem of a single character. It is the emblem of a whole social period—the period of infancy—the most painful and the darkest period of the whole lymbic phase, the Cyclopean period. The mole does not symbolize a single vice. It symbolizes them all, for it is the most complete allegorical expression of the absolute predominance of brute force over spiritual force. I almost regret to have been obliged to rank at the head of the Proboscidians the elephant, which wears a trunk, and is consequently a little related to the tapir and to the mole. But the elephant is exclusively herbivorous, and symbolizes by its frugality the innocent and modest manners of the Paradisaical period.

The mole is that vase of impurity mentioned in the sacred books. Take equal parts of Nero, of Sardanapalus, of Messalina, and the Marquis of Sade, rub the whole in a mortar, heat and distil; you shall obtain the mole. The one-eyed Cyclop who plows into the bowels of the earth; the Titan who piles Pelion upon Ossa; the Enceladus whose convulsions give to Etna such terrible nauseas, and which cause it to vomit torrents of inflamed lava—behold the mole! It is also the mole which piles hillock upon hillock, mountain upon mountain, and multiplies eruptions of the soil over the surface of the meadows.

The Cyclop who nourishes himself with human blood, who knocks down the lovers of Galatea with huge masses of rock, who finds every orgie tame if blood does not flow—it is the mole, the male of the mole, who only obtains possession of his female

after having put all his rivals to death, who after having killed them devours them, and all gormed with blood, all smoking with carnage, claims of beauty the prize of his exploits! For those long subterranean galleries which you have sometimes followed with your eye along the soil, are not always galleries dug by the mole in search of the larvæ and the earthworms on which it feeds. It is often the issue pierced by the female to escape from the formidable embrace of her persecutors. Love speaks loud to the sensuality of this species, and every female is the aim of the pretensions of a crowd of aspirants. The unfortunate has but a little respite in the desperate duels of its immolators with each other; she seeks to profit by the conflict to attempt an escape. This answers well for one day, and while the butchery continues. But the struggle once over and conqueror declared, he, after satiating his vengeance, devotes himself to catching the fugitive again. Then it is a siege, by all the rules in which all the combinations of mining strategy are displayed. Mines and counter mines, circular chambers with double issues, diagonal cuts, cormontaigne stratagems and others. The resistance must come to an end when the male has succeeded in driving the female to the wall in some shut passage. Then her only chance is to gain the surface instantly; but the daylight dazzles her, her exhaustion betrays her chastity, and the painful sacrifice is accomplished. The mother then to secure the safety of her family will exert all the talent which the virgin has displayed in the defense of her virtue.

Such galleries of love have been seen three quarters of a mile in length; the dimension of those of the chase are no less. The gallery of the chase is the road by which the mole repairs from its domicile to its hunting-grounds. The art of the mole-catcher, originated in France by the celebrated Henry Lecomt, is based entirely upon the knowledge of this passage. As the mole is obliged by the exigences of its voracity to make this journey several times a day, and especially morning and evening, it is very easy to extend a snare for it when its route is known.

The art of the mole-catcher has made great progress within a few years. Lecomt has measured the swiftness with which the

mole moves in its subterranean galleries. He stuck along the whole length of an inhabited gallery a certain number of straws adorned with little flags at their tops, and hermetically closed the orifice of the passage with the big end of a bugle horn. Then when he saw by the fluttering of the little flags that the enemy was near, he drew from his instrument a terrible note, which produced such an impression on the animal that suddenly all the little flags along the line were seen at once reversed. It was proved by this curious experiment repeated several times, that the greatest swiftness of the mole in its gallery was equal to that of a horse in full trot. Those who desire to know more about the mole may consult the writings of M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the greatest scientific and zoological genius of this age—the only learned man who has known the Series.

Many estimable analogists, to whose opinion I should be happy to concede small points, do not entirely partake my manner of considering the mole. They are not convinced that Virgil alluded to this animal as the

> "Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens,
> Cui lumen ademptum!"

They say that this hump-backed, big-bellied, gluttonous quadruped is an emblem of the road-contractor. They find a marked resemblance between the moles which upturn the soil and pierce passages of subterranean communications to pursue and catch everywhere the insects which they feed on; and the monopolizers of rail-roads and of stage-routes, who devour each other —who disturb the commercial relations of a country, and possess themselves of all the means of transportation in order to fleece travelers, their victims, without mercy—who make use of their railways as electric telegraphs, and ruin by their stock-jobbing manœuvres the farmer, the true laborer, and the state.

These analogists add that the extreme nervous sensibility of the mole, which fears the light and is killed by the least scorching, characterizes the obstinate obscurantism of those monopolizers of banking and of transportation—who also fear the light because they know perfectly well that the first industrial reform will kill them by killing the anarchy in which industry now struggles. I

have never denied the truth of these comparisons, but the modesty of an author aside, I think the analogy of the Cyclop much the best. Having thus stated the opinion of the minority, I trust the decision to my readers.

The fox is the only carnivorous beast of France to whom the mole is not disgusting.

## THE RAT.

I could write twenty volumes on the Rat. There is no richer subject, especially the rat of the great Parisian sewers, not the gutter or house rat, another category of gnawers, whose history has also great interest and charms. The rat tells the invasions of the Barbarians, as the war-horse tells the grandeur and decay of the blooded aristocracy.

Each horde has its rat: to every occupation of the superficies, corresponds an occupation of the subsoil. There has been the rat of the Goths, the rat of the Vandals, the rat of the Huns! There is the Norman rat (English) and the Tartar rat (Muscovite.)

The strata of barbarians which have been superposed on each other upon our soil, may be counted by the number of the varieties of rats which this soil has successively nourished. Here is certainly a new and important historical datum.* I would lay a high wager however, that this is the first time that the academy of inscriptions and of belles-lettres has been called to reflect upon this luminous connection.

I shall not dig among the rubbish of the past to seek there the traces of the passage and establishment of the rats of the great invasion of Gaul. The testimony of my cotemporaries will suffice to confirm this theory.

A few words in preface upon the history of the rat in general. In the first place, the rat is not the husband of the mouse, as a popular prejudice supposes. The rat is no more the husband of the mouse than the toad is the husband of the frog. All the

* This thesis has been developed by Dr. Lallemand, in the Revue Independante, April, 1847. My work preceded three years that of the illustrious academician.

rats are ratophagous. Not only do neighboring races destroy each other, but also individuals of the same races. The fathers eat their children in the cradle to emancipate them from the troubles of their tender age; the grateful children are in turn eager to relieve their parents when somewhat advanced in age, of the burden of life, like the Messagetes, those worthy ancestors of the Cossacks. It is therefore doubtless, that I have read in the treatise of "Morality in Action," which was once given me as a prize, numerous examples of filial piety, drawn from the history of the rat and the mouse.

Every year, late in the season, when the treasures of autumn begin to grow scarce, bloody civil wars, whose tumult reaches us in the upper regions, break forth in the tribes of the Campagnols, the Lemings, the Hamsters, the Shrew-mice. The hamster penetrates into the burrow of his neighbor, kills him, devours him, and takes possession of his winter stores. The fury of destruction becomes universal. Even the rabbit does not entirely clear itself of the general accusation of cannibalism, which hangs over all the subterranean species. All imitate the example of the mole, which delights to plunge its long pointed snout into the bowels of the neighboring mole which it has slain, and drinks with exultation the blood of its victim. M. Buffon and others have related many anecdotes of the filial virtues of rats, and the patriarchal manners of the mole. Patriarchal! what a charming word: the history of those venerated patriarchs who are offered to the admiration of our credulous infancy is in fact so full of edifying examples, of conjugal happiness and domestic virtues! Patriarchal! In regard to filial tenderness, what is there better, for instance, than that of the young Misses Lot toward their father, who drank, then grew tender, . . . . then . . . became his own son-in-law. . . . What better father than Abraham, with his two well-beloved sons, one of whom he chased out into the desert to die of thirst there along with his mother, and the other of whom, he was about to broil on the coals as an offering to the Lord.

These edifying texts are proposed for the Sabbath meditations of young ladies, in order that they may thus at the same time form the mind and the heart.

All the families of rats, endowed with prodigious fecundity, are the emblems of those miserable and prolific populations which now cover the globe, and which hunger and the hatred of labor urge to make war on each other, and to devour each other. One fine day they will disappear along with war, pestilence, and famine.

The rat, like the barbarian, is a scourge which God sends on the civilized nations to warn them and to punish them for their confusion of instincts and their errors in life. The rat has more than once been charged with the execution of divine sentences, and occupies in this point of view an important place in the records of humanity.

It is the Egyptian rat which destroyed the army of Sennacherib by devouring during the night all the bow strings, and all the leather straps of the Assyrian bucklers. Pliny has consecrated an entire chapter of his eighth book to relate the cities destroyed by the ravages of beasts. The rat has played, since Pliny's time, an immense part in the history of these ruins. Have we not all heard the fate of that Archbishop of Mayence, dragged from his tower by a band of rats aroused by God, dragged into the middle of the Rhine and there drowned by the same rats, who did not retreat satisfied, says the *Calvinist* legend, until they had caused to disappear, by dint of gnawing, the holy tapestries, the name, and the portrait of this impious priest!

That natural vice which leads the rat to turn its incisors against its own blood, is the corrective of its extreme prolification. Were it not for ratophagy, the rat would already have devoured all the inhabitants of the globe. And if the barbarians had not turned their arms against each other where would civilization be now? And if Lord Aberdeen and M. de Nesselrode—I mean, if the Norman and the Tartar rat, instead of being jealous of each other, should unite to-morrow for example, to share the East between them!

There are rats, such as the Campagnols and the Lemmings, which every year quit their country to seek booty in those adjoining, and then return home, the expedition accomplished.

Thus did the ancient Gauls—thus still the pirates, the Kabyles, and all the nomad populations of Africa and of Asia operate.

These traveling rats are followed in their emigrations by their habitual enemies, both quadrupeds and birds, as the shoals of herrings and of mackerel attract in their suite the whale and shark. There are others which, like the brown rat and the large field-rat, abandon their country without thought of return, and establish their dwellings on the soil of conquered countries, as the Norman in Great Britain, the Mongolian in China. I lately heard through a diplomatist, in the way of all news, that the official advice of the return of the great field-rat to his natal country had just reached the Russian embassy. I come to the history of the rats of France.

The mouse of France is indigenous; at least it is found in the dwellings of the Gauls up to our earliest records. The use of the cat, however, which replaces the ferret, began to be adopted in France only toward the commencement of the eleventh century. The ferret dates from the invasion of the rabbit and the Arab.

Authorities abound to prove that the invasion of the Norman and that of the brown rat took place at the same time. The surmulot, the present rat of Paris, is of recent date in Europe, like the Muscovite, whence he comes.

The Norman—honorable source of the model English aristocracy—is the horde which has left in the world the most frightful reputation for barbarity. The Norman pirate has originated belief in the existence of the ogre. Long after the kings of France had purchased peace of Rollo, at the price of the rich province of Neustria, the people in its public prayers still entreated the good God to deliver them from evil and the Norman; it is still the refrain of the public prayers of Ireland and of all those unhappy countries where the Norman rules. It is the terror of the Norman ferocity which forced the country people of France to take refuge under the protection of earls, and to build for them those strong castles where feudal tyranny installed itself and walled itself in for a thousand years. Thus so early did the Norman pirates scatter everywhere on their passage oppression, misery, and ruin. I hear the voices of Portugal, Spain, India, and China crying that the blood of Rollo has not degenerated. The historians of the epoch agree in stating that the advent of the Normans was accompanied and followed by a swarm of atmospheric and zoological calamities of every sort.

Aldrovandus resumes the works of anterior writers. In the midst of this frightful deluge of devouring insects, of venomous reptiles, and of maddened wolves, which from all quarters burst upon France, appeared for the first time the brown rat. The brown rat, indigenous in the Scandinavian peninsula, has passed the Baltic on the skiffs of the Norman pirates, and established itself at the mouth of the Elbe, of the Weser, and other northern rivers. Thence it marches to the conquest of the Continent, first waging a war of extermination on the field mice and city mice, it advances by degrees toward the southern countries. Its appearance in France is signalized under the reign of Louis VII., the unfortunate husband of Eleonora of Aquitaine, the introducer of the English.

The brown rat, which the cat has not prevented from establishing itself firmly on the soil, has at last received the generic name of the species. During the six or seven centuries that we have had to feed it, it has destroyed an incalculable amount of the wealth painfully amassed by the laborers of France. This has also been the time in which the work of the serf nourished the indolence and the luxury of the noble. Carnivorous robber and invader, such was the Norman rat. During the last century it has found its master in the Muscovite and Tartar rat, otherwise called the surmulot, the rat of Montfauçon. One day in 1760 the town of Jäik, in Siberia, was attacked and taken by assault, by an innumerable army of rats. The attack took place at 4 P.M. The vanquished accorded in full sovereignty to the conquerors a quarter of the city.

These new rats, unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the same central plateau of Asia, whence at the same time came those Hun and Mongol horsemen who spread themselves right and left, taking at one time the West and Rome, at another the East, from Jerusalem to Pekin.

The campaign opened by the conquest of a city, the flood of invasion ceased not; it soon became a torrent. The surmulot landed in Europe. Within fifty years it has penetrated to the heart of all the capitals. None knows where the course of its subterranean progress will cease. Paris trembles at furnishing a new chapter to Pliny's history of the cities overthrown by rats. The

surmulot, or the brown Norway rat, has signalized its appearance in New Zealand by the destruction of the night parroquet. At the Antilles it has destroyed the diablotin; these birds burrowed in the ground like the tadorne, or duck of the Alps.

The establishment of the Muscovite or Tartar rat in France commenced by the extermination of the Norman rat, conformably with the traditions of the species.

There is mortal antipathy between the Norman blood and the Muscovite blood. The brown rat which formerly covered the French territory with numberless colonies, now no longer exists in Paris save in the cabinet of natural history. Scarcely have some relics of the race escaped the tooth of the conqueror by swimming to small islands of the inhospitable coast of Brittany, the country of the Venetes. Thus of old was Venice of the Adriatic founded by the wreck of cisalpine populations escaped from the sword of Attila, who found an asylum in its lagunes.

The extermination of the Norman rat by the Moscovite rat in France is cotemporary with the annihilation of the privileges of the aristocracy and the advent of the order of the sabre. The power of destruction with which the Tartar rat is armed—its frightful voracity—its unconquerable courage, completely recall the manners of the fierce horsemen of Attila and of Timour Lenk, those pitiless exterminators who amused themselves with building living pyramids, in which men served for stones, and who would not have the grass to grow on the spot where their horses had trodden.

The Russian rat devours the dog, the cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of man is a dainty for it. It begins by eating out the eyes; its tooth is most venomous. I know ten cases of amputation of the leg necessitated by the bite of the rat of the sewers.

The number of them nourished at the slaughter-houses and sewers of Paris is beyond conception. From twenty to thirty thousand have been killed day after day at Montfauçon without apparently lessening their numbers. It is calculated that an annual tribute of 12,776,250 pounds of meat is served to them annually —of horse-flesh and of other putrefied animal matters.

The rat of Montfauçon has lately caused sessions of the Municipal Council of that suburb. On this terrible question it was decided that the best way to get rid of the rats was to kill them, which did not advance matters much, seeing that they failed to devise the methods of operation. It is a question, however, not to be longer postponed. For the quarters of the East of Paris it is, "To be, or not to be." Reflect a little on this curious coincidence: the two fiercest and bloodiest varieties of the rat, which have levied the heaviest tribute on the European world, have come to us precisely from the same places, and at the same times, as the two nations which have longest remained barbarous, the Russian and the English, still devoted to the principle of war and of spoliation.

The rat—emblem of misery, murder, and rapine—emblem of the Norman or Muscovite horde—can only disappear from the soil after misery and murder shall first have been banished, and wise governments shall have put into practice the pacific theory which we placed in the mouth of Marshal Bugeaud, the conqueror of Isly, in this toast given at the Phalansterian Banquet of April, 1840: "To the abolition of war! To the transformation of destructive armies into productive armies!"

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I have developed too largely the subject of the Mole and the Rat to have time to pause on the Desman of the Pyrenees, and on the family of Shrew mice. This tribe, comprising three species, one of which is aquatic, is ambiguous between the rat and the mole, and the morals of the shrew mouse resemble those of these two nearest species. They devour each other, and there is war to the death between the mouse and the shrew mouse. The bite of the latter is venomous. Many dogs refuse to attack it, while they tear up the mole with ardor. The shrew mouse symbolizes the passage from the first industrial period to that of barbarism. The Desman is a species of amphibious mole whose snout is almost a trunk, and is met with only among the streams of the Pyrenees. It burrows in the banks below the level of the waters, and lives on aquatic insects, and on small fishes: it may symbolize the poorer class of river poachers.

## CHEIROPTERIA: BATS.

I know no animal series which has fared so ill for its names as that of the flying mammifers. The French have first baptized it with the generic name of *chauve souris*—bald mouse, which does not seem very happy, seeing that the fabulous animal in question is neither a mouse nor bald. Science has succeeded no better with its last etiquette of cheiropteria (winged hands), for the locomotive organs of the beast in question are neither wings nor hands: vespertilios—anthropomorphous, are no more to the purpose.

Since official science desired so earnestly to honor this infamy by a Greek name, it should have framed for it a compound noun, answering to the natural indication, something like teat-bird or flying-quadruped.

I accept the term cheiropteria carelessly, to prove that I do not seek occasions of humbling science; besides, of all the dirty things of the last creation, the bat was doubtless the most difficult to name; and I should fear to frighten my fair young readers by restoring to it its true name, for the bat is an emblem of death! And of what a death! And only one name suited it, that of Scarecrow or of Satanite, which certain passional zoologists have given to the Halcyon of the tempests.

Persons unskilled in guessing the riddles of Nature, and who know what pains it takes to make the dumb speak, will believe me on my word when I assure them that it has cost me ten years of consecutive relations with the bat, and incredible efforts of perseverance and of importunity, to bring it to unclench its teeth and to confess to me all its turpitudes. It is true that he has made a long story of them. And I know not truly, considering the nature of these confidences, if I should not do better to keep them to myself than to impart them to the public. I feel my flesh crawl at the mere idea of the vexatious consequences that my indiscretion might have with weak persons.

The question of the Bat is a question of the other world—a question which smells of the stake. All is mystery, imposture, and darkness in this series of *transition*, in all these casts of am-

bigus marked in the corner with the abnormal, the hideous, and the fantastic.

Is it the black spirit of the abyss—the standard-bearer of Satan—the fleshless and livid phantom which the fear of hell causes to appear at the truckle-bed of the death-bound—the spectre with hideous laugh, that rises from the tombs at twilight and re-enters them at dawn—the skeleton with the scythe sailing through the regions of darkness with silent flight? It is at once all this and something more. It is the image of Death in the Lymbic societies—the image of the painful transition—the nightmare of terrified imaginations.

The bat inhabits dark caves like the spectres, gloomy caverns, and trunks of dead trees, dismal holes, and crevices of old walls, which it leaves also at that doubtful hour which precedes the night. By day, hanging from the vault of sepulchral grottos, it imitates the absolute stillness of the dead in his shroud. The veil-like membranes which sustain it in the air have served as patterns for all those mortuary tapestries which adorn the vaults of cemeteries.

Half bird, half quadruped, it is indeed the transition from an inferior life to a superior life. But to what species of superior life —that is the question; listen patiently, and it will tell you all.

The bat is one of those rare species which enjoy the singular privilege of inspiring at first sight mortal antipathies, and of causing nervous persons to fall into swoons. It partakes this sad faculty with the toad, emblem of the beggar—with the spider, emblem of the shopkeeper—with the viper, emblem of treachery. Now remark well this circumstance: the bat is an *innocent* beast! There is the word of the enigma.

The bat is an innocent beast—more than innocent, useful, and continuing the service of the swallow, interrupted by night. The bat makes war on all insects and on all nocturnal vermin which afflict humanity and its fruit-trees.

Ah then! but since this hideous creature which enjoys supreme ugliness and the supreme faculty of repulsion, is only an innocent animal, even useful, was that dread which we are taught for death, for that transition so disquieting, only an atrocious joke?

An atrocious joke—you are right—an unworthy mystification, and infinitely too long kept up, by the aid of which miserable impostors have odiously exploited credulous humanity, profiting by its ignorance to frighten it—to stamp its spirit with the idea of the wicked God—to teach the doctrine of eternal punishments. Happily all is discovered with the daylight. Had not the bat, which obscurant knaves associated with their dark plots, betrayed them, some other accomplice would have held a candle for us.

The Bat is a chimera—a monstrous being—*impossible*—symbolizing only chimeras—a nocturnal hobgoblin, representing exclusively the phantoms of sick imaginations—the childbirths of brains calcined by asceticism, fasting, and solitary meditations.

The bat is imposture-made beast, as M. de Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, was the lie-made man.

The character of universal anomaly, of monstrosity, which is observed in the conformation of the bat; those whimsical metastases of senses which permit the vile beast to hear with the nose, to see with the ears, are explained by the subversion of ideas, by the intellectual disorders which this fantasm is commissioned to symbolize.

Another proof that the bat has only represented a false death is, that the latter is snub-nosed, while some species of the bat have exaggerated noses, which descend even to the breast, after the fashion of the elephant's trunk.

The bat in other respects ingeniously confesses itself an accomplice in the work of obscurantism; it has been for sixty ages the most devoted abettor of superstition, for the very simple reason that its natural sympathies are for the friends of darkness—that the light confuses it, and that it cannot see a lighted candle without experiencing the necessity of blowing it out.

I cannot impute these sympathies as a crime to the poor beast. Birds of a feather flock together. The bat only drags itself along during the day; it neither flies nor walks. Such soldiers cannot of course be enlisted in the regiment of progress.

In behalf of the systematic obscurantism of the bat, as well as of the bear, who does not any more appear to be a very impetuous friend of progress, there is one extenuating circumstance of

great weight. I must teach it to all who are ignorant, that the infancy of globes is the good time for the bats, as the infancy of man is the good time for the hobgoblins and baby-eaters.

The bat occupies in the scale of the animality of a world a degree so much the higher, as this world is nearer to its first development of animal life.

In the world which preceded the present, it reigned; antediluvian history even reports it as then the most complete form of animality. From the high rank which it occupied in those remote times, the bat has still preserved one habit, that of wearing its udder at the same place as the sphinx.

It seems then to be proved that in the fine days of this creation No. 2 (before the last), the domain of air belonged in all sovereignty to two or three gigantic species of bats—air-ships, whose membranous sails measured from eleven to fourteen yards in width; and these bats of large calibre, which our modern savants call *pterodactyles*, so as not to repeat the word *cheiropteria*, which means precisely the same thing, divided with the bear the benefits of an unrestrained tyranny.

I may even assert that among these hairy birds, these hideous vampires, there were some that made no difficulty of draining a poor megatherium or a poor dinotherium, asleep, of some five hundred gallons of blood.

If we may believe our sailors' reports, the habit of sucking blood from people during their sleep, has been carefully transmitted from the ancient *pterodactyles* to the modern *cheiropteria*.

I am no apologist of tyrants or of vampires, but I am indulgent toward fallen powers. I do not require of those who have lost their all in a revolution to be affectionately disposed toward the new order of things. In all epochs and on all globes, the pretenders, that is to say, the fallen powers (the bears and the bats), have given their hands to the obscurants—to speak definitely, to the Jesuits; in all times the pretenders and priests have coalesced to prevent progress. The interest of the fallen in this coalition is very clear; before impressing on the car a retrograde motion, we must begin by forcing it to stop.

I well know that it is the bat which has most contributed to en-

crust in the imagination of credulous mortals the myths more or less fabulous of the hypogriff, the griffin, the dragon, the chimera; that this, in one word, has served as a model for all those birds with four feet and with jaws to which the ancient world was in the habit of confiding the guardianship of its treasures.

The Roc of the Arab Legend is not an eagle but a true bat. A bird which is but *bird*, how big soever, having only two feet and feathers, could never succeed in inspiring the same terror as the most innocent bat. The physical structure of a hobgoblin imperiously requires the combination of claws, wings, and jaws.

The devil of the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman legend—the Christian devil, who has done so large a stockjobbing business in souls, and who has caused so many choice domains to be bequeathed to the priests—the Christian devil is himself only a very ingenious counterfeit of the bat, on whose forehead they have glued the two horns of the ancient satyr, to conceal the theft.

The devil which traverses the curtain of the opera in the third act of *Robert*, has membranous wings and toes adorned with nails like a real bat. All the invocations of sorcerers in the infernal dramas commence by causing to appear on the scene frightful bats which open their wings to music. All the figures of the chief personages of Callot's mystery, the temptation of St. Anthony, are copied from originals which may be admired in a cabinet of natural history in the gallery of the family pictures of the Bat.

The tradition of the vampire who comes forth from his tomb by night to suck the blood of young girls, is a tradition of the bat.

The three-horned cap of the Jesuits, the cagoule of the monks, are pieces of the uniform of the bat.

I know all the crimes of the bat, and I pardon them: a fault confessed is half pardoned.

I pardon them from this religious motive, that the fear of death is one of the fatal conditions of existence in the purgatorial societies, and that God must preserve a ratio between the terror of death and the miseries of life. The superstition as well as the evil had its necessity.

But even as the first rays of the Sun, pivot of light and of love, chase from the revivified atmosphere the spirits of darkness, the

owl and the bat, . . . so false morality and superstition, the idea of the wicked God, fear, and imposture, will flee the brain of man with the first lights of the dawn of harmony, and the frightful nightmare of hell will cease to weigh on our dreams!

Simpletons who complain that God has refused to our age the revelation of the news of the other life, it is easily seen that you do not know what it costs those who know the delights of the aromal life, to remain here below.

The Bat, which has lost so much at the last creation, is destined to disappear completely at the commencement of the next; creation No. 4.

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# CHAPTER V.

## BEASTS WHICH ARE KILLED, BUT NOT CHASED.

RUMINANTS OF THE GLACIERS: WILD GOAT, CHAMOIS, ISARD.—WILD SHEEP.—LYNX.—PERFUMED BEASTS: WEASEL, MARTEN, SKUNK, BADGER, OTTER, BEAVER.—RABBIT, SQUIRREL, BEAR.

I HAVE defined the verb *chase:* to *pursue and take* with dogs, to *force.* No beast whose name precedes is forced, but nearly all are hunted or *chased,* in the vulgar and eminently vicious acceptation of that term. To chase may apply well enough indeed to the rabbit, the badger, and the weasel (or the mink), which sometimes require the co-operation of the dog; but is inadmissible for ambushing and other kinds of slaughter, which require for their success the stillness of the hunter, and the absence of the dog. Between the hunter who forces, and the assassin who lies in wait, there is just the same difference as between the dog and the cat.

The bear certainly deserved better than the fox to be admitted into the honorable category of beasts of the chase. I have not however, placed him there, because there are no bear packs in France, and the bear is never forced with dogs.

For cause analogous, though against my principles, I have accorded to the fox an honor refused to the bear. The historian may protest against the injustice of facts, but his first duty is to record them.

### THE WILD MOUNTAIN GOAT.

The Creator has disinherited no land of beauty and of life. Above those regions where respirable air fails man, still sail the eagle and the lammergeyer, and bounds the chamois. Afar beneath the twilight heaven of the poles, beyond the confines of the regions of light amid the eternal ices, immense lands lie lost enclosed by solid seas. There, among the snowy steppes of Spitzbergen and of Nova Zembla, wander numerous hordes of reindeer, that browze the moss under ivory tusks, rich relics of the gigantic animal kingdom which peopled these coasts before the last cataclysm. On the floor of the floating glacier which the explosion of frost has detached from some mountain side, the white bear navigates, and sea cows, monstrous amphibia of semi-human form, with tusks like elephants, sleep peacefully; and the gay pinçon which would accompany the sun to the end of its course, and double the pole with him, teaches the echoes of that sullen solitude to repeat its sprightly air, and marries its songs of gladness to the sinister screams of the harfang, and to the bleating of the reindeer, sole voices of these desolate plains.

Meanwhile the giant manchot, erect on the extreme shores of the Arctic Sea, seems a sentinel watching over the ramparts of a citadel of ice, or an orator declaiming before a learned assembly. Here shines in all its luster, that providential wisdom so often revealed to the naturalist. That absolute depopulation might nowhere take place, God has proportioned among His creatures the love of their natal soil to the rigors of the climate. Thus while the reindeer, the Laponian, the dog of Siberia, can only live in the regions of frost, the inhabitants of the fortunate zones leave their country without regret.

Thus among those legions of helots whom the executioners of barbarous societies annually recruit to forge their standing armies —guaranty of their tyranny—those in which homesickness makes

most victims are the legions drawn from the poorest countries, especially from mountains. Thus the Supreme Ordainer has proportioned the dread of death and the love of existence in man to the miseries of his life. It was most necessary that the man of the lymbic societies should be nailed to his evils by an invincible power, lest he should desire to break the clamp which fastens him to temporary suffering.

Had God committed the imprudence of revealing to the man of the accursed societies, civilization, barbarism, etc., the knowledge of his ulterior destinies, and of the endless enjoyments of the aromal life, normal life of the species; man henceforth would only have aspired to this superior life, and the sentiment of his duties would have been impotent to struggle in his heart against the incessant temptations of suicide. But let the era of harmony come, when universal happiness shall convert this earth into a place of delights, where no motive again shall urge the unhappy mortal to emancipate himself from the torments of life—when the revelation shall be no longer dangerous, and God will not delay it. Upon the most inaccessible crests of the Pyrenees and the French Alps still to this day live some rare relics of several families of leaping ruminants, the wild goat, the chamois, the isard. The wild sheep is exclusively met with on the highest mountains of the interior of Corsica. An unparalleled elasticity of muscle distinguishes these inoffensive quadrupeds, which leap the abysses with the lightness of a bird. They are not hunted like the hare, the stag, and the roebuck. They are waited for in ambush and assassinated. Where neither dog nor bird work in concert with man there is no chase; since to chase means to pursue. Now the dog of the precipice is wanting as well as the fishing dog to the series of canines, and man has not yet succeeded in training the bird of prey for the chamois chase as he has for that of the gazelle. There the skill of the marksman is everything.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE ALPS.

The hunter must have an excellent constitution to enable him to bear the extreme of cold after being heated by exercise, sleeping on the damp ground, hunger and thirst, and every other hardship and privation. He must have great muscular strength, to climb all day with a heavy gun, ammunition, and provisions, and the game he kills; he must have a keen sight, a steady foot and head, and patience equal to his courage.

Chamois goats are very fearful, and their sense of smell and sight being most acute, it is frequently difficult to approach them. They are sometimes hunted with dogs, but oftener without, as dogs drive them to places where it is difficult to follow. When a dog is used, he is led silently to the track, which he never will afterward lose, the scent being very strong. The hunter either lies in wait in some narrow pass through which the game will most probably take its flight, or follows his dog, with which he keeps pace by taking a straight direction, but calls him back when he judges the chamois to be inclined to lie down to rest. An old male will frequently turn against the dog, when pursued, and while keeping him at bay, allows the hunter to approach near him.

Hunters, two or three in company, generally proceed without dogs. They carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, a short spy-glass, barley cakes, cheese, and brandy made with gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those huts which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting grounds at daylight.

The utmost watchfulness and patience are requisite on the part of the hunter when approaching his game; a windward situation would infallibly betray him by the scent. He creeps on from one hiding rock to another, with his shirt over his clothes, and lies motionless in the snow, often for half an hour together, when the herd appears alarmed and near taking flight. Whenever he is near enough to distinguish the bending of the horns, that is, about the distance of two hundred or two hundred and fifty steps, he

takes aim; but if, at the moment of raising his piece, the chamois should look toward him, he must remain perfectly still; the least motion would put them to flight before he could fire, and he is too far to risk a shot otherwise than at rest. In taking aim he endeavors to pick out the darkest coat, which is always the fattest animal. Accustomed as the chamois are to frequent and loud noises among the glaciers, they do not mind the report of the arms, so much as the smell of gunpowder, or the sight of a man. There are instances of the hunters having time to load again, and fire the second time after missing the first, if not seen. No one but such a sportsman can understand the joy of him who, after so much toil, sees his prey fall. With shouts of savage triumph he springs to seize it, up to his knees in snow, dispatches the victim if he finds it not quite dead, and often swallows a draught of warm blood, deemed a specific against giddiness!

Not unfrequently the best marksman is selected to lie in wait for the game, while his associates, leaving their rifles loaded by him, and acting the part of hounds, drive it toward the spot. Sometimes when the passage is too narrow, a chamois, reduced to the last extremity, will rush headlong on the foe, whose only resource to avoid the encounter, which, on the brink of precipices, must be fatal, is to lie down and let the frightened animal pass over him. It is wonderful to see them climb abrupt and naked rocks, and leap from one narrow cliff to another, the smallest projection serving them for a point of rest, upon which they alight, but only to take another spring.

The leader of the herd is always an old female—never a male. She stands watching when the others lie down, and rests when they are up at feed, listening to every sound, and anxiously looking round. She often ascends a fragment of rock, or heap of drifted snow, for a wide field of observation, making a sort of gentle hissing noise when she suspects any danger. But when the sound rises to a sharper note, the whole troop flies at once, like the wind, to some more remote and higher part of the mountain; the death of the old leader is generally fatal to the herd. Their fondness for salt makes them frequent salt springs and salt marshes, where hunters lie in wait for them. The hunters sometimes prac-

tice a very odd scheme. The chamois being apt to approach cattle in the pastures, and graze near them, a hunter will crawl on all fours with salt spread on his back to attract the cattle, and is immediately surrounded and hidden by them so completely, that he finds no difficulty in advancing very near the chamois and taking a sure aim. At other times, when discovered, he will drive his stick into the snow, and placing his hat on the top of it, creep away, and while the game remains intent on the strange object, he will return by another way.—*Simond's Switzerland.*

All these races symbolize these unconquered populations, who preferring misery to servitude, have in all times climbed to demand of the inaccessible crests of mountains, lost in the regions of storms, a shelter for their liberties. The chamois and the wild goat of the glaciers represent to us the Helvetian of the Rutli, the Klephte, the Montenegrin, the Abanese of Scanderbeg, the Araucanian of the Chilian Andes, the Druse of Mount Lebanon, the Kabyle of Jurjura, the Tcherchesse of Caucasus. The chamois, like the Klephte, has for his sole property, the air of heaven, ice water, a good hamstring of steel tempered by the frosts, and then his liberty upon the mountain. It seems as though the wild sheep, the muffolo, can have no other country than Corsica—that island, never subdued, which cannot engender slaves. Few and dispersed over the globe live these noble remnants of strong human races, like those of the ruminants of the cliffs; for there is a coalition among all despots to annihilate the very last vestiges of the independence of the conquered, to efface the very names of the free peoples, that fill the sleep of tyranny with nightmare dreams.

Switzerland, independent and governing itself by its own discretion, scandalizes absolute Austria, which fears the example for its stolen kingdoms, and the ill-wills of all the governments of Europe often combine to lend assistance to the Austrian absolutism. Thus behave the hunters and the idle men of fortune toward the chamois, the wild goat, the isard. The English of Australia, or the Spaniard of Hayti, have not applied the policy of extermination to the indigenous races with more fury, than the hunter of the Pyrenees and the Alps to the ruminants of the glaciers.

The wild goat, sung by Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix, cotemporary of Duguesclin, the great hunter of the fourteenth century, has already disappeared from the Alps a hundred years and more, because picturesque Helvetia is more in the way of the idle rich of Europe than the Pyrenean chain that separates Spain from France. The wild goat was already becoming a mere tradition in the wooded cantons of Glaris and the Grisons toward the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The time is not distant when it will have disappeared also from the Pyrenees, and we may one day find it again on some beetling cliff of Crete or of Mingrelia, forgotten by the English. Experience has proved that the domestic goat, abandoned on desert isles, soon regains the appearance of the wild mountain goat, first source of the race.

The wild goat differs essentially from the chamois, by its size and its headdress. It equals the fallow deer in size. Its immense horns, curved and bent back like those of the domestic goat, are storied over with humps or knots, whose number indicates the age of the animal. The brow of the female is equally armed thus. The chamois and the isard, which belong to the same species, wear short, straight horns like the antelope and the gazelle, only this vertical horn curves at its end into a pretty hook, which renders it peculiarly fitted to be used for a shoeing horn.

The wild goat, the chamois, and isard feed in troops, more or less numerous, in the fragrant meadows moistened by the blue waters of the glaciers. To avoid all surprise, they are careful to post sentinels around their temporary encampment. At the least breath of alarm the whole band darts swift as the avalanche toward the issue indicated, and with prodigious leaps regains the shelter of the precipice. Thus on the flowery banks of Kara Koissou, in the fields of Circassia, a party of young, golden-haired maidens enchants the valley with its joyous sports, when suddenly thunders the alarm-gun of the citadel, announcing the arrival of the Russians, and warns the truant flock to re-enter their fold.

The female of the goat, chamois, and isard carry their young five or six months, like the tame goat, and give birth in the spring to one or two little ones, the most graceful and charming of all in-

fantine creatures—more innocent than lambs—more gamesome than kittens—tender nurselings, alas! which the love of their poor mothers does not always succeed in saving from the formidable claw of the Eagle and of the vulture. We shall see in another volume, at the article Eagle or Lammergeyer, that Pliny was right in accusing certain eagles of picking out the eyes of stags in order to master them. The wild sheep of Corsica, less nimble than the chamois, has the dome and shelter of the forests, of which the inhabitant of the glaciers is deprived. I have heard them speak at the Jardin des Plantes, of the fierce and intractable humor of the wild sheep, which they compared to the zebra for its inflexibility of character. In its natal country, on the contrary, they boast of its mildness, and its compatriots assert that the wild sheep, taken young, is as easily tamed and follows its master with the same docility as the water-spaniel. The sheep reproduces in captivity: a sure sign of its tendency to rally again to man, with whom once before it concluded a treaty of union. I have often been asked with respect to this, why these treaties, so common in earlier epochs, have become so rare.

The answer is very simple. There is no animal, I have replied, that does not love man in secret, and which, when amiably questioned, will not confess at last that its most ardent ambition is to serve its legitimate sovereign, and to be employed by him.

Unfortunately the hostile attitude which man has taken toward all the beasts, now no longer permits these tender confidences. At the beginning, during the happy days of the paradisaical era, and when no creature felt the outrageous desire of feeding on the blood or flesh of another, the confidence of the beast in man was in the natural order.

The animal had yet no reasons to conceal its inclinations, and the painter's brush, as well as the poet's lyre, has loved to retrace the touching images of that edifying concord which existed between man and beast in those distant times. But the master has often since that broken the bonds of this cordial understanding; he has thrown too many extra stabs in the contract; he has provoked sanguinary reprisals so far and so often that distrust and resentment have at last entered the soul of the victims, and turned

out affection and sympathy. Many writers are even of opinion that peace is henceforth impossible between the two parties, since so much blood has flowed on both sides.

I should partake this opinion were it not that the Beast—the *beast* even most addicted to vengeance and carnage—has always discriminated between man and woman, and has never confounded the latter in his homicidal hatred. Right or wrong, the beast has always had faith in the charity of woman; perhaps this confidence will not be deceived, and woman may yet be the ark of alliance between the two kingdoms. I hope for us all. Have we not seen how the turtle-doves of the Tuilleries were tamed—that powerful demonstration of the seductive charm of Parisian beauty? They speak of the intractable character of the zebra—of the wild sheep—of the Asiatic buffalo, but they do not reflect that these species live amid atrocious human populations, hideous in form and in manners, and whose greatest happiness consists in making war, in destroying and even devouring each other. Are these, in good faith, spectacles well calculated to edify the beasts on the superiority of human intelligence, and is anthropophagy the sacred character with which God has marked man, in order that by this sign every creature should recognize him for its master? Has history a single example to cite that ever zebra or buffalo, denaturalized, has exchanged father, or mother, or child for a bottle of brandy? . . . that man, guilty of these crimes, should have the right to accuse these quadrupeds of criminal disobedience to the laws of God? Let us begin by acting as kings, before looking to be respected in this character; and when in our madness we sink ourselves below the brutes, let us not find it strange that the brute, more sensible than we are, should despise us and repudiate our yoke!

The wild sheep has, like the zebra, the right of insurrection against the tyranny of the civilizee, but from its legitimate repulsions against the human beings of the lymbic societies, I draw no prejudices against its future dispositions for the human beings of the era of harmony. The zebra, the quagga, the daw, and the hemione, born steeds of the infantine cavalry, can never be justly called upon for the service of man, until after the emancipation of the

child and of woman. Let us wait, in order to judge of the mildness or the intractableness of their character, to witness this previous emancipation. Every one now knows perfectly well that if woman had not reigned as absolute mistress under the shades of the royal garden of the French capital, the wild turtle-dove of the woods would never have left the shelter of the solitary forests to build its nest among the fragrant domes of the lindens and the chestnuts of the Tuilleries.

What is true of the wild sheep is equally so of the wild goat, of the chamois, of the partridge, and the wild duck. All these species retained the love of man, so long as man did not abuse their noble confidence. They withdrew from him in proportion to the progress of his bloodthirsty wickedness. They will return to him with the improvement of his manners and under the reign of woman. Already under good administration and with the prevision of this future return, the murder of the wild goat, of the chamois, of the wild sheep, ought to be forbidden under the severest penalties, for the triple species will perish if the present generation does not cease its method of extermination. Now the wild goat, the wild sheep, the chamois, are the herds of the region of the clouds, the ornament and the life of the glaciers and of the precipice, which the hand of man cannot fertilize; and the present generations have not the right of annihilating, to the injury of future generations, the capital of a property of which God had granted them only the interest or usufruct!

### THE LYNX.

The French Lynx has decidedly passed into a fabulous condition. Buffon had already, toward the middle of the last century, erased it from the list of national beasts; but history proves that it has been seen and shot since this erasure, especially in 1788, in the Cantal, where a hunter of Saint Flour killed one in a field near this town. The rare survivors of the proscribed race have, according to custom, sought refuge among the wooded gorges of the Pyrenees and the Alps; they have sustained themselves there sometime, then disappeared like the carlin one fine day, without

mentioning it to any one. The chase of the lynx, or stag wolf, had nothing of interest which should cause us to regret it.

We have found him again in Africa, in company with his near relation, the jackal. 'Tis a paltry beast, that is not hunted, but hides everywhere, under the rocks, in impenetrable thickets, upon trees.

The species was destined to destruction by the gun like that of the wild cat, since it could not escape the dogs.

If we regret the lynx but little, the stag, the buck, and the roebuck regret him still less, for as his name, stag wolf, indicates, he was death on the fallow deer. He posted himself upon their passage as they went to drink or to pasture, ambushed among the branches like the bear, the glutton, the kinkajou, and thence let himself fall upon his prey, which he seized by the upper part of the neck, and devoured alive, tearing its flesh into shreds, and sucking its blood.

The European lynx has a skin reddish and slightly spotted with brown; ears straight, and garnished with a characteristic brush of hair, which is no longer found but in the province of Algarve, in Portugal. A creature that lives on carnage and ambushes on frequented paths to stop people, may well symbolize the highway robber and assassin.

## THE PERFUMED BEASTS.

The wild boar is not an inodorous animal, neither is the buck, nor the stag in the season of love. No one however has thought of classing these creatures under the name of stinking beasts. This characteristic has been reserved for the ignoble races living by rapine and assassination, without danger, usually concealing themselves in some hole under ground, and poisoning the atmosphere with vile smells.

The polecat, skunk, mink, marten, fox, are all of this habit, though belonging to different families.

The marten, the best known type of this group of murderers and blood-drinkers, the marten, the polecat, and all the mustelians, have been endowed by the Creator with a membranous pouch sit-

uated near the tail, and secreting an odorous liquor. This odor, which is only *fetid* in the temperate climates, asphyxiates and poisons in the species of Central America, the Chinchilla, Zorilla, etc. Cases are known of persons asphyxiated and stifled in their beds by one of these; and their passage through a barn, a cellar, or fruitery, suffices to spoil all the provisions, to render all the food *touched* by the smell, uneatable, all the liquids undrinkable. The charitable hearts of my readers will learn with joy that the science of military genius, the science of legal destruction, has recently borrowed of the skunk its system of poisoning at a distance. We are not generally prepared for the surprises provided for us in the approaching resumption of hostilities between absolutism and democracy. For example: In the pompous bulletins of that time we shall read—"After two hours cannonade at the distance of sixteen hundred yards, the conquered enemy fled in every direction, shamefully abandoning to us their cannon and their arms, . . . and holding their noses. Never was victory more complete, with less cost of blood . . . the enemy fell like flies, executing the most grotesque and laughable contortions. *Nasal* witnesses have asserted that the infection of our bomb-shells was such that the air was poisoned to the distance of many miles around."

It is said that the skunk only uses its asphyxiating property in self defense. It seems more probable that beasts of this category should do evil simply for the pleasure of evil.

However this be, it is in this family of blood-drinkers that we meet with animals wearing the finest and choicest furs, which has given an immense interest to their chase in America and in Siberia. The sable marten belongs to this race; it inhabits Siberia, where the taxes are paid in furs; a sable skin sells now at twenty-five dollars. The marten of Canada will not bring one fifth that sum—that of the forests of Europe, still less.

Analogy gives the reason of that thirst of blood with which this species is perpetually incited; also of the insupportable smell which they exhale, and why their robes are so thick and silky. These blood-drinkers (mustelians), symbolize the small robbers and assassins, the poisoners of food, the adulterators of liquors, whose

vile industry, flourishing largely in the lymbos of civilization, destroy far greater numbers than the cannon or bayonet.

The marten and polecat have a suppleness of spine which enables them to creep through the narrowest apertures into the fowl-house and dove-cot, where these wicked beasts wallow in blood, grow drunk with murder, kill for the pleasure of killing.

The suppleness of spine and inextinguishable thirst for blood, represent to us the insatiable greediness, the cunning and adroitness of the usurer, the lawyer and attorney who glide through the narrowest flaws of the code, sometimes shaving the penitentiary to penetrate into the houses of the producers, to circumvent poor laborers, and to bleed them to the last shilling. The marten is pitiless. It kills every thing in the fowl-house if it can: thus the usurer, who has drawn the last dollar from his victim, will cast him on the straw of a jail, and sell his furniture, without pity for the unhappy family which the detention of its head leaves a prey to misery and to the terrible temptations of hunger. It is chiefly on the innocent species—the pigeon, the fowl, the pheasant, the rabbit—that the marten and polecat satisfy their rage for blood.

It is always on the weak, on the poor laborer of cities, on the humble proletary of the field; that the sharper, the parasite, the usurer, love to cast themselves.

The marten inhabits the forest, the beech marten, the vicinity of country houses—it is agricultural industry which has suffered most from the frauds of the law and of usury.

The remarkable adhesion of the fur to the skin, which gives their value to these peltries, symbolizes the avaricious closeness of all who live by these base crafts, lawyers who traffic in falsehoods, sellers of false provisions, etc.

The infected smell which exhales from the bodies of these stinking beasts is that of peculation, stockjobbing, violation, murder; which transudes from a gangrened and rotten society. Would you cure the social body of its infamies, and purge the country of the polecats? The method is the same. It has moreover the advantage of being extremely easy. The means of healing the wounds of society, and of destroying the skunk, consists in substituting fraternity for selfishness, solidarity for divergence, associa-

tion for separation. Suppress the separation of properties, which is the goose that lays golden eggs, for chicanery and usury; and the subtile pleader, the false interpreter of the code, the issuer of stamped paper, must all shut up shop.

Let us change the five hundred miserable dwellings, which the civilized village boasts, into one splendid palace; let us replace the five hundred barns, covered with thatch, full of holes, and giving way everywhere, into a single vast barn, containing the provisions of the town, the excellence and security of whose construction is guaranteed by the magnitude of the combined interest, and whose various departments are carefully watched over by the most competent agents. Then all those filthy beasts which fatten by the ruin of the laborer—skunks, rats, weavils—disappear.

It is evident that the question of the skunk, and that of all the vampires and parasites, is the same; that these different scourges have at the same time invaded the social body; that they have issued from the same origin, antagonism; and this cause ceasing, its effect will cease with it. I await the death of the last polecat, to pronounce the funeral oration of the last thief.

In other words, I wait till the association of proprietors has broken down those old walls and those thick hedges which separate inheritances, and which serve as retreats to the evil beasts, to the attorneys of law, and the usurers; to the insatiable vampires of the simple-minded laborer, to the parasites of the granary. In the long leisures of my farming life, I have often treated myself to a chase of the beech marten over ladders, joists, and roofs. Those who have never assisted in this amusement, of which George Sand has given an admirable account in her "Mauprat," cannot form an idea of the degree of dexterity and of intelligence to which a dog, well backed, will attain.

I have seen setters, grown tired of idleness, make themselves useful in trailing the beech marten through barns, and succeed pretty well after eight or ten trials. But the setter has neither the proper size, make, or habits requisite to bear away the bell in this sort of steeple-chase, or feat of acrobatics. The genuine marten dog is a little brown or black pug, with a sprightly air, a straight ear—of unknown genealogy—therefore the scion of some noble race.

A lean cat does not tread the eaves with a step more assured or quieter than the marten dog over joists, ladders, and projecting eaves. He has been seen to break with his head the pane of a dormer window, by crossing which he might gain a little; climb chimneys like a trained sweep; dart from beam to beam across the void with the readiness and the precise calculation of a squirrel. A hunter, whom time had left more wit than hair, for whom I had procured the amusement of a beech-marten chase, remarked to me after it, The dog has not said his last word to man. I know it from my Castagno, this last word of the dog: *Man is king of the earth; the dog is his prime minister!*

Among all these beasts of rapine the marten is the greatest in size as well as the most precious for its fur; it lives almost constantly on trees, where it is met with in the cavities of old oaks and in squirrel nests; they make terrible havoc of young birds. The marten is distinguished from the beech marten by the color of his cravat. He wears this ornament of a greenish yellow; the beech marten prefers white. The skunk is smaller than the two species which precede.

The weasel and the ermine are diminutives of the beech marten —little creatures which have lost much of the fetid smell, but retained the sanguinary humor. We may meet every day in the fields and in warrens, bodies of rabbits whose autopsy shows that they have been bled in the jugular by able practitioners. These practitioners are weasels, a little larger than mice, and less strong than rats. How is it that the hare and rabbit, which are animals endowed with a jaw almost as powerful as that of the beaver, and whose formidable incisors would cut a weasel in two at one bite—how can the rabbit and hare resign their throats to so contemptible an enemy? I will answer this question when you answer me another.

How is it that the laborers, who are the only useful beings, who are the most numerous and the most devoted, who have on their side the right and muscular force, why have these laborers resigned themselves to be exploited and assassinated, since the world began, by an imperceptible minority of idlers and vampires? The reason is that these reign by terror over timid and ignorant souls,

like the weasel over the rabbit; because the idle have always on their side *religious* tradition, the law, and the armed police.

Besides the stupidity of those hares and rabbits who would think themselves *damned* for once fairly revolting against the blood-thirsty tyranny of the weasels and the skunks, admire in the same, the disposition to turn against their own blood—against their brothers in suffering—the formidable incisors which they dare not use in defense of their rights! Striking image of the folly of that brave French people, and that brave English people, who, instead of coming to an understanding with each other, and assisting each other to get rid of the moneyed aristocracy which grinds and bleeds them, take a pride in insulting each other, and in cutting each other's throats for the greater benefit of this aristocracy.

The ermines, which *only attack infant animals*, and which wear a *white fur*, symbolize the hypocritical professors of false morality, the Rodins, the Tartuffes, who dress in the robe of chastity and of innocence, to introduce themselves into families and to perfect the manners of youth.

The blackness of the intentions of the ermines is betrayed by the color of the brush of hair which they wear at the end of their tails. We may, besides, remark that the professors of law and the doctors of most of the civilized sciences, who are only fit to corrupt youth, show themselves very fond of the fur of the ermine.

The white ermine is rare; I have never seen more than a dozen of them, and killed only five or six during my career of twenty-five years as a hunter. The ermine wears a brown fur during the fine season, and puts on its white pelisse only when the cold is severe. The ermine fur, brought from the north like the sable, was formerly precious, and reserved for the aristocracy. Mantles were made from it for the peers of France, for ladies of rank, and high dignitaries of the state. Since the great nobles have sold their armorial bearings to make shop signs for merchants, since high dignitaries are condemned for pillage and peculation, since dukes and peers murder their wives as well as mere citizens, the ermine has fallen to a low price; you may have as many of them as you will at twenty-five cents apiece.

Of all these beasts, I repeat, the best is good for nothing, only we must make an exception from the universal anathema in favor of the ferret, which is allied to man, and which has afforded him useful assistance, by its antipathy for the rabbit.

### THE BADGER.

This beast may, for many reasons, be ranked among the stinkers. It is provided with a membranous pouch; it is an evil beast, frequenting dark places—more voracious, and almost as cunning as the fox—more carnivorous than the bear, but endowed like this creature with a very decided taste for fruits and honey. He is an inveterate thief of corn and grapes, getting up very late and going to bed in the daytime, and swallowing in a few hours with his omnivoracious appetite and prodigious belly, an incredible quantity of provisions.

All goes in—chickens, frogs, mice, fruits, grains. The pouches of the pickpocket taken in the act, the note-book of a banker, returning from the Exchange, after having bought shares in manifold speculations, can alone give an idea of the badger's paunch, on his return from a nocturnal expedition. This wicked quadruped, with four short paws and a large belly—which levies rich spoils on the noble industry of the vine-grower and of the plowman; that almost insatiable omnivorist, who sleeps when he is replete, and whose idleness sustains itself on rapine, is the perfect image of those commercial parasites who fatten and fill their purses at the expense of all producers. The spoil of the badger is useful for harnesses, for utensils of the toilet, and for the pencil of artists. Its grease is employed as a remedy against rheumatic pains. That is to say, that agricultural industry, the fine arts, and general prosperity have enormously to gain by the destruction of commercial parasitism. The banker continues to be unhappy in his analogies. Among insects, the spider and the tape-worm tell some hard stories of him.

The badger, which never remains out, and which very early returns to its earth, can never be hunted by dogs. It must be attacked at home, unless a snare be deemed preferable. The at-

tack of the badger's earth is a siege by all the rules, in which we must dig parallels and trenches, and sometimes spring mines.

Terrier dogs are sent against it; they attack it boldly, and their barkings indicate to the sappers the direction to be followed. The beast opposes a desperate resistance to its assailants, and often makes the conquerors pay dearly for their victory. The badger has the instinct of feigning death like the fox, then to seize its chance of revenge.

In Belgium, where this species abounds, and bears the name of Taisson, the badger taken alive is destined to the circus-games, according to a custom which is said to remount to the days of the Roman dominion; the Belgian people shows itself greedy of these combats, like the people of Madrid of its bull-fights.

The day of these fights is announced by the press and by hand-bills; they cite the names of the celebrated dogs who will take part in the battle. These contests are often murderous for the assailants. Badgers have been seen to make sublime defenses, and thrown upon their backs with parched throats and open claws, to hold at a respectful distance four or five dogs at once. It is certain that this commercial feudalism will give us thread to twist over before crying quarter.

### THE OTTER.

The carnivorous quadrupeds, for the most part, make their dwellings in the earth; but a series is completed only by connecting itself to the adjacent series by its extremities or ambiguous types. The series of carnivorous hunters, conformably to this law of harmony, has in the otter, cast one of its winglets into the domain of the waters.

The Otter is a piscivorous cannibal, a quadruped preferring the meat of pike and carp to that of mutton and hare.

I am disposed to great indulgence toward the civilizees, because they are the victims of their own ignorance, and then because God has inflicted on them the banker and misery, as punishment for their blindness; but a folly which I can hardly understand, is their stupid indifference with regard to the otter. They complain of

the absence of the fishing dog. . . . The otter is given to console them in this misfortune, and in place of making this charming animal an auxiliary in the chase of fish, they make a redoubtable enemy of it, they put a price on its head.

It does seem as though humanity were scarcely fit to be saved, when one coolly considers this profound stupidity about the wills of the Creator.

If the otter had ever refused to lend its assistance to man when it has been asked! But on the contrary it is happy to place all its brilliant faculties for fishing, at the service of man.

Take a young otter—an otter from the teats—be amiable with it, and caress it as you behave toward your pups, and after two or three months it will cherish the same affection for you as your spaniel—it will follow you everywhere, it will mourn your absence, it will salute your return, stamping for joy; and when you have kept it for some time on a diet of butcher's meat, and taught it to understand the superiority of this food over fish, it will have no other. You will ask it to seek for you in the fish pond or in the neighboring river, a respectable fish; it will precipitate itself headlong, and in a few minutes bring you back the game you requested.

You will only take care on these occasions to stimulate its ardor with a small slice of mutton chop, which you will present to it the moment when it deposits its booty at your feet. It is no harder than this. I saw at Verdun sur-Meuse, not long since, an otter thus trained, who was the delight of his master and the admiration of all amateurs. We have heard the interesting history of that otter, the pet of a king of Poland, whose wonderful skill long excited the envy of all the water spaniels of the court, and which a soldier, a guard of the palace, assassinated one day to make a muff out of his skin. His master wept for him. The Chinese, whom we treat as a people of maggots, and who with reason retort on us the epithet of barbarians; the Chinese who are a people far more advanced than we are in the art of making use of beasts, have for centuries completely domesticated the otter. In this country every fisherman has his equipage of otters and of cormorants for the fishery. These otters are trained to hunt in com-

pany, to attack, to pursue, to snap up the fish. It is rather more poetical than line fishing with gentles, and we may ask in behalf of the Chinese, however inferior to the civilized people of Europe in the art of bombarding cities and of massacreing men, whether the art of instructing beasts is not perhaps a higher one. Who is the barbarian, the brave commander of a French frigate, which, in order to give to a high personage of the Celestial Empire an idea of the power of his country, orders a parade of battle, and makes all his cannons thunder together . . . or the Chinese, who remains completely insensible to the charms of this frightful hurly-burly; who examines the compass attentively, while the brazen throats bellow, and whose impassive and sardonic countenance seems to ask if they have nothing less noisy and more spiritual to communicate to him? But we shall rouse the wrath of the doughty apologists of war, and of its heroism made to order at twenty-five centimes a day.

The remarkable examples which the otter has given of his intelligence and docility whenever a fair trial has been made of these qualities, have not yet succeeded in opening the eyes of our poor fishermen, and they have declared upon the otter a war of extermination, instead of seeking to make use of his superior aptitudes.

Then the otter, exasperated and forced to make reprisals, has on his side sworn hatred to man, and his most lively pleasure is to depopulate the ponds and streams. Some of them have been known, which as if with the desire of raising the jealous fury of the fisherman to a white heat, amused themselves with strewing every night his favorite haunts with the bones of immense carps and other fishes.

One of the poacher's most lively enjoyments is to poach under the beard of the police and the public order, when he is protected against them by any barrier, a river for example. The otter which has often chanced to witness this manœuvre, delights to imitate it. As it knows very nearly the range of a shot-gun, it amuses itself by sitting on the shore at a respectable distance from the marksman. It breakfasts familiarly before him, rolls on the sand, gambols. Some pretend to go to sleep at the noise of the firing. In these traits we recognize the emblem of "Martial," in the

"Mysteries of Paris." The otter symbolizes the ferocious lover of La Louve, a generous nature, but savage and hostile to the repugnant toil of cities; the primitive man, who can never resolve to make to civilized society the sacrifice of his natural rights of hunting and fishing, and whom civilized society condemns to become a poacher, a ravager of forests and of rivers, instead of giving free development to his invincible attractions, by trusting him with an employment as game-keeper or whipper-in. A brilliant future awaits the otter in the period of harmony, nearer to us than is supposed.

The real otter chase is an ambush. Dogs however, sometimes hunt it. It is also taken without much trouble, in snares, on account of that fatal habit which it has of leaving its visiting card on every white stone of the district it inhabits. It gives birth to five or six young in the spring. These little ones repair to the water like young ducks, as soon as they have strength to walk. It earths itself under shaded banks, under rocks, or the roots of old trees. The otter plunges into snow as into water, when dogs pursue it, and when the river, its natural refuge, is frozen by some hard winter; its rapid succession of sudden appearances and disappearances, is certainly the most curious of all the manœuvres of the chase that I have been ever allowed to witness.

Travelers who have fished in China, relate having seen good otters, well trained, sold frequently at the price of four hundred dollars. Why have our fishermen and poachers never conceived the idea of establishing a primary school for the education of otters, as one has been started in the Pyrenees for the bears?

The statistics of the French fur trade show that an average of four thousand otters are annually destroyed in France. This destruction is chiefly effected by snares, and the dog plays the part of an auxiliary. The otter was made to chase fish and go shares with man, and not to be hunted. When will blind man cease to treat his natural allies as enemies?

## THE BEAVER.

The Beaver is still less than the otter a creature of the chase, and equally deserves the affectionate consideration of man. The hunter has treated this poor beast with the most improvident barbarity, and misery with persecution have imbruted its high intelligence. God had provided the beaver with a magnificent trowel (an imbricated tail), with a double saw (incisive teeth), He had gifted it with hands like man (fore paws), all to make him a first-class engineer of bridges and dams. Man, jealous of so many advantages, and coveting the fur of the beast, has crossed the projects of God; he has ruined from dome to foundation the edifice of the beaver's grandeur. The Beaver of France inhabits the shores of the Rhone, those of the Gardon, and several other tributary streams. He employs, to mask his retreat and to defend himself against the wickedness of man, the little genius that vexation has left him.

His hole, contrived under the bank of the stream, represents very nearly a house of three stories, with cellar and granary. The principal door of the establishment is placed under water; the proprietor has thus disposed it, so that the neighbors whom he mistrusts may not see him enter. The upper hole, through which the inhabitant gets air, is built in form of a chimney; it opens under some rock, sometimes in the trunk of an old willow. The three stories communicate by means of a staircase dug in the soil, and strewn with leaves; the middle room, which serves as parlor and bedchamber, is better furnished than the others, it is floored with small branches; the bed is comfortable.

The lowest chamber serves as an eating room; the highest is turned into a parlor, when the rise of water compels the master of the house to desert the inferior stages.

Sometimes the whole dwelling is deluged or washed away. Then the unfortunate beaver, obliged to pack off, goes to seek an asylum among the piles of lumber which the raging stream has not yet washed down. Expatriated, demoralized, floating often by chance on a small raft, he soon forgets the principles of pru-

dence. Numerous enemies pursue him, he is surprised and put to death. What evil had he ever done in his life to arouse such unsparing hatred? He did no harm to any one; he lived on the bark and the sprouts of osiers and willows. Why then kill him? That *I might boast of having killed* a beaver! Noble fame, truly!

The Rhone for twenty years has ravaged its shores much. The Rhone for twenty years has caused many tears to flow. Has the vengeance of the beaver gone for nothing in these lamentations? Yes! in each of these embankments, broken by the mining waters, I seemed to see the justice of God armed with the hand and teeth of the beaver!

### THE SQUIRREL,

Political rope-dancer of the liberal school, turning perpetually in a vicious circle—(cylindrical cage)—pretty, lively, frisking, supple, adroit, quick at turns, of *legislative hocus pocus*, unquiet, ambitious, active, capable of the most energetic efforts to raise himself to the highest perches of the state—careful of his personal interests and of those of his family—a good son, good husband, good father.

The squirrel possesses and inhabits on the highest trees of the forest, a number of residences, well stuffed, warm, and turned each toward a different point of the horizon, so as to offer to the proprietor an assured shelter from the political tempest from whatever side the wind blows.

The squirrel particularly loves the beech-nut, hickory, and other fruits which give oil—the emblem of light and of riches, and the wood of whose trees represents useful industry, whose materials it furnishes; which signifies that the ambitious of this category owe their elevation to their talents and to their industry, and that they are children of their works. It is not rare to see them in the decline of age suddenly abandon affairs and retire to some delicious villa, to enjoy there the fortune which they have managed to amass, and to meditate at their leisure over Horace and Tacitus. In allusion to this habit, the squirrel renounces his gym-

nastics when the winter season comes, and retires within the hollow of an old oak to enjoy in a sweet quietude the fortune (heap of nuts) which he has gathered.

The flying squirrel belongs to America and to Australia. I had once two of these charming little creatures from Virginia; they used to be very fond of that dessert dish called *four beggars*, and they never forgot to levy on the fruit service every day, a certain quantity of almonds and filberts, which they carried off to hide behind an old papering, at the bottom of which they had pierced an opening, and chosen there their winter dwelling.

[I also have reared and kept these little pets; they were very common thirty miles west of Philadelphia, where I passed some years at school, and it was one of the favorite amusements of our holiday afternoons to catch them. One Saturday we found a nest by observing the entrance of the mother, and captured her, together with four little ones, hardly more than a day old. By some awkwardness, the mother escaped on our way home, and the little naked creatures, whose eyes did not open for several days after, were left to be brought up by hand. They did not refuse the milk we gave them; but next day, foraging again, we had the good fortune to capture a mother with seven young ones more than half grown, and quite stout enough to be weaned.

As soon as we got them home we separated them, and placed the mother in a box with our four little captives of the day before. She adopted them without hesitation, and nursed them for us till they were well grown and would eat nuts freely. The mother squirrel was one of those which fell to my lot in the division, and to show my sense of gratitude for her services, I took her back one summer afternoon, most religiously, to the tree in which I had found her, and restored her to the liberty of the forest.

I have several times performed the same kind office for our gray or fox-squirrel, and I know of no creature which expresses in its gestures and manners a healthier sense of its joyous existence or so passionate an appreciation of liberty among the trees.

The little ones raised in the house remained under the average size of the flying squirrel in our forest neighborhood. I had once an occasion of remarking their antipathy to the mouse; they dart-

ed with fury at two which were put into the same box with them; and after a minute or two of manœuvres to escape on the part of the mice, so rapid that they actually became invisible, our little squirrels had them by the throats and instantly strangled them. This antipathy to the representatives of petty larceny is not surprising in the emblem of the political office-holder, himself a non-producer, and cousin-german to the thief, as the squirrel is of the mouse, yet concerned in the support of the established laws.

For consistency's sake the squirrel must plunder our corn-fields, levying, like the office-holder, a tribute on agricultural production; but this is all done in broad day, in an honorable manner, while the nocturnal, domestic larcenies of the mouse compromise the family character, and are subject to the intervention of our organized police (cats, ferrets, etc.), and to disgraceful death by the trap, where they are found in the morning hanging by the neck like thieves from the gallows-beam.—Tr.]

The squirrel hunt is not a serious affair, only a boy's game, but a charming diversion. It is best in the autumn, when the leaves have fallen, and no longer conceal the abode of the pretty creature from the search of his enemies. A few smart thwacks on the trunk of the tree or aerial domicile calls out the inmate, who darts at once toward the highest branches near, where his red or black coat, or the white belly of the gray squirrel is easily distinguished. To bark the squirrel (as it is called) with a rifle ball, striking the spot against which his head rests, and bringing him down by the shock with a whole skin, is one of the favorite diversions of American hunters. The flesh of the squirrel is quite delicate.

## THE BEAR.

Here is a poor beast unworthily calumniated, about whose imaginary history ignorance and ill-will have been very busy. I know no infamy with which romancers and almanac makers, those inexhaustible purveyors of falsehood, have forgotten to soil the monography of this unfortunate quadruped. I have read in a frightful book, published a century since by the authority and privilege of some king, the history of the life and acts of a brown bear

of Jura, which had been long the terror of the country on account of his immoderate appetite for the flesh of young girls—a scandalous story, which would prove to its believers the superiority of the lion over the bear in affairs of gallantry. Then we have the tale of Conrad Gessner, who relates how a bear of Savoy once carried off a young girl of sixteen, and bore her to his den, where he provided for her with all the care of the tenderest father, but of a father horribly jealous, who cannot dissemble his injurious mistrust, . . . bringing her every day fruits, vegetables, and honey, but never going forth from his dwelling without closing the entrance with an enormous stone. It appears that the parents of the poor recluse inquired for her three whole months of the mountain echoes, before they found her.

Marolles, who wrote at the end of the reign of Louis Sixteenth, almost confirms by his credulity the false reports which the disorderly imagination of story-tellers have in all times rendered current, with regard to the pretended atrocious appetites of certain beasts for the flesh of young girls. It was not enough for human malice to have calumniated, in its moral lessons, the bear, who has not deserved this; it has also found it necessary to ridicule the poor animal, and to make it the butt of numerous mystifications more or less incredible. Elian the Greek, makes the bear a low-lived murderer, an ignoble assassin, killing for the pleasure of killing.

Once upon a time, says he, there was a lion and a lioness of Mount Pangea, who had several children without being the happier; for one day, when they were both gone from home, a bear entered and treacherously killed their little ones—proof that it is always imprudent to leave children alone. The murderous deed was hardly finished, before a formidable roaring announces the return of the masters of the house. Our bear, as if surprised in the flagrant act of infanticide, has only time to climb up a tree in the neighborhood. We must forbear to paint the fury of the mother at the sight of her slain progeny. It is hard to say whether grief or rage predominates in her heart. She howls forth at once terrible curses and pitiful groans, and in the thirst for vengeance which consumes her, she describes in the air insen-

sate parabolas, buries her hot tushes in the sides of the tree on which the murderer has taken refuge, and tears off the bark with her sharp claws. Vain demonstrations of an impotent fury! The heartless assassin laughs from the height of his fourth story; but he laughs best who laughs last.

The father lion withdraws, and he will not delay his return, for he is seized with a luminous idea, which he imparts to his wife.

He has decided to resort for vengeance to the assistance of man. He knows where a poor wood-cutter is in the habit of working—a very lean fellow, whom he had long been keeping in reserve against a scarcity of fresh meat. He goes to seek him, and accosts him with an air which he seeks to render as amiable as possible. The Man, whose narrow ideas hardly permit him to attribute to the visit of the king of animals any other motive than a violent appetite for human flesh, feels himself slightly troubled at the sight of the hairy sire, and lets his axe fall from his hands. Not at all, my dear sir; the Lion seems to say, politely picking up the axe, and restoring it to the hand of the woodman; then he draws him gently by the skirt of his coat, and lets him see that he would be pleased to have him go somewhere with him. The man, who at last perceives by these unaccustomed manners that the beast needs his services, allows himself to be persuaded, and follows him. They walk, they walk, they walk; by dint of walking, they get over much ground. At last they arrive at the place which was the theatre of the crime, and which before long will be that of the punishment.

The Lioness continues tearing about with wild leaps and roarings. The Lion, by gestures, explains all to his companion the wood-cutter; he shows him the slain lion cubs, the assassin perched in the high branches of a colossal fir-tree, the inconsolable mother awaiting her revenge. The wood-cutter, pitying their misfortune, and reassured of his own safety, goes to work to fell the tree. Explosion of unanimous bravos on the part of the leonine couple.

The Lioness pauses in the expression of her despair to congratulate her spouse on his happy idea of addressing himself to a third party. Oh, what a different impression every stroke of the axe on the tree makes on the minds of the principal actors of the drama!

and how we feel that at each new dint of the steel, remorse penetrates deeper into the gangrened conscience of the guilty one! It is he that would now like to make tracks, and who bites his nails to the quick for having yielded awhile since to such bad thoughts. What the devil had he to do with the cursed business! If the thing was to be begun again, how he would not do it at all! . . . No doubt of it, but it is too late; the crime has been committed. Blood calls for blood. The winding up hastens; the tree falls, drawing down with it the guilty one who has not even time to recover from his confusion at such a shock. Hardly has he touched the ground before the lioness is upon him. She seizes him by the throat, clasps him round, and stifles him in her embraces, to swallow with her enemy's last drop of blood, the last throb of his heart. Their vengeance satisfied, the lion and the lioness make two parts of the prey, and offer the best to the man, swearing to him at the same time their kingly and queenly faith, that they will never in life forget the service he has done them.

The history does not add that since this time they have always lived in good understanding with each other; it only leaves this to be supposed.

I lately heard the following anecdote from a young hunter. I warrant it as authentic no more than the last one.

"We were crossing," says he, "the vast pine forests of California, so remarkable for the absolute silence which reigns under their vaults. One day as we approached the edge of one of those immense glades with which these sombre forests are pierced, and where the resinous trees yield to other fragrant scents, we heard quite near us a growling, which seemed to come from above our heads, and which my companion, a Western hunter of the old stock, recognized at the first note for the voice of a bear; and we forthwith made ourselves small, and glided through the brushwood to try to discover the place where the animal was perched.

"A second growl of anger, deeper toned than the first, and which seemed to be followed by another growl of interior satisfaction, calls our eyes toward a gigantic persimmon, situated about twenty yards from us, and whose boughs and shade are the scene of a comical drama.

"The two personages whose conversation we have caught a few phrases of in our passage are a bear and a wild boar. The first, a gentleman of the largest size, is perched on a great branch of the persimmon, and is eagerly occupied with gathering the persimmons. But the fruit being perfectly ripe, and adhering quite loosely to their stems, it happens that the most delicious fall like hail on the ground at the least shake that the heavy animal gives the bough, which greatly discomfits the bear, and provokes from him oaths of impatience, but for the same reason charms the wild boar epicure, posted at the foot of the tree, and who at each shower of persimmons, manifests his satisfaction by a very decided grunt.

"About the moment we appeared upon the scene, the irritation of the bear had already risen to cherry red, and it was easy to perceive that it would not be long in reaching a white heat. 'Oh! an excessively pleasant idea,' whispers the spiritual child of Tennessee into my ear . . . 'Suppose we profit by the cordial ill-will that these two beasts bear each other, to set them on a death fight.' 'How so?' 'Let us see: the method is very simple; one of your two barrels is loaded with small shot—just put it for me into the fleshiest part of that fellow's body;' and he pointed with his finger through the leaves at where I should hit.

"'I know the bear;' added he, 'when he has got one idea in his head, he has not got it any where else, and as he has been wishing much harm to that boar for the last quarter of an hour, no one will persuade him but what it is the wild boar that has shot at him, and then you will see him jump on the supposed aggressor, and take vengeance for this bloody joke.'

"'I tell you we shall have a laugh.'

"Quick done as said, I tickle the hairy beast in the right spot. The bear has hardly felt himself stung, than he gives himself up to his fury, and falls like a bombshell upon the unfortunate boar, not less innocent of the fault than surprised at the aggression. The duel did not last long. The conquering bear prostrated his rival and set about tearing him to pieces, but affected not to perceive that his enemy, before dying, had opened his side with a terrible gash of his tusks. His strength soon deserts him however, and he totters and doubles up on the body of the slain boar. . . .

And it is thus," modestly concludes the narrator, "that I have acquired the right to boast of having killed a black bear and a wild boar at one shot, and with No. 7!"

Fabulists and moralists have sadly contributed, according to their custom, to propagate these disastrous appreciations of the character of the bear; and the love of science and of truth obliges me to redress their errors.

For example, he is reproached most frequently with fetching a murderous blow on the head of his friend the gardener, under pretense of ridding him of an unfortunate fly. I continually hear this reproach repeated. A certain paper never has an article in support of the government of its choice without recalling to my mind the proverbial awkwardness of that bear of the fable. But I ask, nevertheless, where are the proofs that the thing has passed as the fabulists narrate? I ask, where is the official record of the coroner's inquest, proving the decease and its cause, the name of the two personages, the place of the event; for really, it will not answer to condemn honest people thus without proofs; and these proofs, these official papers, I must say, exist in none of the archives of the civilized world, where I have sought them in vain. I think myself then sufficiently authorized to declare apocryphal this history of the dead-boxer, the rather because I know by experience that the bear is not only incapable of such awkwardness, but ought on the contrary to be esteemed one of the handiest beasts of the present creation. Here is an opportunity to signalize the danger of well-written books. If this calumny had not been stereotyped by the good La Fontaine in admirable verse, it would have glided, like many others, over the malice of men without leaving traces. Sacred history is not entirely free from reproach of injustice with regard to the bear when it compares this animal to the second Persian monarchy, under pretext of perfect identity of character between the two races—perfidy and voracity. The injurious comparison is from the prophet Daniel, the same who gained so high a reputation as a prophet beloved of God, by magnetizing several lions in a public and solemn session, at which a multitude of tyrants assisted, especially him of Babylon, who was afterward changed into a beast. Herodotus draws a portrait

of these same Persians, who he says never entered into deliberation before having drowned their reason in their cups. But then it is not the bear, frugal friend of cresses and strawberries, to whom the prophet Daniel should have compared this corrupted Asiatic people. Awkwardness and ferocity are two accusations equally false to the character of the bear.

There has been gross ignorance on the part of the professors of natural history and directors of public thought in respect to beasts. They have not looked farther than their noses, and have neglected to interrogate the social position of the bear and his political principles. Hence the absurd prejudices which have given the bear as the emblem of the misanthrope—taciturn, morose, unsociable.

The Bear is the emblem of the Savage as the Elephant is the emblem of the Eden state. His dominant passion is the love of independence and of the woods.

We know that the Savage is the most intimate enemy of repugnant labor, in which I approve him. The Savage wants none of the refinements of civilized luxury at the price of working at a trade or at the plow. It is the same with the bear, whom the charms of the masked ball have never been able to seduce, and who professes, like myself, for civilized pleasure parties in general, the most sovereign contempt.

The savage understands happiness only in the full and continuous enjoyment of the seven natural rights: hunting, fishing, gathering the free fruits of the earth, carelessness, etc. It is also thus with the bear, who finds his highest happiness only in the exercise of the two natural rights of free *harvesting* and *carelessness;* not that the bear is a being completely insensible to the pleasures of hunting and fishing: the white bear, for example, would be very much at a loss if deprived of the exercise of this last right.

I only mean that vegetable diet suits the temperament of the bear better than any other, lover as he is above all things of strawberries and the *far niente.*

The bear does not dissemble that he is better cut out for climbing trees than for running down a doe; and he has adopted a line of conduct conformable to the aptitudes of his nature. His frugiv-

orous appetite being easy to satisfy, he profits by this easy way of getting a good living, to amass during the autumn large provisions of that hair grease with which pharmacians prepare that precious cosmetic so well known in the fashionable Parisian world as the *Pommade du lion.* Prodigy of chemistry! And they have actually so far abused the ingenuous simplicity of the bald man, as to make him believe that the king of animals owes his flowing mane and thick robe only to the daily use of the said cosmetic.

It is known that the bear, once having completed his provision of fat, withdraws himself to a den, where he passes the two worst months of the year asleep. Fabulists and historians may say what they please, this is not the character of a beast hostile to man—a beast which slumbers during the season of misery and crime, and which prefers honey, sorbs, and olives to a quarter of kid. The bear is a savage animal, I admit, but it is certainly one of the most inoffensive carnivora that can be met with. I speak of the civilized bear, of the French bear, of the bear of the Pyrenees and the Alps. I pass over intentionally the grizzly bear of North America, and the white bear of the Poles.

As the emblem of the Savage, the bear is of all the great ferae, the one which should suffer most from the loss of his liberty. It is true, the bear is in fact the most difficult to keep of all captives; he grows tame, but without ever abdicating his personality or his rights. He has been seen to exercise the trade of a juggler in order to gain his living; but the master knows not the tribulation and the remorse which the conscience of his degradation costs his slave, and how much philosophy is needed to grind in silence the bit of servitude. More than one bear has been seen, after having broken his chain, prelude to the exercise of his reconquered liberty, by the destruction of his keeper and of all his family. I have also read, in histories of popular insurrection and vengeance, facts which were not without analogy with these revolts of the bear. When the bear is not occupied with eating or sleeping, he meditates an escape. All the springs of his imagination are stretched toward this aim; his perpetual agitation tells the torments which devour him. That head, whose monotonous and regular movement, coming and going, fatigues you, is the pendu-

lum of a fixed idea, incessantly drawn toward the woods by the magnet of liberty. If the bear of the Pyrenees or of Russia does not always sink under the corrosion of his sorrow, it is because the love of liberty is indestructible in his heart and cherishes hope there. But the polar bear, who cannot like his congenera, smell the earth and the breezes of his natal country, perishes of home-sickness and warm water within a few months. Conquered, persecuted, without shelter, without estates, wandering from rock to rock, and less king than bandit, the bear, like Mithridates, has been forced long ago to accustom himself to eat all sorts of things, and to make himself a stomach proof against poisons. [So Mike Fink, that screamer among the half horse half alligator boys of the Western rivers, when the doctors told him he had lost the coat of his stomach by drinking raw New England rum, swallowed a buffalo-robe to make a new one for it.]

Arsenic, although one of the most violent poisons to man, takes no hold on the bear. In the dose of half a pound it has no apparent effect; a pound operates on the intestinal mucous membrane of the beast as a laxative.

When the bear is urged by hunger to declare war upon animals and on man, he hides himself among the lower branches of some tufted tree, or behind some mass of rock commanding a defile, whence he brutally casts himself down upon the victim which he has been watching for, seizes by the neck and strangles. The muscular force of the bear is prodigious, and surpasses that of our most vigorous athletes. Bears have been seen to stop and strike down with a single blow of their powerful claw a horse or a bull. If the bear rarely gets the better in his duels with man—as it appears from the number of bear-skin hats with which the National Guard of France is adorned—this proceeds from the superiority of the arms of man, and also from the complete ignorance of the animal in the science of fencing. The bear being in the habit of rising on his hind legs to attack the hunter, naturally opens his side to the enemy, who only needs a little presence of mind and skill to rip open his belly with a knife, or to pierce his heart with a dagger or a bullet. The dagger or bowie-knife is the best to avoid injury of the skin.

I knew a bear-hunter who had in this manner killed sixty bears. I need hardly add that he failed of his sixty-first, which did *not* fail of him.

Travelers of North America, who know all the importance which the bear attaches to the etiquette of politeness, and to the slightest testimonies of consideration on the part of man, never, it is said, forget to salute him when they meet him on their road.

*Buenos dias, hombre*—good day, man, they say. Trustworthy persons have assured me that merely this flattering address often sufficed to cause the worst-disposed bear to forget his homicidal intentions. The bear is not the enemy of man, he sometimes eats him, it is true, but almost always with regret, and in his own defense and preservation. When he is the aggressor, it is because his hunger is pressing, and the winter outrageously prolonged.

It is the severity of the winter which is responsible for the crimes of hunger, and not the stomach of the poor beast.

We must take account of the extenuating circumstance of hunger in behalf of the bear, if we would be pardoned ourselves, we rational creatures who delight in the fantastic homicide of war, of duels, of judicial murders; who every day poison our fathers and mothers to enjoy a little sooner the wealth which their tenderness for us has amassed. We who every day sell the flesh of our daughters before the magistrate without any compulsion thereto.

The bear is so little the enemy of man that he has never raised his hand against him except in the exigences of hunger, or of legitimate defense. Bears have been often known to drive travelers away violently from the neighborhood of their cubs, but who could impute it as a crime to the poor mother to exaggerate the dangers which threaten her children, and to tremble for their *skin*, when she reflects on the disastrous consumption of that provision made by the single institution of the National Guard, for it is well to repeat that the French National Guard is the black beast of the Bear, on account of the bear-skin cap with which its principal company is adorned. The bear awaits with no less impatience than all persons of taste, the suppression of this absurd and too long-honored costume. The extreme tenderness of the bear for her cubs is a text on which every writer on animals has enlarged.

The she bear is in the habit of taking one of her little ones under each arm when she is about to leap some dangerous passage—an impetuous torrent, or precipitous ravine; and it is only in these embarrassments that she shows a ferocious and unsociable character.

The true antitype of the Bear—emblem of savage life and equality—is the Horse—emblem of the gentry and of aristocratic pride. No two beasts are known which detest each other more cordially than the horse and the bear; the hatred of the bear for the grenadiers of the National Guard is a sentiment less profound and of less distant date. The grizzly bear of California and the Rocky Mountains, the most dangerous and most powerful bear of the species, has sworn, it is said, deadly war to the horse, and attacks him everywhere, free or with a rider. It is said however, that there have been few cases in which a horseman, after the sacrifice of his steed, has had to complain of the ingratitude, or the ill treatment of a grizzly bear.

Zoologists and hunters have long inquired without a satisfactory answer, the causes of this implacable hatred which the bear has sworn against the horse, and *vice versa.*

Analogy answers with its characteristic simplicity and large common sense: the animal symbolic of independence and equality is the born enemy of the animal symbolic of the gentleman; the gentleman, that is to say, the oppressive and privileged class, which exploits the conquered, and obliges them to work for it.

It is certainly very simple, this explanation of the antipathy of the bear for the horse, but still there is no member of any learned body whatever who could have given it to us. It is one of my favorite tricks to tease a scientific man, by proposing to him insidious questions like these: "Why does the *cat* lose size in domesticity, while the *rabbit* grows larger?"

When the learned man has perplexed himself for a week, and is ready to bite off his tongue: "My dear friend," I say to him with kindness, "the cat is an emblem of the thief and of the idle class; the rabbit an emblem of the victimized laborer in the soil." "It is true." "To accept domesticity, is to recognize the authority of man." "Certainly." "Now authority, however badly it is constituted, cannot do less than cut the claws of the thief and

protect the laborer; do you understand?" "Do I understand? why that is as clear as spring water." "Then since it is so clear, explain to me why frogs have no tails?" At these words the learned man makes tracks . . . and still runs.

The bear, who constantly recedes before man, and who chooses for his dwelling the most remote locations, sufficiently testifies by his conduct his pacific intentions, and his desire to renounce a struggle where he is sure of coming off second best. But man, who wants a pretext to continue his sale of bear-skin hats and Pommade du Lion, pretends not to believe in the sincerity of this good-will; he audaciously denies it for the interest of his commerce, and urges the continuation of hostilities, which will soon, alas! cease for want of combatants.

A proof of the moderate appetites of the bear springs from the history of the Roman circus games. Those lovers of blood-spiced dramas hardly ever exposed Christians to the teeth of the bear, who was officially suspected of distaste toward such executions. One of the favorite amusements of Heliogabalus consisted in intoxicating his guests of both sexes, and having them wake up in the hairy arms of a bear, but history does not mention that these jokes ever had such vexatious consequences as those of the Emperor Nero, who stifled his best friends under piles of roses. Most immoral and subversive were the imaginations of these artist Cæsars of Rome!

Another proof attesting the kindliness of the bear's character and the amenity of his manners, is his passion for music. We may read in the recitals of Olaus Magnus, the Buffon of Northern Europe, that when the shepherds of his country, where the bear is very common, find themselves marked by a band of these quadrupeds, they pretend not to perceive their dangerous visitors, and continue to make the solitudes echo to the clear tones of their clarionets; then choosing the moment when their visitors are completely under the charm of the melody, they suddenly blow off against their tympanums, a *scream*, so harsh, so shrill and displeasing, that the unfortunate musical amateurs turn round at full gallop, and never return. Alexander Dumas, the illustrious author of "The Bear Steak," confirms the narrative of Olaus Mag-

nus on this point. He has known a bear, amateur both in music and painting, who took great pleasure in figuring in the quadrilles of the Odeon, and who imitated most capitally, as he assures us, the manner of M. Odry, in that most comical piece, the *Bear and the Pacha.*

The bear is no more an enemy of gayety than he is awkward or blood-thirsty. I have known bears whose excessive amiability was even troublesome. Perhaps even, after the cat and the monkey, the bear is the most humorous and gamesome of all quadrupeds; like all men of wit, he loves leisure and dancing; he is a loafer crammed full of humor and funny tricks. These are the different qualities which have given him his popularity among the "gamins" of Paris, a race essentially of banterers and haters of work.

Win the favor of a bear, you will find him full of consideration and delicate attentions toward you.

His favorite exercises are wrestling and boxing, but if you take a game with him, he will never hug you harder than is necessary to simulate a serious contest; if in his gambols he upsets you, he will take care to fall under you upon the ground, so as to serve you as a mattress and to soften your fall. Far from crushing your head, to rid you of a fly, he will remove your shirt from your body without scratching the epidermis.

At night, if you are keeping watch on the deck of a vessel, he willingly offers you his warm fur as a pillow and shelter from the cold damp and catarrh. He will forbid himself the slightest motion, so as not to disturb your sleep; he will also protect you against all annoyance. A lieutenant of my acquaintance, who before his twenty-fifth year had sailed over some thirty thousand leagues of ocean, and who has studied thoroughly, beasts of both hemispheres and of all latitudes, declares that he has had great occasion to congratulate himself on the society and on the friendship of the bear in his hyperborean wanderings. But he has remarked that in order to maintain good terms with the bear, to preserve relations of affectionate cordiality with him, it is necessary to treat him on a footing of the most perfect equality.

The bear never pardons, it appears, those airs of superiority which are taken with subalterns, still less an impolite gesture, the

blow of a cane. The bear is the most punctilious of all beasts on the point of honor, and we know the cause of this honorable susceptibility. The bear does not choose to be reminded of his misfortunes, and does not accept pity. *The Bear had reigned awhile on earth before the advent of Man.*

Of all the serious accusations against the bear, that which it will be hardest to wash his hands of, is his passion for honey. Why this inveteracy in plundering the treasures produced by attractive labor? For this very simple reason, that the bear is the emblem of savage life—because the savage is an idle fellow, a non-producer, and an enemy of work—because the right of *external robbery* is one of the seven natural rights of the savage, or if you prefer, one of the seven articles of his charter—because, finally, in every society of purgatory, such as the savage or the civilized, the fruit of the labor of the industrious is destined to become the prey of the idle and non-producing. The bear is not given as a model to be followed, but there can hardly be a more perfect type of the savage. A savage who sets fire to a field of sugar-cane, a parasite who dispossesses poor industrious bees of the fruits of their labors, a non-producing stock-jobber, monopolist, usurer, or landlord, who raises a tariff of fifty per cent. on the incomes of all laborers by the right of capital; are none of them little saints. None has my absolute sympathies. But I discriminate among the different degrees of culpability. The bear defends and avenges himself, and his stomach is easily satisfied, while the purse of the usurer is one of the three things which, according to Solomon, are never full enough.

Some authors besides have asserted, and I do not contest this, that it is not only the passion for honey which urges the bear to seek the society of bees, as a proof of which he has been seen to attack a swarm not yet provided with hive or hole. What cause then excited the bear to seek a quarrel with this vagabond republic? It is this. The bear is subject to a heaviness of the head and comatose affections, against which the sting of the bee is an infallible specific. He suffers, he goes to seek his relief from the operator whom nature has advised him. . . . If in place of having his head heavy, the bear feels his stomach too much loaded,

he has recourse to the ant, which produces on his stomach the effect of a violent emetic.

The bear naturally inhabits the same countries as the chamois and the isard, those where human liberty has found its last shelter, as we have already mentioned: in Europe, the Pyrenees, the Alps of Helvetia and of Norway, the Apennines, the Carpathian Mountains, the Hermus; and the dark forests of Poland, of Finland, and of Tartary. It is in the heart of the highest chain of the Helvetian Alps and of the country best defended against oppression, that the beast has founded the city which still bears its name (Berne), and which has always had the good taste not to deny its origin.

It is possible that the principles of the government of the rich city may have sometimes deviated since its foundation, from the principle of pure Democracy, which is the beau ideal of government for the bears; but such as it is—such, especially, as it has shown itself in recent circumstances, the government of Berne is calculated to inspire envy and revolutionary attempts in most of the neighboring peoples who groan under tyranny. The bear of Berne has known fine days; he had his treasure before the French Revolution, which ruined so many fortunes. This treasure amounted to the sum of 60,000 francs at the epoch when a victorious French army entered this city and captured it. The Bear Martin, first of the name, was one of the glories of this city.

When the richest spoils of Venice and of Rome were carried off to the Louvre, it was natural that the bear Martin should also follow the fortunes of his country and assist in the triumph of the conquerors of Helvetia. It is this bear who was the principal actor in a sanguinary drama. One fine moonlight night, toward the last days of the empire, a veteran kept guard alone and silently near the kennel of the bear Martin. By this deceptive light the old warrior thought he saw at the bottom of the fosse a six livre piece: it was only a button, a vile and contemptible button! . . . But the demon of gold, who never lets slip his prey, urged the unhappy man to violate his countersign: he went to seek a ladder, and descended to the spot. Alas! he had reckoned without his host. Suddenly awaked, and at this undue hour, by a strange individual

whom he did not know, and whose intentions naturally appeared suspicious, Martin, who might have been dreaming of battle, leaped at the throat of the intruder and strangled him, after which he scalped him, according to the custom of savages; that is to say, he despoiled him of his locks, not without injury to the skin of the head. Now it was this last trait of vengeance, misunderstood, —this trait, so characteristic, which injured the bear in popular opinion, and caused it to be said of him that he loved above all things, spiced bread and veterans.

The ignorant vulgar attributed this isolated action to the sanguinary humor of the species. The warlike nation which adorned the heads of its choice corps with the bear-skin hat, could not pardon the poor animal for having applied the *lex talionis* to one of its warriors. But if the impartial judge considers all the circumstances of the murder, the night attack, the escalade, the exaggerated value that bear skins possessed at this epoch, when the bear-skin cap occupied so exalted a position in the social order, he will certainly admit, like me, the plea of legitimate defense for the bear, and like me he will find him innocent. Could it be proved that the old soldier in question actually wore a bear-skin cap, as some aver, oh! then the innocence of the bear can no longer be questioned—he has no need of an advocate.

To these attenuating circumstances, shall we not also add that of the natural resentment which must have risen to the heart of the beast at the sight of that uniform, which recalled so cruelly to his mind the misfortunes of his natal city, the spoliation of his own capital, the miseries of his expatriation. Mild as was his exile in the French metropolis, he could not breathe there the pure air of his mountains. Paris was not Berne, and the birth of his children was no longer as at home, the subject of universal joy!

The bear is met with in all parts of the globe and in all latitudes: at Borneo under the line, as at Thorneo near the pole; in Asia, from the most northern extremity of the Galles to the mouth of the Lena and at Nova Zembla; in Europe, from Cape Matapan to Cape North; in America, from the land of the giants of Patagonia to that of the dwarf Esquimaux. Africa seems indeed an exception to the general rule; but I believe in the existence of the African

bear, announced by Virgil, who will yet be one of these days found on some snowy mountain-top in the interior of this immense continent, as we have already recovered in Algeria the African Stag, mentioned eighteen hundred years ago by the same Swan of Mantua, and so long denied by official science.

The kings of Spain, who have always honored and cultivated the chase, are the only hunters who have regular arrangements for bear hunting, and have chased this beast with horn and cry like the wild boar and the stag. Alphonso, the eleventh of the name, who has written a celebrated treatise on venery, declares that he prefers the bear hunt to all others. There is mention in this treatise of bears taken after five days and nights of uninterrupted chase. The course was managed like that of the ten-prong stag, by means of relays. The dogs of the royal pack had issued from a race of gray dogs of the mountain exclusive to the peninsula, the ancestors probably of the present famous shepherd dogs of the Pyrenees.

The death fight of the bear is always a drama of moving passages, and largely watered with blood. As the bear does not kill the dead, the man in ambush has the resource of abusing this generosity of the animal by casting himself to the earth and counterfeiting death. It is only necessary in this case to hold one's breath perfectly, and to play one's part as a corpse to the end, for the bear is a beast of nice senses, to whom it is not sufficient for you to say that you are dead, to inspire him with faith in your assertions; the bear will smell a body close so as to assure himself of the reality of the decease by his nose, by his eyes, by his hands. It has fared ill with some who were acquainted with the stratagem, for not showing enough malleability under the paw of the examiner—for not allowing themselves to be turned and fumbled with graciously. Another, on the contrary, once perished for having shown too much co-operation in the affair; the bear having at his disposition a human body which rolled so well, amused himself with very gently rolling it to the edge of a precipice, and giving it a plunge of 1200 feet.

Argotes, of Molina, relates that in one of these august hunts, at which the Emperor of Germany and King Philip II. assisted, a

bear was seen to carry an unfortunate hunter to the highest point of a rock and to precipitate him from it in full view of the whole retinue. The same author tells us of that noble defense of a bear, who seeing himself attacked by a great number of dogs and a hail of arrows, backed himself up against a rock, picked up the arrows that were shot at him, and hurled them with remarkable coolness against those who had shot them. There is something similar to this in the authentic narrative of the famous bear-hunt, near Oleron in Berne, in 1781, where a bear, wounded by several balls, killed half a dozen of the marksmen and tore his gun from the hands of another who was aiming at him. Since the invention of fire-arms, however, the bear-hunt has lost immensely, both in danger and dramatic interest.

It is now a chase as prosaic as that of the wild boar, and much less amusing, for dogs are rarely employed in it. It sometimes happens that the wounded animal turns against the marksman, and if he loses his presence of mind, or is not succored in time, the beast avenges himself; but the examples of those desperate struggles *in articulo mortis*, on the brink of abysses, unfortunately become rarer every day.

Bears have scarce been seen for the last hundred years in the Vosges or the Jura, or among the Apennines, and we may predict at no distant day their disappearance from the Pyrenees and the Alps.

To arrest this destruction—to give a truce from this persecution, there must first be an arrest in the advancement of the citizen power, which is formulized by the institution of the bear-skin cap, and nothing, alas! presages the speedy disappearance of this monstrous head-dress, so heating and heavy for the grenadier of the National Guards, and so fatal to the bear.

The bear has not always been confined to snowy mountains. It seems to have flourished on the banks of the Oise in France in the time of the Merovingians.

The forest of Bearfield is situated at the northern extreme of that delta, full of game, which the rivers of the Oise and the Aisne form before uniting. It has seen fine days before and since the invasion of the Romans. It is the northern limit of the French

pheasant. This forest forms part of a thick mass of forests which covers the left bank of the Oise, in an extent of more than sixty-five thousand acres, and in the centre of which beams, like a diamond encased in emerald, the royal villa of Compeigne. It is the only canton of France which still translates the Commentaries of Cæsar and gives an idea of the Gaul of the Druids.

It is only there and at Fontainbleau that we meet still with secular forests dying their beautiful death, giant trees whose heads age has bared, and whose long gaunt arms, favorite perches of the doves, rise above the surrounding foliage like the high topmasts of a vessel swallowed up in an ocean of verdure. Among those crowned heads whose birth remounts to the advent of the first Capet, there were some which could boast of having assisted in their infancy in the hunts of the bison, the bear, and the aurochs; the only three things of the middle age that we can reasonably regret.

And the legend on this point, in accordance with analogy, relates, that the bear which peopled the solitudes of Gaul before the invasion of Christianity, did not see with pleasure the establishment of man in his neighborhood, and that he worked with all his power to hinder him. So that one fine morning, on the banks of the Oise, one of these mischievous beasts had the inhumanity to unharness a yoke of oxen which had been prepared to trace the first furrow in the virgin soil of a denuded forest. The murderer carried the slaughtered ox to his cave.

But a bear and an ox do not go off in that fashion, one carrying the other, without leaving some traces of their passage through the brushwood, besides, the robber who reckoned on impunity, made no attempt to conceal his tracks, an imprudence which ruined him. He found indeed that chance had led that very day to this place a pious personage, beloved of God, who called himself Saint Medard, Bishop of Soissons, the same who makes it rain so much.

The news of the attack reached him before the body of the victim was entirely consumed. The worthy bishop eagerly seized this admirable occasion to perform one of those miracles which are so efficacious in making proselytes during the infancy of religions. He repairs to the scene of the accident, follows the beast

by his track, penetrates into his den, advises him, appeals to his feelings, and after having rebuked him severely for his gluttony, announces to him, that the Lord, as a punishment for his crime, condemns him to replace at the plow the innocent ox which he had traitorously slain. Then taking by the ear the intimidated and docile bear, he conducted him to the field of labor, amid the applauses of the enthusiastic crowd, which did not ask so much to convert them to Christianity. History adds that the beast thus subdued by the word of the holy man, long edified the country by its exemplary conduct and its zeal; and that it always lived in good understanding with its companion in labor.

Happy times, when faith produced such miracles! Try then to impose similar penitences on the ferocious beasts of our own day. It was the least that could be looked for from the piety of the faithful, that it should consecrate by some monument the memory of so remarkable an event. A church was then built on the very spot where Saint Medard had worked his miracle, on the field plowed by the bear, thence the name of Bearfield.

We see with what docility the bears of the Catholic legend endue the harness of the plow when they are required by holy personages. The heretic chronicles; the Muscovite, the Asiatic, the Indian, the Armenian, and the American; cite, like the Catholic and the Greek, respectable witnesses, all attesting, if not the high intelligence of the bear, at least the quietude of his character, his good-nature and his credulity.

The Pagan mythology knew well what it was about when it metamorphosed into bears the young hunter, Arcas, and his mother, and gave them a place of honor in the heavens, charging them to serve as guides to those who wander at night over land and sea.

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE CHASE WITH HOUNDS.

THE HARE.—THE STAG.—THE FALLOW-DEER.—THE ROEBUCK.—THE WILD BOAR.—THE WOLF.—THE FOX.

### THE HARE.

This is the type of the victim species.

The enemies of the hare are all the carnivora of the forests and the air, besides—Man. The little weasel, and even the rabbit, make war on it. It is the emblem of the inferior races, reduced to helotism, and condemned by the right of the stronger to pay with its blood, tribute to the pleasure of the conquerors. God has given the unhappy creature, to preserve it from the innumerable chances of destruction which threaten it, first, fecundity, the sad privilege of misery; then, swiftness to fly, and cunning to foil its persecutors on the trace. The hare is well armed, like the rat and the squirrel, with powerful incisors, which it might use against its executioners; but demoralization, the forced consequence of continued misfortune, has taken from it even the consciousness of its means. It uses its natural arms only against its own species, like the slave, and seeks safety only in flight.

The hare is cut out for running; its Latin name *lepus*, is only the contraction of the two words *levis pes*—light foot. The disproportioned length of its hind legs makes two powerful springs, which are stretched out at will, and which communicate to its progressive motions an energetic impulse. This particular arrangement of the hind quarters of the hare, permits it also to climb hills with the same swiftness that it runs on a level surface, a privilege which it uses to gain an advance upon the dogs, especially

on the greyhound, the only one of its four-footed enemies which surpasses it in fleetness. For the same reason, the descent is unfavorable to it. Man has not yet succeeded in contriving any vehicle in imitation of the body of the hare, or calculated to transform an ascent into a horizontal plane by the proportional height added at pleasure to its hind wheels. The hare is deficient in its sight; it is gifted in recompense with an extreme fineness of hearing, announced by the long, quick moving ears, which seem to replace the absent tail as a help in its course.

It is an animal of hot blood and ardent temperament. Maternal love, alas! is the only enjoyment not forbidden to the poor, since it costs nothing. The female of the hare brings forth in France about fifteen young every year, a litter every month, from February to All-Saints' Day. The male does not eat them, so far as I know, but this opinion is much controverted. The slanderers of the hare, those who accuse it of devouring its young, confess nevertheless that grave motives are needed, such as the absolute privation of the society of the females, to urge it to such extremities. Although the species is spread profusely over the whole surface of the old and the new continent, although it accommodates itself to all zones; its true country is the steppe, the boundless dry plains, where the wild thyme, the lavender, and odorous labiated plants grow. The hare does not drink; it loves the open air, the free space, where the enemy is heard afar off, and there is opportunity to flee. It perishes of marasmus in our too shady parks, in proportion as the rabbit abounds there.

None have ever been preserved at Vincennes. The hare would only take refuge in the forests during the hard freezes of winter, if the persecutions of man did not render the shelter of the brushwood absolutely necessary to it; for the brush is no quiet, pleasant abode for the fearful animal which hears enemies everywhere; for which the least noise of the wind through the leaves is a subject of alarm, and which has reason to fear an assassin posted in ambuscade behind each bush. When the leaves fall, in the first freezes of October, all the hares abandon the brushwood for the plain. The hunters know this well, and it is a fine season for a clear chase with dogs.

The hare prefers grain-fields for its dwelling and nourishment. The green stalk of the wheat, of barley and of oats, in grain, are its most savory meats. This passion for the stalk of cereals sometimes becomes quite mischievous. In many parts of Russia, in Crimea of the Ukraine, great proprietors have a special servant for the destruction of hares.

The chase of the hare with running dogs is most amusing and interesting of all. I know no enjoyment like a mountain hare chase in the fine days of October, nor any concert preferable to the unison of twelve full-voiced hounds, capable of forcing their hare in two or three hours. Oh! how, of all the paradises that I know of, I would choose, if it were given me, the happy hunting grounds of the red-skins of the great lakes, those forests of the great Manitou, where the *elect* throng in to eternal view halloos. The scent of the hare is as delicate as that of the roebuck, and not so well adapted to the nose of dogs spoiled by hunting foxes, and other strong smelling varmint. Such hounds become like topers, whose palates, burned by alcohol, grow insensible to the fine aroma of the Vougeot, or Lafitte wines. Every dog which has hunted the fox successfully is liable to quit the track of the hare. I permit my hare hounds no other distraction than the chase of the roebuck, and this is a license forbidden by great hare hunters. But a pack which suffices for the hare will not always answer for the roebuck, which possesses the most solid hamstring of any beast after the wolf. It commonly requires the employment of relays, like that of the wild boar and the stag. In hunting the roebuck then with a pack of hare hounds, it is understood that the hunters have the right to use their guns.

The delicacy of the scent requires proportionally in chasing the hare, a time and country expressly adapted.

The heats of summer spoil a dog's nose; the south wind also; sharp freezes poison the earth; rain drowns the scent; strong herbs and dung absorb it; a wet loam boots; that is, that the hare's foot being furnished with hairs, carries after it the mud impregnated with the scent, and baffles the dogs about its passage. The true season for coursing the hare is from the equinox of September to the twentieth of November, then skipping

the freezes, again from February till April; but females are pregnant from early in February, and should be respected. The best wind for the hare hunt is neither very raw or dry; the best ground that of heath and waste lands, a firm sandy soil, where the water does not remain.

Argillaceous earths, especially white clay; vineyard land, strongly manured and soggy, make the hunter and dogs desperate. When you wish to purchase a pack of hare hounds, try it, if possible, in such places, and do not quarrel about the price if they pass this trial honorably; but do not be too quickly fascinated by the most brilliant conduct across heaths, stubble, and brushwood.

To all the difficulties proceeding from the atmosphere, and from the nature of the soil, add the manifold tricks of the animal, and you will understand the reason of the high esteem in which the amateur holds the hare hunt. I esteem the perfect hare dog equal in value to the best wolf dog. The latter only needs blood, a hamstring, and courage; the former also a bit of genius, besides the love of the thing, the passion of the artist. No one knows what ingenious combinations, and learned calculations, a hare hound enters into in guessing some new stratagem. I was two years in Burgundy, at the head of six running dogs which hunted only the *hare*, and forced nine out of ten within three or four hours, in every wind that could blow, and whom I respected too much to help them with my gun. At most, did I allow myself to bring them the concurrence of my experience when they were at fault.

They were small and delicately framed; not at all striking in their appearance, but real treasures for their hamstrings, for perseverance, and keeping the track. Why has God, who has given man but one friend, the dog, not equalized the duration of their lives, that at the end of their career the two friends might be inclosed in the same tomb?

A very sensible person, in whose presence I once expressed this painful regret, observed that if the dog lived eighty years, like man, and was the same proportion of this time in developing his intelligence, it would perhaps be he who would hold us in lease.

Then what God has done is well done. A chapter on the tricks of the hare would never end if I pretended to expose them all, since they necessarily vary with the territory, the climate, and the disposition of places. The least accident in the soil, a fresh dug pit, a recent land-slip, a tree felled by the axe, or blown down in a storm, every thing affords matter for stratagems to the hare—every new phenomenon suggests an idea to it. It has not studied the civil code; but no legist knows better than he does, the obstructions which the rights of individual property bring to the unlimited liberty of the right of the chase. He speculates on these obstructions; he knows the inviolability of the citizen's domicile under the constitutional regime; he claims its benefit for himself whenever the occasion presents itself; he does not fear to invoke the right of shelter in a kitchen-garden or a bed of flowers when the pack presses him too close. I know a hare who took especial delight in spreading itself out and basking in the sun at the foot of a young tree, isolated in the midst of a green lawn, as if to try the sensibility of the hunter.

I once was caught myself by this trick. The lawn was only separated by a ruined moat from a little forest of roses, dahlias, and chrysanthemums, filling nearly the whole of a flower-garden, in front of a splendid mansion, then confided in the absence of its masters, to the care of some aged servants. The lawn seemed from the house the prolongation of the flower-garden, and the tree formed a point in the line of view.

The animal must have been perfectly acquainted with these details to affect the tranquillity of soul with which he awaited the attack of my dogs. I twice observed his tactics; he rose from his lair only after they had approached so close that the nearest was within ten paces of him, and the whole pack had opened upon him furiously. Then our bedeviled little friend lightly crossed the old ditch, penetrated under the sacred vaults of the dahlias, described several circles there, gained the steps of the mansion, then gently insinuated itself through the narrow air-hole of the cellar, at the bottom of which he went to seek an asylum under piles of barrels. And then such a row with the dogs in the midst of the garden, breaking through the beds, and all the guardians of the

place running up armed with sickles and forks, swearing, storming, and stopping the dogs, and myself forced to an unreasonably large capitulation in specie in order to extricate them. It was not I who paid for the broken dahlias the second time, but a young friend who did not believe in the perfidies of the hare, and who required a lesson. I took great care to present the hare of the tree as a chance meeting, not as a last week's acquaintance.

The African hare, which I have hunted much, and which inhabits a country of barbarians, where the soil is not appropriated; that is to say, where the right of property does not exist, the African hare has none of those tricks which smell of the Norman: he is a rabbit for his innocence.

The civilized hare knows also, on the end of his nails, the flora and the geology of the district which it inhabits, and what strong herb burns the nose of the dogs, and what soils least preserve the track. He draws an immense profit from these studies. It is also certain that hares communicate to each other the different notions which they have acquired, as do those old wolves who teach their cubs how dangerous it is to trifle with fire-arms.

I have seen during one month, ten hares of the same district resort to the same stratagem; and this was no classic method in use by all the hares of polished education in France and Navarre. The stratagem was local, and required a complete acquaintance with the condition of the places. It was a narrow bed of white clay, the only one which existed in the country, and which had to be gained across a thousand obstacles at the foot of a rapid ascent, sometimes a league from the place it was started. Then the beast climbed to the summit of the poisoned zone, multiplying in its rapid ascent bounds and side-leaps to conceal its path; come at last to the top of the hill, where there was an old marl-pit, hung round below with tufts of junipers; it adjusted the bushes to conceal its passage, and from the height of the vertical wall, sprang desperate, headlong to the bottom of the pit.

The trick was so well known that we habitually assigned the post of the marl-pit to the novices of our party—to collegians in vacations, who made their first hunting campaigns with us. Have they failed us! But at least they have given me the occa-

sion to remark that a hare, well practiced in his tricks, did not derange his tactics on account of a collegian's shot. Nothing is still more common in flat and well-watered countries than that famous trick of the willow, which so often recurs in the histories of wonderful hunts.

Some willow-trees here hanging in melancholy postures, are used as natural bridges in crossing streams. The hare when hard run and at a loss where to turn, often seeks shelter on the worm-eaten trunk of these trees. It is seen first to enter the water, beat about some time, then dart with one leap, and without touching the ground, upon the branching crest of the willow, where it remains motionless, and lets itself be caught by the hand.

I have on my conscience the murder of more than one perched hare, and of still more rabbits in this position. The rabbit of the isles of the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone, has no other shelter during inundations than the heads of willows. It even finds its table spread in this comfortable retreat. for the bark of the willow is a nourishment much to its taste.

Thus the existence of the hare is but a perpetual series of anxieties and of terrors—of machinations and stratagems.

There is but one being, the criminal and charming wife, whose lot here below is more worthy of pity. *Vita leporis!* it was for the ancients the expression of supreme misery.

The hare knows so well that the least carelessness in its conduct may expose it to the most vexatious consequences—that there is not one of the acts of its daily existence that it does not calculate and weigh. If it was born in the forest, and makes the bush its habitual residence, it will take great care to cut itself only one path for going and coming, so as to take up as little room in the country as possible. For fear that the least blade of heath or thorn should tear off a bit of its fur, and thus betray the road to its lair, it carefully frees this road from every plant that obstructs it. It shears and combs every thing down close, and the same for its cross-cuts through the barley and wheat.

Alas! this excess of precaution is precisely what ruins it. Man, recognizing by these signs the habitual passage of the hare, here spreads his treacherous snares, and the fox, most terrible enemy

after man, ambuscades in the neighborhood to catch the poor animal on its escape from another fox.

The manœuvres of a hare flying before the hounds, may be observed either from the top of a hill, or by following its tracks on the snow. Whoever has thus observed it, will remember the suddenly-increased dimensions of the animal's leaps at the moment it nears the goal. The winter snow reveals exactly the daily custom of the hare. Its return to its lair is constantly preceded by these prodigious bounds—invariably terminated by a side leap, which brings it to the place it has chosen for the day. These enormous bounds and side leaps explain the difficulty in approaching the hare, and why the dogs whine with impatience around the animal so long without knowing whence to start it.

Follow the hare as it leaves the lair coming out upon the plain to make its first circuit.

The circuit is a sort of half circle about a thousand yards in diameter, which the animal describes around the point of departure.

More than once in frosty weather we have seen an old buck hare, escaped from many dangers, draw before him points of from five to seven thousand yards, and throw dogs and masters off the track by these unexpected stratagems, but this is rare. In this first circuit the hare has not even thought of profiting by its wits—the danger is not pressing. Only one thing is essential; to know the character and the legs of its enemies, so as to proportion its defense to their means of attack. You see how it stops every hundred paces in the plain, its ears erect to calculate the swiftness of the pack, and the ferocity of their intentions, as the tone of their voices nears and swells.

If he has to do only with the crooked legs of bassets, he shows his contempt for this race of tortoises, by gamboling before them or even squatting in the first furrow. Many and many a cunning hare has fallen a victim to its contempt for the crooked-legged bassets. I would prefer them to the most magnificent races in hunting with a gun.

The hunter profits by the carelessness of the hare, which plays before the basset, to murder it. The basset spares man; it forms a pack for hunters not overstocked with cash. If the pursuit

is swifter, the voices of the dogs sharper; the hare adopts other tactics. It will not do now to stop fifty paces before the dogs, or to trot off before them, displaying its graces. With these there is no time to be lost in idle drollery. He must deploy his talents with all haste, and above all economize his means. The hare's plan is already settled in his head.

He will profit by his five hundred yards in advance of the dogs to play his first trick. On the other side of the little wood where he was started, and to which he has returned, lies a high road, much frequented on market-days, where the hare's footprints will be effaced and his scent lost.

He crosses it, he passes down a few moments, keeping well in the dust: he returns in his track so as better to conceal his route; finally he leaves the road by a side leap, much below the place where he entered. The pack has already hieroglyphics to guess for full quarter of an hour. The hare will profit by this pause to take breath, and place himself at a proper distance to judge the effect first, well. Perhaps it might have succeeded well; but, alas! indiscreet tongues have revealed the tactics of the fugitive, and the place where he is concealed. Besides, one dog of brains, a griffon of Vendee, has not been cheated by all these subterfuges of going and coming, and has not quitted the true path a single second, and behold the whole pack now gathered about him; there is nothing left for it but to run across the meadow. A cloud of dust rising yonder, happily announces the presence of a flock of sheep. There is still an opportunity to mix his track with that of all these beasts, and to slip into the midst of them, so as afterward to escape unperceived by favor of the tumult, and to gain the neighboring hillock. Soon done as thought. Unfortunately every shepherd is somewhat of a poacher, and every sheep-dog somewhat of a hare-dog; our beast has been perceived by the shepherd and his dogs, and there is an accent in the voice of the dog, who opens, which does not permit any mistake as to the sense of his words, and which every dog understands—the game is up a second time. Du Fouilloux relates having followed and caught in a sheep-fold, a hare, which he had not been able to chase from the midst of the flock.

Meanwhile, the hare has kept its advance; it has already gained the hillside, while the dogs are still entangled with the flock. This hillside is planted with vines, strongly manured and set in espaliers facing the wind. The persevering dogs of Vendee are tall and must pay pretty dear for this advantage. The hare takes great care to keep all the hedges in its way, and slips under all the lowest gaps of the trellice. The dogs of Vendee will supple their spines at this manœuvre, but more than one will howl with impotent rage before reaching the last barrier. If the hare had been wise, he would not have budged from this formidable position, his future would have been secure, but he has contented himself with giving his enemies a thread to twist over in the accursed pass. He has been wrong. While our brave Vendeeans contend with the trellice which bars their way, and cut themselves a passage with their jaws, the hare, lying snug for a quarter of an hour under the wind, amid a great wood which crowns the hill, ruminates new tricks. Jump for it, then! for there is the infernal voice of the griffon nearer and nearer, and already sounding beneath the vaults of the forest.

But had not this annoying explorer incidentally to take a fatiguing promenade through the quagmires, the holms and thorns with which this crest is sown? Doubtless, but the Satanic griffon has divined the enemy's thought, and calling to his aid his experience as a lime-hound, he turns the skirts of the quagmire, first to inquire whether the hare remained there, and he meets nose to nose with the latter from the moment when he issues from the last ditch. Disappointed so abruptly in his legitimate hopes of a respite, our hare begins to disquiet himself seriously, and in the trouble of his ideas, seeks safety of his heels. Vain attempt. The hamstrings of the griffon and those of his comrades seem to double in strength and elasticity in proportion as his own give out.

Already more than an hour without interruption this hare-brained chase has lasted; he must however rest or perish, for the pack gains and gains—five minutes more and all will be over. In this frightful perplexity our hare remembers to have seen in this neighborhood that very morning one of his companions in persecution withdraw to a clump of brushwood which he knows. Selfishness

is of all conditions, of poverty as of wealth, of weakness as of strength; as a last resource he turns about, and dashes into the midst of this clump, spending his last force in an enormous leap. The pack, as it comes up to the scene of this manœuvre, scents around the bushes—the fresh hare escapes, the hunted one lies still. The pack, carried away by the sight of the new game, opens in triumph.

The danger is passed for this time, and our sly friend already silently congratulates himself on the success of his trick. Illusion too promptly removed! A voice, a single voice dissents from the triumphant concert of the pack; but it is that of the griffon.

The intelligent child of Vendee has not long taken the slip, he has soon perceived the imposture; the trail of a hare which has been hunted two hours has not so decided a scent as that of a fresh hare; there is some deviltry under this, and immediately the griffon turns back toward the place whence the last hare started. He has it. The pack rallies to the call of its chief. The close of the drama is all within sight, a long and cruel death cry.

But all dogs are not griffons of Vendee, cut out on the pattern of this fellow, and three fourths of the hares would escape were it not for an instinct they have to die where they were born. They will not run off very far from their lair, and which allows the hunter to observe their manœuvres from a distance, and to aid the sagacity of the hounds in putting them upon the track again and redeeming their mistakes; this is the reason why so many hares are caught and killed, even with bad dogs.

The hare chase with setters, on the plain, in the month of September, is not worth special mention. To fire upon a hare which a dog shows you, and which runs from between your legs, is no chase. The chase in winter requires more science and skill; it is a great talent to know how to approach a hare, and to see him in his lair. The chase in the snow, especially by full moon, is a real butchery, as well as the battue, which ought to be reserved for dangerous beasts.

It is known that the hares of Mount Cenis are white in winter; also those of Norway. It is an admirable foresight of nature which has caused the poor animal to change its coat with the

seasons, like the earth, and that its color should be confounded with the soil so as to deceive the eyes of its numerous enemies. I have however met with white hares as well as white partridges in the environs of Paris. I have also seen a black hare from the same precincts, and a colony of black rabbits in the woods of Meudon.

The size of the hare increases toward the north, and diminishes toward the south. The hare of Algiers is hardly half as large as that of France. The smallest of all is the Egyptian, remarkable for the prodigious development of its ears. The largest hares of the eighty-six departments of France come to us from Flanders and Alsace, the richest and best cultivated. The hare of the woods is generally stronger than that of the plain.

The hare deserves to occupy an honorable place in the archives of gastrosophy. I know not why Moses should have forbidden its flesh, and declared it impure. The Romans, who were great eaters, were far from partaking this repugnance, as I judge at least by these lines of Martial:

> "Inter aves turdus,
> Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus."

### THE STAG.

Victim reserved for the honors of royal slaughter, for the beauty of its body—eternal object of the cupidity of the pack for the excellence of its flesh.

Noble and mild nature, victim-creature; another beast of the good God!

For there are beasts of the good God, as there are beasts of the devil. The swallow and the wagtail are birds of the good God. The owl and the kite are birds of the devil. The fox—emblem of the attorney, and the he goat—emblem of brutal luxury, proceed from Satan; the ox and the sheep—emblems of the exploited laborer, proceed from the good God.

There is also the double doctrine of the good and evil principles.

There are the apostles of the good God, the Socialists who reclaim the right to live, and who write that happiness is the des-

tiny of man; and the apostles of Satan, the Scribes, who say that misery is the fatal lot of the masses, and who sell their pen for gold, and their conscience to the stockbrokers.

Aristotle has known the passion of the stag for tender and melancholy chants; he asserts the possibility of capturing it by two persons with a flute. While one of the two companions keeps the animal charmed by his melodies, the other approaches stealthily from behind the victim, and strikes a knife into his belly. But if the stag loves rustic pipes, like the ox, he dreads as much the warlike clarion.

We have only to consult the historical and religious legends of all peoples to recognize that the stag is one of the instruments whom God makes use of to impart to mortals His designs for them. It was a wounded stag of Mount Ida who gave man the first lesson in therapeutics, and furnished him with the recipe for using the dictamnus.

All ancient, and a great number of modern authors, who have treated of the stag, have spoken at length of his wars with the serpents.

Analogy says well indeed that there ought to be antipathy between the noble quadruped who symbolizes loyalty, and the venomous reptile which symbolizes perfidy; but that does not prove to me that the stag has swallowed all the adders ascribed to him. I know dogs, it is true, that kill vipers for the pleasure of killing them, and only because they are conscious of rendering service to man by destroying evil beasts; but the dog is man's police-officer, and the stag has not been created to serve as a duplicate to the dog. The deer does destroy serpents if they come in his way, but the true destroyer of reptiles, among the quadrupeds, is the thick-skinned hog with stomach so complacent. Among the birds: the kamichi, the secretary, the cariama, the stork, the heron, the ibis and the rock-robin, or lizard-eater, which impales its victims upon thorns.

But the stag had from the beginning the reputation of being learned in medicine; the discovery of the dictamnus, native of Mount Ida was already due to him, and it was natural to attribute to him many other marvelous inventions. Thus the stag

does not rest satisfied with tearing to pieces the snake that he has met on his path and swallowing it tail foremost, according to an invariable custom. He provokes it from the bottom of its darkest caverns; he laughs at the number of his enemies, and permits them to coil around him, for his mother has confided to him the secret of an infallible specific against the venom of their bites. This secret consists very simply in going down to the first stream where there are crawfish, and gargling his mouth with half a hundred of these crustacea, but without drinking. This last condition is rigorous, without drinking; if the stag drinks, he is lost. I do not guarantee the infallibility of the above specific.

It is known that in ancient medicine the powder of the hart's horn and that of the *bone of his heart* passed for alexipharmics, tonics of high virtues.

The hart's horn is the universal panacea that cures all ills present, past, and future—relieves the pregnant woman—destroys worms in the child, and makes the old man young again. The Doe also possesses wonderful remedies for a number of diseases; she penetrates far into the secrets of Lucina, and knows pebbles that produce painless delivery. Arab medicine, which would never allow the Greek or Latin to distance it on the ground of wonderful secrets, affirms that the skin and the dung of the Gazelle, reduced to powder and mingled in very small quantities in the nourishment of a child, give him memory, spirit, and a mild character. It adds that the best means of curing women of the propensity to babble is to make them eat from time to time the tongue of a gazelle dried in the oven.

The Catholic faith has made great use of the stag to illustrate its legends. Saint Hubert, the patron of hunters, owed his conversion to a stag.

Saint Hubert was a gentleman of Lorraine who abandoned himself to his passion for the chase with a vehemence which caused him completely to forget the salvation of his soul. The good God who had designs upon him, and who destined him to be one day the venerated standard-bearer of the corporation of hunters, caused him to meet one fine morning or afternoon with a stag bearing the holy sacrament on his head in guise of antlers.

The legend relates that the flames which jetted from this luminous apparatus were so dazzling that the dogs which hunted the animal took fright and renounced the deer hunt for the rest of their lives. The master did better. Warned by this brilliant assurance that the Lord approved but moderately of his habitual occupations, he bid adieu to his dogs and withdrew to the quiet of a hermitage, where he edified his brothers in Jesus by the practice of all Christian virtues, dividing his time between bird-catching, prayer, and the preparation of his remedies against hydrophobia.

Who nursed the son of Genevieve of Brabant with the milk of her breast? A doe . . . Who was in the desert the consoler and friend of that innocent, unfortunate woman, persecuted by a barbarous, suspicious, and indelicate tyrant? A doe.

The English poet Wordsworth has consecrated to the doe one of his finest inspirations in the "White Doe of Rylstone."

A contract of alliance and friendship between man and the stag was signed long ago.

Phædrus speaks of it in his fables; but if the stag has always scrupulously respected it, it must be confessed that man has given it many a scratch with his knife.

How often have I not seen, and no later than the last year, an unfortunate stag at the end of his speed and his cunning, misled to seek a refuge in the abode of man, and the latter plunge a knife into his throat, flay him, and *salt* him *afterward!* Thus the victorious English one day requited the confidence of the magnanimous emperor, who asked of them a refuge, and confined him on a desert rock in the midst of the Atlantic, to perish there of consumption and weariness. The stag has been gifted by the Supreme Ordainer with the sad faculty of tears.

The stag symbolizes the just man; the laborer, persecuted by the selfishness of great lords, and given up to the exploitation of all the parasitical agents of the administration (running dogs). And this laborer is not an ordinary workman—a simple operator, possessing his hands for all his capital.

The stag works with its head. It is one of the inveterate students whom science rewards with thorns, and who perish miserably, like Solomon de Causs, for having anticipated the ideas of their age.

How many obstacles for the inventor to surmount before having perfected his work! Then the pangs in causing his discovery to be accepted. What sufferings swallowed in solitude! The inventor is also endowed with the sad gift of tears. And the emblem of the persecuted student, the crown imperial, bears these tears congealed at the bottom of its calyx! The stag brought with him at birth only the rudiments of his head-dress, whose perfect and regular development represents the industrial series adorned with its pivot. Even as the brain of the inventor is every year enriched by some new acquisitions, so the head of the stag ought to increase with age by new antlers.

The *brocket,* stag of one year, replaces the fawn and the haire, corresponding to our spikebuck: the *second head* has succeeded to the brocket, the *third head* to the second; the *fourth head* to the third, ten prong scant; the *fourth head* is the full head, ten prong.

Now each of these metamorphoses has been for the unhappy beast a painful crisis. It has also been obliged to retire into solitude, and, far from all inspection, to ripen its work in quiet (to reform its head); but hardly has it reappeared in the lists, proud of the new perfection of its procedures, when it suddenly finds itself the butt of the toothed arrows of envy, of the attacks of competition, of the cupidity of the hunters.

For the stag that lost his horns in March has re-formed them in June, and this is the season when the pasture is dainty, and when stag venison comes in.

*Tayaut! Tayaut!* Hear the war-cry of the hunters, and the deafening noise of the horns.

It is a full head that flies before the pack, and for him the era of persecution opens.

In proportion as his head is enriched and his noble brow made illustrious, so does the number of his persecutors increase. So long as he was but a brocket, young, and carrying light weight of science, the hunters hardly troubled themselves about him. His obscurity was his safety, and then the weight of existence is so easy to bear in the morning of life, and his hamstrings were so strong, so supple! Wait till he grows, they say, till he becomes fat and heavy, for now the game will hardly pay. Then behold

the brocket become the ten prong, attaining fat and weight with age.

On sleuth-hounds and whippers in! No more rest to the beast: —his horns to the rack, his flesh to the smoke-house.

It is to come to this pass that the noble animal has every year re-formed his head, whose weight at last retards his pace. Unfruitful work, like that of the inventor, obliged each year to recommence his task without being able to conquer the misery in which the oppression of idle capital—the oppression of the privileged class invincibly holds him. Laborers—accursed class—it is written in the English Bible and Gospel—in the commentaries of John-Baptist Say, and of Saint Malthus, that you shall perish at your task; that the product of your sweats rightly belongs to your masters. Bend your brows under the law of the strongest; submit to the decree of destiny: then the victims, discouraged by the futility of their efforts, resign themselves, or ask of drunkenness the momentary oblivion of their evils and of their future. Then the apostles of false morality, born upholders of privilege, and the poor slaves of the shop, —the economists; take their texts from the brutality in which the triumph of their doctrines has mired their victims, to thunder against the innate immorality of the working classes. Then the prefect of the Oise issues his decree that the stag and the roebuck are to be ranked in the category of pernicious creatures!

Because the poor beasts to which so few pleasures are granted in this world in return for so many sufferings; because the stag, the fallow deer, and the roebuck greedily browze in the spring upon the shoots of the young oaks which give them a temporary exhilaration—a moment of careless gayety, too often expiated by a terrible punishment for this single weakness.——

Covetous proprietors of forests, unfeeling administrators, have declared the three innocent species duly attainted and convicted of this original sin of intoxication. Thus speak the Puritan ministers of England, of the Irish and Saxon proletaries, a despicable crowd, imbued with every vice.

Because the stag furiously seeks to forget his numerous vexations in the distractions of love, they have accused him of licentiousness and immodesty; as if privation and misery were not le-

gitimate excuses for all the pleasures of the senses; as if it were possible for the poor to bring moderation to the enjoyment of the only pleasure that the rich has not yet forbidden to him.

Ah! morality is easy to you, rich impotents, satiated with the enjoyments of lust, who can purchase with your gold the caresses and the flesh of the daughter of the people, then abandon her with your passing caprice; but let the stag drink at your trough and make a harem for him—you will see that he will no longer scandalize you with his excesses.

He who drinks the best wine at his pleasure is not apt to get drunk.

The stag has never meditated, I presume, over the lesson of discretion inflicted by the chaste Diana on the hunter Acteon; but I ask, What is there perfect in this world? Samson, Hercules, and M. De Turenne were noble heroes, and love also ruined them. Love is the passion of great hearts. The deer is spread over all the globe in different species, and has for enemies all the great flesh-eaters, the canine and feline races especially. In Persia and India it is hunted with the ounce, a charming species of tiger, that is trained like a greyhound. I do not know that it is any where hunted with birds, like the gazelle. Pliny, however, asserts that in his day the eagles made havoc among the stags—first hurting their sight with the dust of their wings, and afterward gouging their eyes out. The lammergeyer of the Pyrenees and Alps has been accused of the same procedure to destroy the isard and the chamois. I shall not dispute the testimony of Pliny, although many things in natural history took place in the time of this writer which have not since been observed.

I have seen magpies and crows pursue leverets in our fields and pick out their eyes. The white falcon of Africa, which is no bigger than a pigeon, attacks the gazelle, and I do not see why the eagle and the lammergeyer should not attack the stag or the chamois in case of emergency. In the forests of the North, where the stag disappears to give place to the elk and the reindeer, the principal enemies of these two races are the wolf, the glutton, and the panther; the wolf, which runs them down like the dog, the glutton and panther, which prefer to lie in ambush among the thick

branches of the firs or hemlock, thence to fall down on the prey whose passage they watch. The bear has always been more dainty of strawberries and honey than of flesh; the stag and his congenera have rarely had to complain of him. I am not sorry to find in passing an occasion of bestowing this new certificate of good life and morals to a beast too much calumniated.

Innumerable herds of deer were scattered over the soil of the prairies and forests of North America before the fairy of industry had with a touch of her magic wand transformed the desert and the solitude into populous cities, and planted the custom-houses of trade among those swampy shores where musky alligators once slept in the sun. The deer then constituted the whole fund of social wealth, the whole capital of the red skins, from the left bank of the Mississippi to the Atlantic—as the bison that of the red skins of the West, from the other bank of that river to the Rocky Mountains. It was their manna of the desert—their resource against hunger, the normal punishment of the savage state. The civilized European, that being beset with the passion to grasp all and destroy all; at the sight of all this natural riches, took no heed to spare aught. Exterminators came from all sides to make war on the deer and the bison, and these species would not have outlasted one century, had not the spirit of conservatism, inherent to property, at last whispered a reasonable idea into the ear of the Yankees. These inveterate destroyers one day perceived that they were not the only ones at the death of the deer, but that the wolf and the panther were active competitors with them. They then declared war to the death—the war of competition against these, and the battle still lasts, while the deer has gained largely from this diversion of forces. The stag has played a great part in the pleasures of the kings and nobility of France, hereditary hunters, who have consecrated their evenings to studies of the chase. But if it had fine days under the old monarchy, it has fallen along with it, dearly expiating its royal friendships. In 1789, as since in 1830, it was the first innocent victim on which the wrath of the people fell.

*Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Cervi*, the poet should have said, and not *Achivi;* for it is certain that the people have less to suffer from revolutions than the deer.

Why so however, if the noble animal symbolizes the inventor?

For a very simple reason; because all the French revolutions in which the stag has suffered, have been juggled away by the aristocracy of capital, to the great detriment of the laborers; and that for the man of genius, for Molière, Riquet, Perrault, Monge, Laplace, the friendship of Louis XIV., of Colbert, or of Napoleon, is worth much more than the protection of charters or constitutions. The great king, the absolute sovereign, can love progress but moderately; but from pride, from love of glory, he considers himself bound to encourage science and the fine arts. He endows the poet and the artist with rich pensions, he reserves them for the intellectual pleasures of his court. The noblest and most generous Mecœnas of the epoch is the Czar Nicholas; and the judicious autocrat does not confine himself to enrich and honor talent by his munificence. At the same time that he rewards useful labor he proscribes parasitical industry—he condemns the trafficking Jew to work!

The citizen government, whether monarchy or republic, has its artistic instincts less developed than the absolute monarchy of Haroun Al Raschid, Soliman, Louis XIV., or Nicholas.

Thus under the ancient monarchy, the deer knew not indigence; the munificence of the civil list piled for him heaps of salt—salt, emblem of purity and lustre, which defends the skin of the ruminants against the bite of the parasite tic. Now ask the intendant of the civil list, what the salt for the deer costs in the crown forests.

Ask the Minister of the Interior and of the fine arts, what Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Eugene De la Croix, and George Sand cost him annually: Nothing.

The Stag is not less ingenious nor less fertile in resources than the hare, and their expedients are nearly the same. These two unfortunates having been created for martyrdom, a delicate ear and nose have been combined with their fleetness, and with the faculty of combining plans of defensive strategy.

Like the hare, the stag retraces his course along high roads, and if the hare, hard pushed, will nestle in the top of willow trees and in old lime-kilns, the history of the deer hunt abounds in dramatic view halloos, whose scene has been the roofs of houses. The

stag is more apt than the hare to cross swamps and rivers in his combinations; he has always been reputed a good swimmer, and pleasant Greek writers who revel in a luxurious imagination have made him swim from Cyprus to the continent, thirty leagues at a stretch. The deer oftener changes with a fresh comrade. Touching instinct of Solidarity! Nearly all animals persecuted by the dog, have recourse to this procedure. The stag and the hare keep in mind the list of all the individuals of their species, who sojourn in their neighborhood; they know the age, the cover, the lair of each. In default of stags or bucks, the stag will exchange with the roebuck, and reciprocally. See how difficult and troublesome both for dog and man the chase would become if all beasts knew how to associate or cooperate in the interest of their mutual defense.

And the poor laborers, how soon they would force the gentlemen of capital to account with them if they knew how to avail themselves of the saving principle of association, that potent lever of progress with which labor will one day raise the world.*

The hunters and the capitalists, who know well what they have to fear from the union of the laborers and of the beasts of chase, incessantly redouble their efforts to oppose the conclusion of any treaty of Solidarity among their victims.

The banker has his journals and his writers on political economy to preach up anarchical competition under the name of commercial liberty; the hunter has his sleuth-hounds to discover the exchange and to set the puzzled pack again on the path of the beast of chase.

Unfortunately this exchange becomes daily more difficult in consequence of the rarity of the species, while in cutting through fields full of people, the deer is exposed to mortal dangers, to murderous shots.

On what then can he decide in this stern crisis?

To die, and sell his life dear, after having vainly tried to save it for an hour or two by paltry shifts and by inglorious flight.

In 1826, in the month of August, one of those hot dog days

* Since Toussenel wrote this has come the Revolution, of 1848, and the practical associations of producing laborers in nearly all the branches of industry in Paris and elsewhere.

when not an aspen leaf stirs, and when warm vapors rise in gushes from the seething ground, I was at the foot of one of the oldest oaks of Armainvilliers, where I had found a buzzard's nest.

I had sent a boy up the tree, and was encouraging him in his dangerous ascent by my voice and gestures, when at the first fork of the branches, he suddenly stopped, and by an eloquent pantomime called me to share his post, when he made me understand that I should behold a sight of great interest for me.

This scene, to judge by the quick glancing of his eyes from me to it and back again, was passing very near us. In two minutes I was with my comrade, at the height of this improvised observatory, and no sooner was I nestled beside him, so as not to dread a fall, when his finger, pointing to a causeway in the swamp, designated the object which had fascinated his attention.

A full grown stag issued from the forest, had paused in the midst of an alley of apple trees, edging the swamp, and from his attitude, that of a tired animal which rests and listens, it was evident that hunted for a long time, he was bending all the resources of a wonderful instinct upon the best means of concealing his course. Whether by means of an exchange, or by setting the hounds at fault, he had gained a great distance in advance of his pursuers, for there was not a breath of wind, and in this calm silence where only the sound of the locust rubbing together its gauze wings could be heard, not a single bark nor the distant note of a bugle disturbed the solitude.

From the edge of the clearing where our secular oak stood, we were not more than one hundred and fifty paces from the stag, and as at this place the border of the forest was planted in young hedges of from four to five years old, at the height where we were, which overlooked all around us, we could lose no movement of the fugitive, apparently very anxious about his route. First, he took a meadow to the left as if to come out openly and gain a neighboring forest, but suddenly, whether from want of confidence in his strength or preferring to trust his safety to cunning, he briskly returned on his track, and whoever pretends to the name of hunter shall judge whether it was a scene of palpitating emotion that was prepared under my eyes, where, thanks to

an unexpected chance, I was going to see a hard-run stag display one by one, in outwitting the science of the enemy, manœuvres that I knew to be capable of routing the most sagacious hunter, and of which a consummate tactician was about without suspecting it, to teach me in one lesson the practice and the theory.

Hardly had the animal doubled his track than he made a side bound, redescended by a deep ditch full of water, where I saw him going and coming several times toward the causeway to the right of the swamp; leaped on a big pile of wood which he traversed to the very end, threw himself without touching earth into a little boat moored to the bank that quivered under his weight, and thence beating the water, gained majestically by swimming, a place thick covered with reeds nearly dried by the sun of the dog days, and let himself down where with his body buried in the mud, and the woods close upon his back, he was completely invisible for every other spectator but ourselves.

Twenty minutes thus passed, I and my companion hardly daring to breathe, and the poor animal devoured by horse flies in his aquatic post, testifying only by an almost continual movement of the two ears that he was not transformed into a water lily, when the sound of the horn and soon men's voices encouraging some English dogs announced the approach of a hunt. The stag stands perfectly still in the midst of the reeds, while three hunters on horseback debouched from a road at the end of the plain.

A moment after, the pack came in sight, and as the dogs undecided, snuffed about in the dust of the road, some of them yelping occasionally, others trying here and there at the copse, one of the new comers, a hale old man in a hunting dress, on a large half-blooded bay, dismounted with rather a vexed expression, and entering the same boat where the stag had gone before him, filled with water a little leathern cup that he had just drawn from his pocket.

"Well, Fortin," said he to one of the two men who had taken his horse's bridle, "here is still a good day for us I hope."

The individual thus called did not answer. . . . his inquiring eye was fixed on the ground, and his countenance betrayed disappointment.

"Twice in the same month, to miss the same animal," continued

the first speaker, spitting out with a grimace the muddy water that he had tasted, "we are a long ways from home; but even if we all have to go to bed standing to-night, it will never do to give it up so. . . . Where do you suppose this devil of a stag has gone?"

"My idea, sir, is that he has returned to the copse of the point," replied the whipper-in to his master, whom I now recognized as the old Prince of Condé. Leaping the high road, the animal has returned under cover to the spot where we saw so many fresh tracks, and I should not be astonished if our stag had gone there to start a change in his place. . . ."

"Then you do not think he is about here, where the other day, almost under the same circumstances, we had to couple our dogs and go home."

"No sir, I think not . . . if the fellow has grazed the edge of the road it is all; but I am either much deceived or it is only a feint; if we lose precious time in consulting as we did the other day, I fear he will escape us."

"Come then, to the chase," said the prince, who, despite his advanced age, vaulted lightly to his saddle; "let us tread the thickets, step by step; I will remain here a moment as vidette, and honor to the first who shall get a sight of him."

At this injunction the two huntsmen entered the wood, sounding a blast for the dogs. Some sleuth-hounds who had assembled, divided to the right and left to watch for the animal if he should pass; and the Prince of Condé, remaining alone on the edge of the swamp, kept guard.

With the exception of two griffons, all the dogs were deep in the copse, and some already seemed to approach the track.

"Back! back!" cried the prince, turning his horse upon these loiterers, who, nosing earnestly on the track, seemed to disregard the call of the bugle; but instead of minding him, they turned toward the ditch where the stag had gone down, and there one of them opened with an accent of truth which seemed to surprise the prince.

I breathed hard, but kept dark. As to my young companion, whom I had much trouble in silencing during this magnificent epi-

sode of a hunt, he could no longer resist the temptation, and was about to betray us, when an express prohibition just in time warned him not to open his mouth before I spoke. It may be conceived what an interest I felt, then quite a young hunter, in following to the end and without spoiling any thing by a foolish haste, the least incident of this drama; to see the instinct and cunning of this brave creature, playing a game for its life with that hunter whose brilliant reputation I had heard so often boasted without yet having had an opportunity to appreciate it. Neutral on the ground of this contest, I ought to respect the plan of defense which I had accidentally witnessed, otherwise my part would have been that of a denouncing spy, and I felt it nobler and worthier to sustain that of judge. The dog, however, still at the bottom of the fossé, opened still more decidedly, and this time his companion, who till then had only snuffed about, began to embellish the concert with some pretty full notes.

The prince again dismounted, hitched his horse to a stake, and jumping into the water, began attentively to search for traces. He had not taken ten steps before a shout of joy proved to us that his quest was not in vain; the two griffons, now united, seemed to say the same thing. At the issue from the fossé, however, all again became uncertain. Master and dogs hesitated, all three more embarrassed than ever. In vain the dogs smelled and coasted along the two banks; nothing to the left—nothing to the right—nothing either before or behind, the thread was broken, and the path miraculously found, lost still more miraculously.

During these few seconds, while the game was drawing to a crisis, I looked toward the party that had so deep a stake in it—a single glance as quick as if I feared my eye might betray him. He was impassible; more moved myself, great drops of sweat beaded my brow. Suddenly the old Nimrod, whose persevering eye took in every object, had one of those inspirations which in the chase denote a consummate hunter, on a battle-field often decide the fate of the day.

With a firm, sure step, he marched toward the pile of logs, and climbed up on it. On coming out of this muddy ditch the deer had his feet covered with dirt and slime as well as the hunter and

the dogs. Now some greenish traces, mixed with bits of fresh mud, hung here and there to the logs on which the stag had leaped; and by this simple index, seen from some distance, and quite insignificant to a less practiced eye, behold the most difficult fault suddenly redeemed. Once well convinced of so important a fact, the rest was soon guessed; he understood that after following this long pile of wood from end to end, the deer had hid himself among those reeds on the other side the water, where some fresh-broken rushes betrayed his late passage; and I had not got down from my tree to approach the theatre where the final act was about to take place, before all the dogs, called back by the voice of the two griffons, those keys of the pack, boldly swam toward the full head stag, who stiff from his fatal rest, tried in vain to get ashore and run for it, and was drowned without a fight, after having kept the pack at fault nearly an hour and two hours' chase before.

I know of no finer sight than a ten prong stag, in all the plenitude of his vigor, carrying after him, through the heath, ditches, and every obstacle, the furious hurricane of the pack, bellowing, bounding, panting, cheered with the echo of its own clamor, and sweeping you along in its mad course. Nothing so pretty, so majestic, so elegant as the noble animal that rises with confidence, its chest in advance, its head gracefully inclined backward—who can stop him in his rapid flight, the beast with hamstrings of steel, that grazes the tops of the bushes like the flying swallow?

What can stop him? His anxiety, alas! that hurly-burly of instruments, the sight of all that crowd, and the echoes of the mountain, that bear to him every half hour the howls of new enemies; for fresh relays of dogs have been disposed on his route from distance to distance, and his mind is troubled as the blood-thirsty voices of the pack double and approach him. Ah! if the idea would occur to him to borrow the wolf's tactics, to run straight ahead—right straight, and still straight on across fields and rivers. . . . How soon he would leave behind him, unacquainted with the country, dispersed and lost, the mass of the hostile squadrons.

Thus did a stag of the forest of Chantilly, who drew a bee line for the forest of Ardennes at the first voice of the dogs, never

stopping till thirty-five leagues from the start: he was taken by the Prince of Condé, but only the Prince of Condé could have taken him.

Alas! all have not the energetic perseverance, the vigorous hamstring of the illustrious Stag of Ardennes. Blown, exhausted; our beast in extremity, head low, back arched, tongue hanging out, slowly travels toward the nearest swamp, in the hope that a long bath will refresh his forces. Vain and frail hope! Hardly has the inhospitable water wetted his body, when his limbs stiffen and cramp. He would gain the clear ground, but his stubborn hamstrings refuse their office; and yet he must fly, for the first division of the implacable pack has taken the water after him, and swims in his trail. Listen to the bugles that sound the water-beat, then the view halloo on foot. Admire for a moment that large dark head with its historical antlers on the smooth water, and round it swarming, with infernal barkings, those hundred heads of dogs. The circle contracts; all those isolated points approach, blend; all those thirsty mouths gain, and still gain. There is silence; the hissing of nostrils succeeds to cries. His hour is come—he must perish. Man has so willed it, and the eyes of the noble animal fill with bitter tears. Then suddenly the lightning of vengeance illumines his thought. No more ignoble tears—war for war—and with a last effort he plants himself upon that tuft of grass, and with his feet and head charging, breaking, goring all that meet his blows, he grows drunk on carnage in his turn, and falls upon a heap of his enemies' corpses. The story of the laborers who bear on their banner the terrible device, *Vivre en travaillant ou mourir en combattant*—We will live by our labor, or die fighting.

## BUCK.

This is of less noble extraction, and less stature than the stag. The body is more compact, the venison juicier, and it is less swift. Of the three species of fallow deer, the buck was most difficult to save: only its memory remains on the list of the beasts of France. There are still a few in the forests of Compeigne and Rambouillet, and in some private parks. English dogs force them in an hour. Their chase is far from offering the same emotions and the same

intrigues as that of the stag. The buck will not run far from his own district, and his tricks are easily found out; they are limited to giving changes, and to taking the water as often as possible. There is a hunting proverb: The stitch for the boar, the shroud for the deer: to express that the antlers of the ten prong make wounds more mortal than the tusks of the old boar; but the buck has very seldom illustrated its death by the energy of its despair. History says little of the power of its arms. The buck is a laborer of too easy stuff, and who does not revolt enough against the barbarity of his persecutors; it must be Irish or Saxon blood that flows in his veins.

I do not pardon him for yielding his juicy venison thus without a struggle to all the parasite agents of property and of administration (running dogs). The cowardice of the victims is the best justification of the executioners.

### THE ROEBUCK.

The prettiest, the most rapid and most delicate of all our runners.

The roebuck is swifter than the stag, finer venison than the buck, as cunning as the hare. It possesses one virtue more than all these animals—coolness in danger.

It has the mild look of the gazelle, the elegance of its stature and its lightness—it has only needed as sweet a name, to be sung like the gazelle by the poets.

The roebuck is the emblem of the purest family affections; he loves his companion, and defends with energy his conjugal happiness, but his flesh does not inflame with these amorous struggles, like that of the buck and the stag. Never has love taken with him as with the goat, the odor of sensuality and uncleanness.

Afterward, the devotion he feels for his family does not render him selfish toward the rest of his race. No beast of our forests understands better than the roebuck, the principle of charity and solidarity.

Persecuted by the dogs, he needs never, like the stag or the buck, to employ violence to make the change start. The change

comes to offer itself, to assist in the safety of the beast pursued; and it is a wonder to see how all these charming runners understand each other, to create embarrassments for the pack. Imitate with a call, the fawn's cry of distress, and all the roes will run to its assistance. Assassins without bowels of mercy odiously exploit this instinct of maternal charity.

Wo, alas! to him who listens to the voice of charity in the accursed societies!

Every beast that marries and takes charge of a family is forced, by this very fact, to work perpetually, to enlarge the sphere of its conservative instincts. The old roebuck, on whom the responsibility of a family weighs, brings still more science and combination into his plans than the stag and the buck. Thus the roebuck is rarely coursed, and the hunter is in the habit of recurring to the aid of his gun. The roebuck is, after the wolf, hardest of all the beasts of our forests to be run down, and it is not only the strength of his hamstring that so often preserves him from the fate of the stag and the hare, it is rather the coolness that he displays in the struggle, and the wise distribution with which he employs his resources. The stag, like the hare, in flying the pack which besets him, and whose clamor frightens him, will sometimes expend, in quarter of an hour's haste, a considerable sum of force which better divided, would have allowed him to hold on an hour or two longer. And for not having spared his lungs, for having been in too great a hurry to leave the danger behind him, the fugitive is soon obliged to stop short, for his wind gives out before his legs. Now during this rest, the pack regains the ground it had lost; then the stag vainly asks again from his hamstrings their first elasticity.

It is almost always getting blown, that ruins the stag and hare, and many would escape their death did not fear so often make them rash and desperate. The roebuck is not troubled by danger, he sports before the dogs, and willingly browzes ten steps from the basset that chases him. He stops very often, taking good care to screen himself by the trunk of a large tree, or a tuft of bushes.

He listens with all his ears before leaping the path or the road

where he supposes the marksmen ambushed; crosses the perilous passage at a leap, or returns upon the dogs, as in battues he turns upon those who beat the bushes, and whose noise argues them unarmed with guns.

When the decisive moment comes, he no longer hesitates, takes an enormous advance on the dogs, runs a league in a few minutes, and profits by the time that elapses before the pack can come up with him, to execute a stratagem long devised.

It is some high-road or stream where he will go up and down again, and whence he will escape by prodigious side leaps. If he has much time before him, he will multiply the trick and complicate it by infinite changes. Very skillful will be the whipper-in and the dogs who unravel all these manœuvres. I have seen the roebuck forced, after hunting four or five hours, in forests where deer was rare, but in those where it abounds and where change is easy, the course of this animal presents, I repeat, almost as many difficulties as that of the old wolf.

Unfortunately, that very coolness which the roebuck affects in presence of danger, and which saves him in the course, is mortal to him in hunting with the gun. As he sports before the dogs, nothing is easier than to kill him as he runs, to fire on him under the woods in following the chase. A mere crooklegged basset or turnspit, with the assistance of a good marksman, will alone bring down more roebucks in a fortnight than a pack of a hundred swift dogs in a whole season.

The Roebuck and Stag are not in perfect odor of sanctity with the liberals, and I know that fierce lovers of liberty have often accused these noble species as well as the turtle dove, of absolutist tendencies.

The accusation is false. The stag, the roebuck, and all choice creatures, aspire like woman only to a single ideal, to the reign of harmony, to the reign of free and pure affections. If hitherto and among the limbic societies, the stag and roebuck have seemed to prefer one to another, barbarism to civilization, for instance; if pure autocracy suits them better than the government of the grocer, it is because of many evils they have chosen the least.

The lot of the royal game being incomparably milder under the

rule of absolute monarchy than under that of the citizen monarchy, it is quite natural that it should prefer the first political form to the second. If it be true on the other side that the representative system be a system of corruption, venality, and falsehood, where money makes the law, it is still very rational that the beasts of high character, which symbolize the just man persecuted, should experience but a moderate sympathy for this impure system under which permissions to cut down forests are bought for a cask of wine, or sold for an electoral vote.

And because the French people have hitherto confounded the charlatanry of liberalism with liberty, and because M. Guizot, the *English* historian, has made it believe that the advent of the shopkeeper to power was the last word of political progress, the French people have come to consider the roebuck and stag, who hate the bourgeoisie, as the enemies of liberty.

I hope to see all the intelligent men of my country yet do justice to the sagacity of the stag and the roebuck; whom their rectitude of mind has preserved from the snares and trickeries of pretended liberalism; and partake with them their profound antipathy for shopkeeping governments and destruction of forests.

## THE WILD BOAR.

One of man's most useful conquests has been that of the Boar. The tame animal known as hog, swine, or porker is one of the chief sources of the wealth of nations, and one of the most precious elements of culinary industry.

The breeding and exportation of hogs have, from time immemorial, contributed to the commercial prosperity of the Gauls. That quarrel of the Eduans (Burgundians) and Sequanians (men of Franche Comptois) which so powerfully favored the invasion of Julius Cæsar, originated in a right of toll on these animals.

Bayonne, to which the human race owes the invention, not of the bayonet, but of the whale fishery—Bayonne, the adventurous, has sold hams to the old Carthaginians and Phœnicians. Certain vicious habits, such as that of eating young children and of devouring its own little ones, have been imputed to this species, but

these infrequent faults should not render us ungrateful, nor cause us to forget its numerous merits.

It is even this voracity, which sometimes draws the hog into excesses to be regretted, which constitutes the most precious of all his qualities.

Let us first observe that all which is asserted of the hog applies to the wild boar, and *vice versa*, since they are one and the same race. Some families of it have connected themselves with man, others have preferred, to the luxuries of servitude, noble independence and the poverty of forests.

The individuals of the two camps have never ceased to live on the best understanding with each other, and relations of good neighborhood never fail to be established wherever the locality and habits of feeding allow it. I have seen an enormous wild boar, enticed by too lively an affection for his species, killed in an open farm yard. I slew one with my gun, in Africa, in the main street of my town, where the same reason had brought him. His morals and appetites are the same, wild or tame. Domestication has only modified the color of his hair, and the power of his offensive arms.

It is quite as easy to civilize the wild boar as to restore the hog to savage life; perhaps more so, for I know in the forests of Lorraine, certain races of hogs, called tame, which rush upon hunters, or upon travelers accompanied by dogs, with an energy and ferocity which I have never seen in the habits of the wild boar. The latter only attacks when pushed to extremity. He makes reprisals, and for the guilt of murder, he has always the excuse of legitimate defense; while the former, pretending to be tame, which charges without provocation, can in no case invoke the benefit of extenuating circumstances.

The hog is the emblem of the miser; there is his great misfortune. The miser is a being who only begins to be useful after his death, but who is particularly repulsive and odious to us all during his life. Thus of the hog.

The voracity of the hog is insatiable as the cupidity of the miser. He does not fear to wallow in the mire. He fattens on the filthiest substances. Every thing goes into his belly. The same

with the miser, who is not ashamed of wallowing in baseness and in usury to increase his treasure, and who finds no speculation infamous when there is profit to be made by it.

The Emperor Vespasian said, in relation to the tax that went by his name, that money had no smell. The same answer is attributed to Henry IV. in analogous circumstances.

The gluttony of the hog, and the violence of his other carnal appetites, tell the nature of those enjoyments that belong to the temperament of the miser. The sow devours her little ones; it is the greedy mother who sells the charms of her daughter, who sells her before the notary to an old man, and thus fattens on her flesh. Avarice has also, however, its good side. Avarice is the immoderate love of conservation, as prodigality is the disorderly love of expense. Humanity has an immense interest that none of the elements of its riches should disappear before having furnished the full sum of the services or enjoyments that it contained.

Now there are about the dwellings of humanity great quantities of broken glass bottles, rusty nails, and candle ends, which would be completely lost to society if some careful and intelligent hand did not charge itself with the collection of all these valueless relics, to reconstruct out of them a mass susceptible of being worked over and restored to consumption. This important office evidently enters into the attributes of the miser. The miser gladly stoops to pick up the button or the pin which the rest of humanity treads under foot. We have here no longer the usurer or vampire that sucks the heart's blood of a poor family of artisans, that enriches himself by their ruin. It is no longer the infamous stockjobber who fabricates news of the exchange, and bets on a certainty; here the character and the mission of the miser perceptibly rise—the grip-cent becomes the scavenger.

Now what industry is more honorable than that of the scavenger! of the scavenger who collects remnants, analyzes filth, and protects the social wealth against the carelessness of servants, and the wastefulness of slovenly housekeeping. As the scavenger utilizes for society the dirt-piles of cities, reviving dead paper, and converting the fragments of glass into splendid lustres, of which he makes little use on his own account; thus the hog utilizes the

filth of forests, fields, and farm-yards, and converts the refuse of the kitchen, the garden, and the dairy, into succulent meat. The hog is the great scavenger of nature; he fattens at nobody's expense.

For this end God has made him omnivorous, and endowed him with that voracity so much censured. Without this voracity the animal would not have been apt to content himself with what all others refuse, and to make fat out of all. Had he been delicate of his nourishment, like the horse, it is evident that he could not have fulfilled his mission as a scavenger. And what proves very clearly that the poor beast accomplishes a function of devotion on this earth when it rummages the filth and plows up the soil, is that it is eminently sensible in person to the charms of the tepid bath and of cleanness. It is well known that of all domestic animals, the hog is the only one that fears to soil with its dung the litter where it sleeps. The horse and the dog which have such pretty manners, are not up to this delicacy.

The miser dreads death which must separate him from his treasures, sole objects of his affections. As he has practiced usury and pillaged his neighbor all his life without ever obliging him, he is in no hurry to render unto God an account of his works here below; the hog also sees the approach of death with terror, and abjures his fate with horrible grunts. The anger of the wild boar at bay is rage in its highest paroxysm.

Xenophon and Pollux have written that at such moments, the teeth of the boar grew so hot that the hide of the dogs was scorched where they had struck.

I have already observed that the Greek historians always embroidered their stories very pleasantly. I have in the course of my life seen many enraged wild boars in France and in Africa, but I confess that I have never succeeded in lighting my cigar at their tusks.

As the death of the miser, who has never done good to any one, fulfills the most ardent hopes of his family, thus the day when the hog is killed is the feast day for the proprietors, his neighbors and friends.

It is the time when the flesh of the victim is to indemnify the

feeder for all the expenses that the breeding of the beast has cost. Then let every one rejoice and take his part in the curing; for there will be enough for all, the succession is rich. See those garlands of sausages, that never end, like the yellow boys of the dead miser, that ask to take the air.

The analogy of the miser and the hog is a popular tradition, but it is very curious that the legislators of the Jews and the Arabs, the nations reputed most avaricious, should have been those first to proclaim the filthiness of the hog.

The Jewish and Arabian nations are peculiarly subject to the leprosy, as is proved by the important place that the history of this malady holds in their chronicles.

The hog is the animal most subject to cutaneous diseases. The leprosy of the hog is called *ladrerie*, French synonyme of avarice. The spoiled meat of the hog may occasion very grave accidents. Even in Paris families are frequently poisoned by eating sausage-meat of a bad quality. M. Gisquet relates, in his Memoirs, that the first razzee made by his agents among the pork dealers of the capital, produced a seizure of twenty thousand pounds of putrefied meat. They were horrible hams, sausages and Italian cheese. The matters seized were transported to Montfauçon and precipitated into the impure lakes of this modern Cocytus. During the night the whole cargo was fished up and restored to consumption.

To oppose efficient obstacles to this retail of poisons, the Prefect ordered that in future the meats seized should be hashed up and intimately mixed with the filth at the bottom of the ponds of Montfauçon.

Now the dangerous qualities of the hog's flesh were no secret to the Arab legislators, who were all something of physicians.

Hence the interdictions of their codes. The Jew and Arab were particularly subject to skin diseases, either from their habitually dirty habits, or on account of the scarcity of waters in their dry country. Moses and Mahommet would more rigorously than all others set their seal to the prohibition.

Some too learned historians however, have asssigned to this religious prohibition a more curious origin. They have attributed the repugnance of the Eastern nations for pork to three principal causes:

1. To the similitude of the interior dispositions of the body of this animal with that of the human body—a likeness recognized by Galen.

2. The complete identity of taste between the flesh of the hog and that of man, proved, as Conrad Gessner reports, by numerous experiments. See history of the pies of human flesh made by a barber of Tournus.

3. Finally, to that singular propensity evinced by demons chased from the body of man to choose their domicile in the belly of hogs, a propensity often mentioned in the sacred writings, which ought to reveal an ancient tradition.

In the gospel according to St. Matthew, the devils themselves, eager to leave the body of the possessed, asked of Christ the liberty to enter a drove of swine that was passing that way. It is there, I think also mentioned, that the inhabitants of a town, the Gadarenes, besought Christ to retire from their territory on account of the mischief to their herds of swine.

Here a historical question presents itself that has puzzled me all my life, and that I beg leave to address to those members of the academy who are strongest on inscriptions and belles-lettres, at the risk of plunging them into a painful perplexity.

Since the hog is only good after his death, and only fit to be eaten, how could a people that eat no pork and regarded this animal as unclean, have given itself up to the education of this species?

I have always thought there must be some confusion in these texts. The hogs of which the Scripture speaks were wild boars, and what gives an immense weight to my opinion, is that we may still see in Arabia, in Judea, in Egypt, and in Algiers, in all countries in short, where the Mussulman and the Israelite are met with, numberless herds of wild boars that are not ferocious, and that multiply with the more ease as the natives have not made war on them.

However it may be with these different methods of investigating the subject—it is a fact that the hog enjoys a poor reputation in the religious opinion of nations. The Lutheran preachers among others have abused the comparison of *fattening hogs*, in favor of the ministers of the Catholic worship. The hog is however a pre-

cious gift of the European navigators to the savage peoples. He is one of the most powerful elements of civilization and of progress. The hog, which lives on every thing, and whose fecundity is prodigious, accommodates himself to all climates except those of the frigid zone, where the earth hardened by cold, does not permit him to exercise his industry of a plowman. Except there, it is now met with by numerous masses over the whole surface of continents and of islands.

It is an innocent animal, that makes war only on reptiles, field mice, and moles, and generally those parasitical species hostile to man. The wild hogs of America daily destroy an enormous quantity of moccasins and rattlesnakes.

The hog has been gifted by nature with a prodigious subtlety of smell. He used to discover the truffle hidden in the earth, and to show it to man, before the dog carried off from him this speciality.

Asiatic India, the great isles of Sunda, and Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Matifoux, are full of wild boars. Our regency of Algiers was still very rich some years since in these products. The wild boar of the European forests is the largest in the world, and most powerful in his weapons. Some of them weigh five hundred pounds.

Their venison is also most delicate. The acorn, beloved of the hog, and which he gathers abundantly in our forests in autumn, is the nourishment, *par excellence*, of the species. The acorn acts vigorously on the hog, both morally and physically.

The acorn fed wild boar is not very amiable in his humor. The death fights are more dramatic in October and November than at any other seasons of the year. Remark that the acorn is the fruit which symbolizes avarice, like the hog.

The sows rut in December and bring forth toward the end of March. The litter is proportioned to the age of the animal; the young mothers are content to raise three or four pigs, the old ones half a score.

The young wild boar preserves the name of pig as long as he wears the *livery*, about five or six months. After his fourth year he is called a solitaire. With age his tusks curve and lose their cutting edge. These tusks are four in number. The two most

dangerous are those of the lower jaw; the upper tusks seem to have no other function than to sharpen these. I have never met sows armed with powerful tusks.

The chase of the wild boar requires little knowledge on the part of the hunter, little skill or fineness of smell on that of the pack. It is a beast of warm and gross track, like the fox. The wild boar—a good traveler—takes a decided part when he has gained a considerable advance on the dogs. It is rare in this case that he loses it. This chase ought to belong exclusively to the morning. The ancients killed the wild boar with the spear. This method is generally abandoned for the double-barrelled gun, but is still retained by a few noble hunters, faithful to the traditions of their art. I know more than one who willingly unsheaths, to come to the assistance of his dogs in a dramatic death-fight, and to attack the wild boar with the knife.

One of my most interesting and recent recollections dates October 26, 1845. The scene took place in our forest of Bearfield.

He liked to loaf there, as do all who have visited it—men or beasts, Parisians, roebucks, or pheasants—he prolonged his stay there as long as his means of subsistence held out. For brutality, character, magnitude, the length and sharpness of his tusks, he was the living image of that wild boar of Calydon, so often mentioned in the history of the illustrious personages of antiquity. His physical advantages, heightened by the lustre of some acts of his private life where he had proved the mischief of his nature, had finally won for him a cut-throat reputation, which had not a little contributed to banish from his dwelling a crowd of importunate visitors. The masters of hunting packs in the country would have gladly attacked him had they got any definite knowledge of his whereabouts. It would have been for some of them a new occasion of showing their coolness of temper and courage, as well as their skill with the hunting knife. An adversary of four hundred pounds weight does not every day offer you game. But how to make the *piqueurs* or *valets de chiens*, with any love for their packs, decide on making the acquaintance of so terrible a beast. They kept dark for two years, waiting until age should have bent his tusks and dulled their edge, that is to say, that during two

years the affection for their dogs carried it in their hearts over the love of glory, and the thirst of combats. This forbearance, however, must have its limit; chance has it.

On the 25th of October, 1846, the huntsman of the Marquis de l'Aigle discovered the passage of a sow with her pigs in the forest of Bearfield, and received orders to turn her out. But the sow and all her pigs had decamped from the forest the night before. The next day, at nine in the morning, we met, the huntsman and myself, in a green avenue. "Well," I asked him, "have you had good luck?" "Bad, bad." "The sow?" "Gone." "No wolves?" "No more than under my hand." "No hunt, then?" "None." Hold, hold, thought I, commenting upon this lugubrious physiognomy and accent of despair, what if by chance it should turn out a solitaire. Precisely—here he comes from Petit Chapitre, and crosses the plain to enter the Leblond woods; it is he, the solitaire had one toe longer than the other, and there could be no mistake about his identity. As I spoke my eyes were fixed upon a fresh track of last night, as big as that of a heifer, and each of my hands sought, mechanically, its respective pocket, to assure myself well that I had not left my balls at home. Old Louis now discerned the traces of this monster encamped in the Leblond woods. "Will that fellow show us any thing of a chase?" said I to Louis, as the dogs were uncoupled. Insidious question! I knew well that a beast of that size does not allow himself to be chased. "Damn it, yes," replied Louis—"perhaps a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes." "You surprise me, . . . . and you are not on horseback?" "Perfectly useless for our hunt to-day."

The brave fellow was at this moment handling the pieces of a hunting apparatus, that seemed to bear some analogy of form and destination with a surgeon's case, and seemed too much absorbed with his curved needles to reply to me at length.

The forty-five dogs of the pack—English dogs—are set on at once. The beast leaves cover without waiting to be urged, contrary to the habits of the species. It crosses the Viguereux meadow with a train of forty-five English dogs. It is the hurricane, black, threatening, terrible, but mute.

Of course dogs cannot be too fast in a country where the fog leaves but two clear hours out of the twenty-four in the hunting season.

The English dog is conscious of his mission and his duty; he does not bark, because he has learned precisely how much ground this noise may cause him to lose. These dogs cannot be followed on foot, as I know by many experiences.

By this digression upon England I seek to gain time, no longer hearing the hunt. The air is calm, however, and it is scarcely five minutes since they were in sight.

The echoes of the forest should bring us some noise, for we are hardly a mile from the field of battle. Do you hear down below there that fox barking in the forest toward the castle of Bearfield? On my soul, it is the great voice of the furious pack. Hear the bugles; the solitaire turns at bay so soon, it is a bad sign.

The red-coats throng toward the presumed place of the combat. But the moment is not yet come. Patience! the beast has not considered his first position sufficiently impregnable; after a moment's hesitation, he concludes he can do better. He departs as rapid as the wind.

The wild boar is not a quadruped that runs—it is a black ball that rolls like a bomb-shell. To the gorge, hunters and whippers-in—it is there that the great blows will fall.

The Gorge, as its name indicates, is a frightful spot, which no paths pierce, but closed in by a formidable wall of holm and black thorn—a pleasant preamble to a briar-patch of over two hundred acres. I know no animals of our climates, except the wild boar and the beech marten, that can penetrate these places. Even the fox never thinks of seeking refuge in them except in his extreme peril.

The chase was in the thick of it in less time than I have taken to define this name. The solitaire has already brushed ten precincts; the long wall, the felled woods of Bearfield and Sempigny, the white cuts, the grove of Parvillet and St. Eloi; I could hardly distinguish the beast from the pack across the road amid the dust, that he raised like a hurricane in his track. He stops at last: a run like that is enough . . . My watch stands at thirty-five minutes past one.

In entering the gorge, the cunning solitaire has forced his speed in order to fray a passage and to prepare his batteries.

Now for you, English gentlemen; here is the road—enter—it is only a little narrow, consider. Ten dogs dart abreast into the dangerous passage, borne onward by the same ardor; they throw each other down, tear themselves, get entangled. Wait; here is some one that will put a stop to this disorder and clear the pass.

From the post that he has chosen, and where he firmly expects his cloud of enemies, his eyes red with blood, his mouth foaming, the solitaire falls like a thunder-clap into the midst of his surprised assailants. He rips their bellies open, mutilates, cuts all that come within his reach; the way is cleared; the two first dogs the monster has met lie on the ground scarcely writhing in their last convulsions amid the thick bed of thorns where the boar's tusks have sent them.

Their chests are opened from the sternum to the shoulder. Three or four other champions withdraw from the battle-field, uttering frightful howls that echo painfully in my soul.

Their bowels issue from their bodies by large gashes; they call Louis to their aid. Louis will come too late.

Happy the dog that has turned in time to receive the tusk in the least damageable part of his person.

It is thirty-seven minues past one . . . . Two dogs are extended dead—ten or twelve unfit for fighting. The hunters hasten up; the groans of the victims tell where the drama lies; the horsemen dismount and prepare to penetrate the thicket with gun and knife in hand. It must be mentioned, that when the wild boar is backed against the trunk of a tree, and engaged in a serious discussion with the dogs, the sight of the hunter raises his anger to fury. It is usual enough with him in this case to leave his first adversaries and turn all his rage against the new comer. It is the moment that hunters that are somewhat of artists choose to lay out the animal.

As he bursts straight upon you, nothing is easier than to lodge a ball between his eyes, especially with a little coolness and a gun that never misses fire. But if it is an easy matter elsewhere, it is very different at the Gorge. The briars of this chosen spot do not

permit the boldest hunter to try the adventure. We must decide, however, for the moments are dear—every minute counts its victim.

From the thicket is heard a formidable charivari, howls of pain, low snarls of vengeance, frantic barkings, growls of rage punctuated by strokes of those redoubtable castanets, the jaw-bones. The jays and pies, birds eminently fond of tattling and gossiping, already embroider the catastrophe with their discordant commentaries. The English hound fights well and long; the sight of blood, far from intimidating him, only inflames his wrath; the theatre of the combat begins to enlarge. The earth and neighboring bushes are crimsoned. It is thirty-eight minutes past one.

Is it the wild boar that is hunted or that hunts? No one knows. The barks of the surviving combatants indicate that the scene of the combat is changing. Yes—truly there is the solitaire charging on the pack and forcing them to retreat.

Bravos for the solitaire! But the Tarpeian Rock, alas! stands near the capitol. In the ardor of his attack the imprudent animal has approached too near the border of his barricades. He has passed within shot of a hunter sworn to have the life of him, and who has dared to enter the thicket on all-fours to get at him. The beast falls—it is forty minutes past one—five dogs are ripped open, twelve grievously wounded, twelve slightly; four minutes longer, and the entire pack would have been used up.

This solitaire weighed four hundred and forty pounds; he was sent to Paris to serve as an ornament for some museum. An Arab would have given much to have had his tusks to deck the breast-piece of his courser.

Old Louis is not yet consoled for the loss of Floribaut and Perçante . . . the best leaders of a pack he has ever had in his life, he says.

(The dog that one has just lost is always the best and most beloved). I shared sincerely in his grief.

"What a difference in the character of the bears of old times and the wild boars of this!" said I to myself on the evening of this memorable day.

I resume in few words the principles of the wild boar hunt.

The hunter owes respect to the sow, the pig, the red beast, even to the beast of company, unless its destruction be necessary.

To the *third year*, light beast and of good speed, and powerfully armed; belong of right all the honors of the chase, hounds, relays, and flourish of bugles; to the *fourth year*, heavy beast, of murderous humor, the ball and the knife.

But a melancholy thought oppresses me that I can contain no longer in my breast, and here demand permission to exhale.

The forests of France, already bereft of the elk, the urus, the bear, the fallow deer, and the stag, are now threatened with the loss of the last flower of their crown (style noble). The separation of properties is reducing the wild boar to the state of myth.

I was present in 1835 and 1836, at the extermination of their race in those magnificent provinces of the Mâconnais, so judiciously chosen by the Marquis Foudras as the scene of those cynegetic exploits which he relates so well.

The hunters respected neither age nor sex; they put to death more than one hundred and fifty in a radius of three or four leagues in two campaigns; they hunted every day, and the few that survived the butchery cleared the country. Now that they have dissipated their wealth—that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, they seek to repopulate; they raise wild boars in their barn yards. When a sow is big they transfer her to a country house, where they surround her with every comfort; then when she has pigged, the bottom of her pen is pierced with little holes for the pigs to pass in and out—wander into the adjacent woods, go, return, get themselves eaten by the wolf, etc., as their fancy leads them.

In this manner it is pretty certain that the litter will remain in the neighborhood provided it is not disturbed.

It remains for the law to interdict the chase and sale of the wild boar after the hunting season.

The wild boar and his family have another enemy in our forests beside man, in the wolf. The wolf loves to prowl around the environs of the cover where the sow shelters her brood, and then wo to the imprudent pig that strays off! Her lair is a cabin artistical-

ly covered with boughs of trees, and garnished within with a soft carpet of dried grasses.

These sows are excellent mothers, attentive, fond, and bold. I have seen in my childhood acts of devotion in some of them that might figure admirably in the treatise of "Morality in Action." To avert the dangers with which the importunity of the wolf threatens her family, the sows of Ardennes and of Meuse have the custom of establishing around their sty a *cordon sanitaire,* or organized protective union of beasts in a company.

Some of these sentinels weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, and are armed in a fashion to make their countersign respected.

The individuals of this race are usually strongly disposed to the spirit of association. They lend each other effectual aid in emergencies. I had counted in Algiers on the hosts of these populous deserts to indemnify us for the disappearance of the French wild boar. Vain and fragile hope! They have killed all already.

I have, however, been so happy as to have seen Algiers in its days of splendor, when the scourge of war raged over devastated Mitidja, and when the orders of chiefs retained in our camps our captive garrisons. War among men is rest and happiness among the beasts!

If the game of France is not ungrateful, the memory of Napoleon ought to be dear to it. At the epoch of which I speak, the wild boar of Algiers, delivered from the neighborhood of the indigenous tribes, multiplied luxuriously throughout the level country. Not a copse, somewhat thick with vines or wild lucerne, but concealed some powerful family. The corridors that wild boars pierced in this brushwood, impenetrable to the dog and to man, told us in advance when the place was inhabited. We had, besides, to accompany us in these dangerous hunts, a group of Arab horsemen, a race of men whom nature has treated too favorably, and who combine with the strength and superiority of the Centaur, a canine subtlety of sight and smell. With these sleuth-hounds, and in this blessed land, it would have needed too much good-will on our part to have found the bush empty. What was difficult in Algiers, was not to turn the beast, but to make it leave cover. In regard to the game of this country, I know only the

gazelle and the Carthage hen that start out of range. The other species, haired or feathered, generally wait till you tread on their toes before they will rise. When fire is set to a copse in which some evil beast is suspected, hyena, jackal, or tiger-cat, it is rare that the animal decides to leave before getting his fur singed. I have often seen the wild boar affect the same stoicism.

This remarkable coolness of the African wild boar in imminent presence of fire, has its cause in the agronomic habits of the country. The Arab employs no other method of clearing, than fire. He burns periodically the tall grass, the bushes, and the reeds of the plain in all places that he destines for his next cultures, and the flame, carried on by the wind, never stops but when it meets with nothing more to devour. Naturally the indigenous game has in the end become accustomed to this often-repeated spectacle, and hence this indifference in face of danger and the contempt of fire, which we find sublime in Mucius Scevola.

I pity the poor hunters of France, who have not hunted the wild boar with the chemical match. I would return to Africa only for the pleasure of repeating this enjoyment. I have taken friends to these royal chases, which have nothing against them except being too amusing and not enough dramatic; they have returned enthusiasts. It is less noble, less learned, less meritorious, certainly, from the artistic point of view, than a hunt at Compeigne or at Fontainbleau; but those flames and smoke that the wind sweeps along the ground, and that cut out furnaces as they run in the centre of copses, then suddenly rebound in dazzling sheaves; the hissing of green leaves, the sport of flakes carried off in the air, the detonation of reeds that simulate the running fires of a battalion of infantry, the barkings of dogs animated by their masters' presence, and hearing the brushwood rustle, rustle, before them; finally for the bouquet, the dislodging of the company and the general close discharge of fire-arms—all these constitute an ensemble of sound, motion, rapturous impulse, more wildly poetic than any thing ever seen in our combed and corded forests of France. Add the sudden chances; the issue of the jackal, the tiger-cat, the hyena, the porcupine. But the peace has come and destroyed all this. I have acquired the painful assurance that of

the wild boar and the partridge, only the names and memories remain from the banks of the Massafran to those of the Arratch, the pestilential limits of my marshy ex-government.

There is still in Algiers a charming wild boar hunt, which sometimes recalls to us the bull fights of Seville.

The hunter amuses himself, like the picador, by planting in the neck of the animal a number of small lances, adorned with ribbons. The Arab cavalier, who is the first horseman in the world, displays an admirable skill in this sort of *fantasia*. The Arab hunts and captures every thing on horseback, the gazelle excepted. The Scheiks and noble families had formerly alone the privilege of hunting the wild boar with large yellow greyhounds, which soon ran it down and used it up.

This species of dog is now very rare, and very highly prized in Africa.

Religious prejudice long protected the wild boar of Algiers. Before 1830 the native never hunted it but to provide meat for his dogs. But since the advent of the French kitchen into Africa, and since the wild boar is saleable, things have changed. The Arab has declared a war of extermination on the wild boar. I proclaim before and against all, the wild boar and the porcupine of Algiers to be excellent game. The lion, who should be a connoisseur in such matters, having often enough occasion to choose, seems to share my opinion.

I was once shown the counterscarp of a fort of cactus, solidly bastioned, in which resided, as I was told, one of these hairy kings of the desert.

For motives of discretion which it is useless to confide to the reader, I did not think proper to push my reconnaissance farther, but I saw enough to convince me that the master of the place must entertain a profound affection for wild hog. The precincts were completely strewn with bones belonging to individuals of this species.

In one of our first expeditions in the province of Constantine, a very distinguished officer of the army of Africa had been posted in ambuscade with his company beside a little river adjacent to the camp of Dreaux. It was one of those nights so calm and so

serene, peculiar to southern climates, when the least sounds reach you, when you can read and write with as much ease at midnight as an Englishman at London at midday. Every soldier was listening. Suddenly a rustling of the foliage, quickly followed by the fall of a heavy body in the water, drew the general attention. It was a wild boar of large size, running straight ahead, that had dashed into the stream, hoping thus to save his bacon. A fresh displacement suddenly effected in the high grass, announced that the poor beast was pursued by a terrible animal.

In fact an enormous lion had reached the very spot where they were in ambush, by a few prodigious bounds. Reaching the bank of the river, he perceives his prey, measures his force, darts forward, falls on it, strangles it in his tremendous jaws, then abandons it, and returns upon his steps as though he had been merely avenging some insult.

Our soldiers, witnesses of this drama, would have asked no better amusement than to have intervened in favor of the weaker in this too unequal struggle; but the prudence of their chief forbade it, a volley of fire-arms at this hour of the night, and at this advanced post being almost certain to give the alarm to the Arabs.

It is said also, that the panther finds no fault with a quarter of wild boar when an opportunity to get one cheap presents itself. The wild boar of Algiers, less powerful, though equally well armed with the French boar, has a much milder character; but this mildness does not amount to amiability. The tusks of the African wild boar rip open men and dogs as well as those of the French wild boar.

There is even more danger for the hunter charged on by the animal in Africa, for there, there is no trunk of a tree to shelter you when you are on the defensive; and in this case there remains no other procedure for you than that of M. De Montcrocq, one of our last great hunters, in whom I have remarked the passion of causing himself to be charged on by wild boars at bay in order to secure the pleasure of shooting the animal in the head and lodging a ball between his eyes.

As we had not dogs enough, when we hunted together, to allow some couples to be disemboweled in every chase, as owners of a numerous equipage are accustomed to do, we never hesitated to

serve a dangerous beast with an ounce of lead. The first time I had the honor of hunting with M. De Montcrocq, I saw him shoot at fifty paces a wild boar bounding through a copse of holly, furze, and brushwood. The animal remained upon the spot.

As the piqueur was seeking and could find no wound, "Look at the side of the left eye," cried the murderer from a distance; "it was there I aimed." The ball had entered the eye, so that its hole could not be discerned on the first inspection.

I have hunted the wild boar with gun and with hounds in the snow, in ambush, with the fork, with the lance, with the chemical match . . . But the most diverting of all these hunts is, beyond question, the chase with the fish-hook. A wild boar with fish-hooks? Why not? M. Alexandre Dumas has caught trout with a pruning-bill among the Alps. . . .

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In terminating these articles on the Deer and the Hog, I would call the reader's attention to their position and destinies in the United States.

Here the hog is in the ascendant, and the deer verges on extermination, or, in other words, the spirit of coarse, indiscriminating, greedy, materialistic selfishness which belongs to civilized trading communities, has displaced the spirit of noble and independent truthfulness of character; and as the hog is of all animals that whose instincts are most profaned and forgotten in becoming civilized, so are the delicate, primitive instincts of man's true relations with nature most profaned and forgotten in the society which rears and represents itself by the hog.

It is curious to observe how fidelity to passional analogy overrules the strongest considerations of interest, even where interest is the God and the only God worshiped. For it would have come a great deal cheaper to the civilized ravagers of our country to have preserved the deer in sufficient numbers to serve for meat, to say nothing of the pleasures of the chase, than to have destroyed the deer along with the forests, then cleared and planted the soil to feed hogs as they have done. The hog-feeding business, as well as the sale of "still-slop milk," is intimately connected with the distillation of whiskey, into which the corn-crop of our country is in great part converted.

Now this conversion into whiskey (like some other kinds of unprofitable conversion) adds nothing to the value of the corn; consequently the profits of the business rest on its facilities for poisoning the social body with the flesh of diseased swine or the milk of diseased cows; the confinement

of both, together with the quality of the still-slop food, being incompatible with the health of either, and filling their flesh with foul abscesses or dropsical infiltrations. This is the consummation painfully and laboriously attained by the destruction of immense quantities of fine timber along with its native tenantry, and drawing every year by culture from the soil, crops which are not in any form to be returned to it, but to be turned in the most wasteful manner into two kinds of poison—a solid and a fluid—both equally calculated to deteriorate the organisms which admit them.

We might have venison, a much finer and perfectly wholesome meat, in the greatest abundance; we might have the trouble of cultivating no more land than is needed for our supplies of food and clothing; we might save our valuable timber, the growth of centuries; we might preserve one of the most joyous and invigorating pastimes, and one not too refined for the genius of civilization, in the chase. But in order to do all this we should necessarily advocate the principles of truth and loyalty represented by the deer, instead of those of narrow selfish greed, and immolation of the spiritual to the material principle, represented by the hog. We should, besides, in preserving the deer, deviate from the principle of WASTE, so universal and inherent in the civilized mechanism.

We should not waste our timber, nor our game, nor our labor, nor the resources of our soil. We should not have been able, by the culture of less than a century, to convert Eastern Virginia, for instance, into barrens, nor to operate systematically against that primordial law of the wealth of nations, which requires a *quid pro quo* to the soil for all that is abstracted from it, and which renders true farming a perfect circuit of forces and benefits between the Sun and Earth, and man; so that the refuse of one year becomes the fertilizing stamina of the next.

We see that all the principles, animals, and characters of harmony belong together, and imply each other, and that the same holds, on the contrary, of civilization.

For Harmony, Passional Analogy requires all the forms of truth, delight, economy, and profit; for civilization, all the forms of falsehood, misery, waste, and deterioration.

The entrance into our river towns is commonly announced by a hog-pen and a distillery, speaking emblems of this society; whose nauseating stench and disgusting appearance, connected with their hideous noises, form a perfect analogical picture of the changes which human nature undergoes in becoming civilized, and the horrible depravity of the passions in its false and discordant social relations. How perfectly upside down they are, may be well inferred from the fact that the hog, natural scavenger and emblem of the economist in the superlative degree, is made the central feature of mischievous waste in the spoliation of the soil, and in the vitiation of the human body by diseased pork and whiskey.

Gentlemen hunters and farmers,—you in whom natural instinct still

struggles against the destroying level of civilized customs, make head ere it be all too late for our native glories of the chase; cure your own bacon as your own venison; the woods are wide enough for both hog and deer, and the corn-crop is never scant; but no more swine raised for sale to the distillery-pens. No more false labor of timber felling and corn planting for hogs and whiskey? Let us have good game laws, protecting the beasts in their breeding seasons, and well supported by the spirit which you infuse throughout the country. Where the game is alas! already destroyed, imitate the gentlemen of Europe, who reproduce the wild races in their parks, and join on our national banner the antlers of the Deer to the crest of the Eagle.—Tr.

## THE WOLF.

My conscience has long commanded me to reinstate the wolf in public opinion. It is an arduous, immense, unpopular enterprise! But what great truth, what new truth ever was popular? The unity of God, the equality of men, the existence of the New World, Passional Attraction, have not all these sublime discoveries availed to their authors respectively, hemlock, the gallows, the sarcasms or persecutions of their age? Knowing the fate which the littleness and jealousy of men reserve to those who bring new doctrines, I await without trembling, appealing in advance from the sentence of my epoch to the tribunal of posterity.

The Wolf is the emblem of the Bandit of the lymbic societies (civilization, barbarism); it is the scourge of property. By these titles there is a natural antipathy between him and the dog, the police guard of man and friend of property. Now what is a bandit?

A bandit is often some richly-organized being whom his fellow-citizens have placed under the *ban* of their society for some reason or other, or who has left it himself from hatred of the institutions of this society.

The bandit, the brigand, is the Max of Schiller, the Lara of Byron, the Hernani of Victor Hugo, the Paul Clifford of Bulwer, the Robin Hood of merry England; he is the buccaneer of the Tortoise islands, the Arab of the Atlas, the chief of the Spanish guerrillas, the contrabandist, the poacher. He may be some generous nature to whom the sight of iniquity is revolting—who stifles in the

corrupted air of cities; he is sometimes a dialectician of the natural school, who asks of the oppressors an account of their inhuman laws; or he is a warrior of a conquered race, who protests with armed hand against the brutal right of conquest.

The robber is like the poacher, the hero of popular legends; and the poets, those wonderful advocates of just causes, have through all time sought inspiration from the sources of legends where the protests of right against force are written; and they have loved to embroider with the pearls of their song the history of the national bandit.

I shall sometimes repeat what I have said of other beasts in the course of this defense, but I excuse myself by the example of nature; for I must say what she wills, as I write under her dictation. Since the emblems of evil dominate in the accursed societies, we ought not to be surprised to hear a number of beasts hold a similar language. It is not my fault if the wolf professes the same political opinions as the wild sheep and the zebra.

Remus and Romulus, who founded the Eternal City, were two robber chiefs, reared by a she wolf! . . . and the civilizees still submit to the law of the children of the she-wolf.

The cowardly vulgar, the mass that kneels before success, and only takes account of facts, the odious vulgar have established between the hero of the battle-field and the hero of the high-road, an absurd distinction, which the sage does not admit.

The justice of the crowd, who use false balances, has valued glory in proportion to the blood shed. It salutes with the name conquerors the executioners of nations, who make the largest provision of corpses for the hyenas and vultures; the Alexanders, Napoleons, and Djingis Khans; and it withers with the ignoble names of robber and assassin, the chiefs of hordes who work on a smaller scale.

Now I beg to be informed what difference there is, from the point of view of absolute truth, between the conqueror who carries his fury over the whole surface of the globe, to distribute empires to all the members of his family, and the buccaneer, the contrabandist, the corsair who operate on a small scale, urged by the same motives.

As soon as each has spilt as much blood as possible and realized in his sphere the greatest amount of evil, I hold that each should obtain in esteem of men an equal share of glory, or of infamy. Oh, stupid civilizees, who glorify the man-slayers on a large scale, and slander the man-slayers on a small scale; how well you deserve the contempt in which your despots hold you.

I repeat it, the wolf is the robber, the contrabandist, the Saxon, who will not accept the sovereignty of the Norman, the Arab who wants no French protection. It is an ardent and ambitious species which could not bend like the dog to the iniquitous laws of the man of lymbic societies. The device of the wolf is this: Give me rather dangerous liberty, than safety by submission.

The wolf is the enemy of civilized and barbarous societies, because they are enemies of the law of God. He is the enemy of property, because the present system of property does not recognize for all the members of society the right to life, a right which far anticipates those of legal possession; since the land which furnishes all aliments is an element of human existence equally indispensable with air and water.

The least intelligent economist would cry out in alarm if he were told that government had conceded to some banker the monopoly of the sale of respirable air, or of water; especially if said banker should have forgotten to accord him a small participation in the profits of the affair. Well, I should deplore the poverty of intellect in these same economists, if they did not understand *a priori*, that the embezzlement of the land by certain individuals, and the right to abuse property are quite as dangerous.

In Arabia it is the water and not the soil which is embezzled—which is abandoned to the first occupant, and the government officers of this country only consider as factious writers, those who protest against the monopoly of the waters.

When we shall have the monopoly of the air there will come some journal in the interest of capital which will treat as crazed heads those writers who claim for every member of society a minimum of oxygen, and which will denounce them to the public ministry under pretext of immorality, or of stirring up ill feeling against a class of citizens.

Here then in part are the reasons of that deep enmity which until this day has existed between the wolf and the civilizee. I dare flatter myself that M. Buffon has not so much as grazed them with the corner of his eye, which by no means astonishes me on the part of a learned simplist.

Thus the wolf has sworn to remain rebellious to man while man himself shall remain a rebel to the law of harmony and justice.

He does not protest against the natural superiority of man, nor against his right of legitimate royalty, but only against the abuses which man has made of his authority, and of his rights. He is a revolted subject who will keep terms with power only upon certain conditions, who exacts his charter, and who will proclaim insurrection the most sacred of rights, until justice have been done to his claims.

I have no reasons to disapprove of this conduct. The aversion of the wolf for the civilizee rests on the same motives as that of the onagra, the zebra, and a crowd of other quadrupeds and intelligent bipeds, who seeing the manner in which the civilizees tear each other, and considering the ill treatment which barbarians inflict upon the poor animals auxiliary to man, keep at a distance from him, and regard him as a common enemy.

With your hand on your conscience, have you the right to require that a sensible wolf that has never abandoned its cubs on the public road—a wolf that has never tasted the blood of its fellow wolf—should confess the superiority of a human society, where there are mothers who kill their children, and children who kill their mothers; and where the first men of the state are those who have caused the greatest number of men to be slain. If we would have the beasts come to us, we must begin by giving them the example of justice, and by displaying under their eyes the contagious spectacle of our happiness. We must reform our social sphere, whose scent and aspect raise disgust in all generous hearts.

We must do for the wolf of the woods, for the beaver of the lakes, for the zebra of the deserts, what we have done for the turtle doves of the Tuilleries; in a word, we must fascinate their imagination and their senses by the permanent spectacle of our sympathy and happiness.

But the proud civilizee, wallowing in his ignominy, similar in this to all the established powers, has found it easier to calumniate the wolves, the demanders of reforms, than to correct himself.

He has thrown the schism of the wolf upon the bad passions of this animal, on his vicious instincts which he has declared incorrigible: he has moved against it all the ignorant scribes, all the fable tellers, all the children's nurses; he has created for its destruction a special institution, and race of wolf-dogs, and concluded by the cowardice of placing a price on the head of the *factious.*

The Athenian legislators paid a talent for the ears of the wolf-cub, and two talents for that of the adult wolf. Those of Albion pardoned the sorcerer capital punishment on condition that he should employ all the resources of his art to destroy the wolves. So that, after a constitutional king of France, I know no creature in the world more odiously persecuted and calumniated than the wolf.

The contractors of railroads, the embezzlers of the national loans, the stag wolves of the Exchange have reproached his voracity; the inventors of destructive engines, his sanguinary humor; the lawyers, his fraud; the *people,* his attacks of *madness.* The moralist has drawn from the name of the wolf the word *lupanar,* to raise against the wolf the contempt of honest men and of delicate hearts. But before pronouncing the anathema against the unfortunate quadruped, has man occupied himself in the least with the analysis of his qualities and of his vices? Has he weaned it from the tenderest age, to prevent it from sucking bad principles with its mother's milk? Has he placed it, in short, in a suitable sphere, where its natural aptitudes might have developed themselves toward good? Oh! not at all; the idler and unskillful moralist does not admit this method of scientific investigation. His ignorance is better accommodated by the theory of native perversity, which dispenses him, the moralist, from inventing a system of education susceptible of favoring the development of the honorable aptitudes of every individual and of every species?

And how could these sycophant moralists have done for the wolf what they had not done for man?

Do not civilized legislators every day write that man is born

wicked and that society could not hold together without the executioner? Are not the police and the gallows the speaking attributes of the present society?

How I like that account of the European traveler, who, landing on an unknown shore and perceiving a gallows, falls on his knees to thank heaven for having conducted him to a *civilized* country! Go, then, blind civilizees, pretending ministers . . . Border your capitals with a girdle of bastiles; call thither armies to keep ward; double, triple the body of your police; enlarge your prisons, compress, repress . . . Whatever you do to dam up the torrent of evil, all your efforts will not restrain its fury, for its source is in misery and in repugnant labor, and the torrent whose waters rise and rise incessantly, will not stop till its source be dried up.

Listen, you palaverers who thunder so eloquently at the tribune against bad passions; the origin of social troubles is not where you would say. The troubles of the society have their cause in the oppression of labor by parasite capital and in repugnant labor. Yes, Monsieur Guizot, the puritan—yes, in repugnant labor, despite all that is written in your history of civilization, where you have dared to affirm that the constitutional system, that is to say, the advent of the grocers to power, was the last word of the human mind in matters of constitutional government. How I enjoy in anticipation the laugh you will have with us over these crude opinions the first time we meet in the aromal life some fifty years hence.

The wolf of the fable, seduced by the flattering account of the dog, is on the point of tendering his services to man when he perceives on the worn neck of the domestic animal the mark of the collar.

"You do not, then, run where you please?"

"Not always; but what matters it?"

"It matters so much that I will have none of all your dinners, and would not take a treasure at this price . . . . . ."

So saying, Master Wolf runs, and runs still. Why so? Because the subjection of the laborer disgusts generous natures with labor. The wolf does not refuse work from love of the FAR NIENTE; he is the most active and indefatigable of all quadrupeds; he refuses work from hatred of the injustice which presides over

the re-partition of the products of labor. A compiler of newspapers, sold to the interests of capital, may find it very legitimate that a speculator should gain two millions in a few hours by stock-jobbing on shares of railroad stock, while the unfortunate proletary of the fields, who sustains the heat and burden of the day, exhausts his health and his strength without being able to gain the miserable pittance of black bread that his family looks for.

But the wolf, which has never been bribed to defend slavery or stockjobbers—the wolf has always refused these base concessions.

A magistrate publicly reproached the assassin of Nangis with the baseness of his conduct. "What would you have?" replied the guilty man; "hunger drives the wolf from the woods."

"The wolf can work," replied the public accuser, with more eloquence than truth.

"No sir, the wolf cannot work to turn a nailmaker's wheel, like a poodle dog. This destiny is not in his attractions; and if you attempt to falsify this savage nature, it will revolt, will turn and bite you.*

"But make labor attractive to him, that is to say, accordant with his aptitudes, and he will kill no longer."

What urges the wolf from the woods? It is hunger. What burns his blood, what gnaws his bones, what drives him mad? Hunger, still hunger. The dogs of happier zones, where the earth furnishes for all mouths, know not madness. It is the exclusive privilege of countries disinherited of the sun.

(There have been cases of hydrophobia in Algiers, but only since the introduction of the French dog.) Madness is the despair of hunger, exalted to a paroxysm. The maddened wolf that attacks man and every animal that he meets with, is the desperate assassin, the savage and stormy nature that the chain of misery has worn into more painfully than the rest, the monster who kills for the sake of killing, to avenge himself—to render back to a merciless society before his death, a small part of the evils which it has caused him to suffer.

* It is however true that the wolf can be made to work, at least the American wolf, which may be seen in Missouri actually employed in turning a wheel.—Tr.

The horror of brilliant aud polished surfaces which characterizes madness, is the horror of luxury and of riches whose insolent display redoubles the tortures of the famished poor! Madness is the most frightful malady which can afflict the human species; for it changes man into a brute, and destroys him in atrocious convulsions, without even taking from him the consciousness of his desperate condition. This means that the selfish society which allows one of its members to perish with hunger, is a criminal and accursed society, and that God proportions the greatness of the punishment to the greatness of the crime. Misery and oppression also change the oppressed into brutes, give them the taste for blood and murder, and sharpen their teeth to tear out the hearts of the rich.

Ireland! Ireland! with its six millions of starvelings, do you know what evil possesses it? It is madness, real madness, the evil without cure, the mortal contagion. O woe to thee, Albion! woe to all the executioners of Erin! for over thee, Albion; over thee and thy lords impend the vengeance and the hatred of the desperate sons of Erin . . . those men whom thy insatiable cupidity and thy pride have transformed into wolves, and into maddened wolves!

A prefect of police, bound to have the best statistics on this subject, has fixed at FORTY THOUSAND the number of malefactors which the city of Paris alone contains within its walls. Since M. Gisquet has published these revelations, has this number of forty thousand rebels, incessantly conspiring against your social order, increased or diminished? It has augmented, and augmented in spite of the increased force of municipal officers, and to so large an amount that it has been necessary to enlarge the halls of the court of assizes of the Seine to make room for all the bandits which their scavengers of the police daily pick up on the pavement of Paris. And the judges of the capital have not sufficed to judge the offenders, whose innumerable bands succeed each other on the criminal's bench. And the evil has risen to such a height that the proudest admirer of your pretended social order would not dare now to trust himself to leave his dwelling late at night without arms, or an escort. And the legislators of this

model society, already rendered illustrious by the discoveries of morphine and of prussic acid, will soon be obliged to pronounce the absolute interdiction of arsenic, from the urgent necessity of protecting the existence of wearisome husbands and of fathers too tenacious of life, against the scandalous abuses that unappreciated wives, and children in a hurry to enjoy, make of this powder.

But follow me into England, the country of the representative, and of political economy. They have exterminated the wolf in England; there the result is attained. Now do you think that after the wolves are destroyed there remains for each a larger share of mutton? Listen. We read in the official reports of the government that the laborers of Great Britain are attacked during three or four months in the year with a singular disease, *a malady whose symptoms disappear as soon as food is given to the sick!* We read that during the single winter of 1846 and '47 nearly a million of Irish died of hunger. How very efficacious the extermination of the wolves has proved here!

Alas! not only has the extermination of the wolves made no larger share of mutton for the people, but even the prosperity of the sheep has become a dreadful cause of distress to the laborer of Britain.

One day when the Duke of Sutherland had been reading, understandingly, the book of a French economist, Jean Baptiste Say, in which book it is written that the whole science of political economy consists in obtaining the largest possible revenue from a given capital, the largest *clear revenue,* the idea suddenly occurred to this holy and worthy man to apply this charitable theory to his domains in Scotland. And as his overseers had proved to him that the sheep, which cost much less than men for food and lodging, bring in much more in clear profit, his lordship had the farmsteads on his place pulled down, and his fields transformed into pastures, and the unfortunate peasantry who had hitherto found on these lands occupations and a livelihood, were inhumanly chased from them, and have gone to swell the crowd of vagabonds in cities.

Now the invasion of all the wolves of Russia and Sweden could not have caused the rural population half the distress that the in-

vasion of the sheep has let loose on them. Is it not enough to make a man of common sense laugh till tears come, or grow indignant to fury, at the follies of this stupid society, which has found the means of rendering the race of sheep more destructive to man than the race of wolves?

Having now considered this subject in its relations to social policy, let us now treat the animal as an object of the chase.

The wolf is the most subtle and audacious of all the enemies of man. Living in his neighborhood, he has learned his tactics; he has studied his manœuvres and accomplished himself at his school, in the great art of war. The lion and the tiger, trusting to the power of their claws and teeth, proudly await the provocation of man, or spring upon him when hunger gripes them. The wolf will not sell his life so cheap. Prudence and circumspection preside over his every act, whether he attacks or defends himself. He would not pardon himself for omitting the least element of success in the desperate struggle he sustains against man.

The wolf is superior to the dog in the delicacy of his ear, his nose, and his eye; by the strength of his muscles, the power of his jaw, by his memory of places, his talent of observation, and his genius for strategic combinations.

The dog has never pretended to contest this superiority with him, for he is with difficulty prevailed on to attack the wolf, and the most terrible wolf dog quickly renounces this unpleasant chase on receiving a bite. (Accept this of the European wolf.—Tr.)

The wolf and the dog, who belong to the same family, feel that they are made to esteem and understand each other, and that the political differences which divide them are not eternal. The wolf only hates in the dog the inseparable companion of the civilizee, and the vigilant sentinel of isolated property; he has made no quarrel with the fox, which mutually respects him and takes care not to hunt on his grounds; if he decides on carrying off a dog for his private consumption, it is because times are hard; and then he has so many legitimate motives of rancor against the dog!

I have sometimes seen three or four large wolves call to each other, and unite to kill a shepherd's dog; a guard dog who troubled them by his inconvenient watchfulness, and after having torn

him to pieces, scattered his limbs, his head, and his bowels along the most frequented roads of the country to serve as warning to others. It was clear that not hunger but a simple desire of vengeance had urged them to this murder, since they eat no part of their victim's body. In my obituary tablets I have recorded the deaths of two setters thus ruefully executed.

Thus also poachers lying concealed have often banded together to put some too vigilant forest keeper out of the way, and more than one zealous revenue officer has paid for his zeal by the ball of a smuggler.

Observers worthy of faith, have assured me that they had known dogs to have profited by the liberty and leisure allowed by their masters, to contract alliance with the wolves of the neighborhood and to hunt on shares with them. I have also sometimes heard through the verdicts of the criminal police courts, that revenue officers had associated with contrabandists to divide the profits of the fraud. The history of beasts is a literal translation from the history of man, and placed in face of its text in the same volume. If the page of the brute is reddened less deeply with madness and blood, than that of man, perhaps it is because the brutes are yet ignorant of inheritance and mercenary marriages, and do not await the death of their parents to begin their own lives.

The wolf, grateful toward nature, has taken great care to cultivate the brilliant qualities that he has received from her. The she wolf, a model of maternal tenderness, teaches her little ones from the tenderest age, to detest the human species, and to distrust its snares. She tells them of the range and the report of fire-arms. She recommends them especially to respect the geese and lambs of the *neighborhood*, so as not to betray by an inconsiderate procedure, the secret of their dwelling place. She even goes to seek for them afar off, sometimes two or three leagues, their daily nourishment; a quarter of horse flesh, a sheep or a goat.

Sometimes she is accompanied in her expeditions, by night and day, by an old he wolf, whose aid she obtains, and with whom she shares the booty. Wolves like robbers and pirates observe among themselves the laws of discipline and strict equity. They are slaves of their word. No quarrels or lawsuits were ever seen

in a company of wolves, on the occasion of the re-partition of dividends.

Nevertheless, the old he wolf helps himself first. The she wolf teaches her young ones to box their tracks, or walk in single file, each carefully placing his foot in the track of the last.

One day in the severe winter of 1829–30, I met six big wolves thus crossing the Loire dry, one behind the other, step into step. You would have sworn in examining their tracks on the snow, that only one wolf had passed.

Experienced hunters and game keepers are not deceived by these appearances. They attentively scrutinize the footprint, and conclude by recognizing the exact number of beasts on the trail. Many authors assert that wolves observe the same tactics when they have to pass a stream or a river, and that they swim in suite after each other, holding on by the tail. I have never been an ocular witness to this, which I do not therefore dispute.

Every one has heard more or less of the white wolf; there are no wolf countries where the black wolf is not known.

The black wolf, which was formerly very common in the north of France, especially in Normandy and Picardy, is not even a variety of the species, and its color is only an accident. All the gray species are subject to become black or white, for the very natural reason that black and white are the elements of gray. But let no one be deceived; the tendency of any species to change color is a demonstration of its domesticability.

The she wolf brings forth in the month of April; she goes with young sixty days, like the bitch. The litter is sometimes of six, often of five cubs. She chooses for her dwelling the high heath, the holms, the thorny underbrush of the forest. At the age of four or five months the cubs begin to earn their livelihood; but the mother does not yet abandon them; she does not resign herself to separate from them, and to let them loose upon society until their education is perfectly finished, and she supposes them expert enough to escape without too much risk from the thorny passes with which the career of all wolves is thick strewn.

It is wonderful to see how, toward the end of August, at the epoch when the tribulations of the young wolves commence, these

young animals already prove their intelligence, their knowledge, and strength.

I have seen litters of wolves hunted six hours together in the same neighborhood, without one being dislodged, although the dogs gained sight of them continually. It was a perpetual change. When one had run half an hour and felt exhausted, another leaped in to take his place and leave his brother time to rest himself. Each took his turn before the formidable pack, while the poor mother desperately cut and re-cut across the line of the hunt, trying to draw the hounds on her path, and divert it by a skillful turn far from the scene of her domestic affections. There are no wolves now in France who do not owe the preservation of their existence to some of these admirable acts of fraternal and maternal charity. Unluckily for them, when the chase takes the turn just described, nothing is easier than to get a shot at the young wolf. It suffices for this to pierce through the brushwood and follow the dogs, the poor beast having a very limited space for its manœuvres, necessarily passes sooner or later within range of the hunter, who is posted within the wood.

I have more than once witnessed murders of this sort. I cannot even claim to have restricted myself to the part of an innocent spectator. The hunt of the young wolf is perhaps the most animated of all running chases, the pack keeping almost always in sight. The chase of the grown wolf is, on the contrary, the most troublesome and difficult of all.

Government, which knows no other means of remedying the crimes engendered by pauperism than to double the force of its police, this unintelligent government, which has known how to open a useful development to the brilliant faculties of the wolf, no more than to those of the robber or pirate, having then been forced to set a price on the ears of the young wolf, many country people have been allured by this prize, and have addicted themselves to the destruction of the species. The presence of a litter of young wolves is known in a neighborhood by the sheep bones strewn over the ground of the clearings where the young family sports about at night, coming out of its fortress; but the carrying off of the litter is quite a dangerous operation. The mother is never very far from

her cubs, and she is not the creature to allow her progeny to be seized without defending them. In these conflicts however, maternal love is stronger than the desire of vengeance, and there are a hundred examples of wolves that instead of springing at the throat of the kidnapper, have only thought of regaining their little ones and carrying them off in their mouths, one after another, to the depths of the forest.

Now the destroyers of wolf cubs, who are well acquainted with the procedures of these poor mothers, know how to profit by the intervals which elapse between each trip, and by means of a small sacrifice they always succeed in saving the greater part of their booty. It is by the same means, relates the legend of Bengal, that the tiger-catchers succeed in procuring young individuals of this family, and in escaping the murderous tooth of the tigress. Here, indeed, the robber takes good care to avoid a meeting with the mother, who would not let him off so easily as the she wolf; and his tactics consist in putting down the new-born creatures on the road, to occupy the mother during the time that is necessary for him to gain a place of safety.

The loss of her children has often produced on the she wolf the same effects as the fast too long and rigorous. She has been seen to fall into violent fits of madness in consequence of this cruel blow. But the civilizees will not even accord to the poor beast the excuse of despair. Like all animals endowed with a subtle smell, like the dog, like the fox; the wolf never attacks his prey except by stealing up under the wind, so that the effluvia of his body and the noise of his step may not reach it.

The season when the wolf is most to be feared is that of fogs, which make a night of day, and permit the bold thief to stalk unobserved into the poultry yard and the sheep fold. The assassins and burglars of the capital also consider the days of thick fogs as days of good luck.

The morning after such days, the shelves of La Morgue (the dead house) generally offer a richer collection of corpses than the evening before.

The wolf and fox both hunt perfectly well in the daytime when a chance is presented. The wolf has from time immemorial prac-

ticed the principle of association, the secret of all power. It is he who has invented the running chase and the procedure of relays. There is no quadruped his match in the force of his hamstring. The wolves of North America live chiefly on the flesh of deer, which they run down in a few hours. If a wild boar, a stag, or a roebuck have been wounded by a shot in our forests, he soon falls a prey to the wolf.

In Lorraine, the country of great forests, where the wild boar is still common, and where great destruction is made of them in the snow season; it frequently happens that the hunters are obliged to abandon a wounded beast that night-fall prevents them from following by its blood. Next morning, when they return to finish their work, they most commonly find the task accomplished and the beast three quarters devoured.

The wolves of Lorraine have seemed to be singularly fond of wild boar's flesh. It is rare not to meet with some in ambuscade in the neighborhood of the lair where the sow shelters her pigs. The sow, on her part, takes care to establish round her abode a respectable company of beasts. I know a town where three wolves came smelling up to the very door of a hunter's house, to which a wild boar, killed during the day, had been brought by dragging it over the snow for want of other means of conveyance. The wolf is rarely taken in snares, traps, or pitfalls.

When taken in a trap he does not hesitate to cut off the imprisoned paw. It is almost impossible to poison him, for the suspicious beast scarcely ever attacks carcasses which have not first been gnawed into by dogs, so that you will be apt to destroy more dogs than wolves. He will not touch the body of a horse, cow, or sheep, left for him in the midst of the woods. He knows better than you the place designated by the local authorities as their Montfauçon. And he doubts lest it be with reference to him that you have infringed the municipal edict by creating, on your own responsibility, an addition to the official deposit of the offal. But if you wish the wolf to heed your bait, drag it through the woods and fields close home to your house, half bury it in a ditch by your orchard—try to convince the wolf that you have taken great pains to put the carcass in question out of the way

of his voracity. It is the almost infallible means of inspiring in him the desire to taste it. This horse, which he would have allowed to rot in the woods without even daring to approach it, he will come fearlessly to disinter under your windows, because he is well persuaded that in placing it there you were not thinking of him. The incentive will be still stronger, and the charm more complete, if you have first taken the precaution to let your dogs tear at the carcass. Now dispose your batteries—two or three large guns loaded with buck-shot—converging toward the place which the wolf will occupy in swallowing; establish a communication between the buried carcass and your wrist by means of a bit of twine, and fire all your guns at once, the moment you feel the pull: this is the surest method, and that most used in France. There is, however, one precaution to take. The wolf does not chew, like the dog; he tears his prey and gulps it down; he leaps at the bait furiously, draws to himself the morsel he has bitten, and gallops off with it some fifteen yards to devour it more safely, then returns for another. If then you were asleep at the moment when the pull of the twine warned you of the enemy's presence, you ought to assure yourself that the beast is still there before pressing your three triggers, otherwise you might fire wide of your mark.

The extreme voracity of the wolf, which symbolizes the greedy temperaments of the court of assizes, cannot however tempt him to infringe the laws of prudence. He will remain famished a whole week rather than touch the prey which he suspects. Thus when he has found a good occasion to satisfy his appetite, he makes ample amends for the time lost. I have seen two wolves drag out from the deep mire of a pond, the body of an enormous mare, which certainly weighed more than eight hundred pounds, then haul it up on the bank, and eat half of it in less than two or three hours. How can animals that weigh scarcely more than one hundred pounds each, absorb in a few hours more than two hundred pounds of food. The explanation of this mystery is easy; the wolf has the faculty of ejecting by his throat all the food he has taken, and he makes use of this to prolong his meals indefinitely. What is digested, however, is not lost, and he hides

away as a provision for hard times what he has already eaten once. Thus did the illustrious gourmands of Rome, the sensual city built by the children of the she wolf. The Russians, those brave soldiers who eat with high relish the candles given them for another purpose, the Russians and Cossacks in their admiration of the prodigies of our culinary industry, have revived in 1814, this custom of the vomit. An Anglophobe, of veracity, has assured me that this dirty practice, only excusable in the wolf, who cannot count on a dinner to-morrow, does not lack partisans on the northern side of the channel.

Hatred, cruel and implacable, has imputed as a crime to the wolf the desperate means to which he sometimes resorts to elude the pangs of hunger.

As he has been seen eating earth in these seasons of famine, it has been concluded that when he filled himself with this innutritious substance it was only with a view to increase the weight of his body in order to have more momentum to master the large animals which he attacks, such as the ox and horse.

And as he does not always seize the bull by the horns, he has been in this respect accused of cowardice. I have sometimes heard the Kabyles and the Arabs of Algiers, treated as assassins and cowards, under pretext that the barbarians who have neither cannon nor tactics, lay in ambush in the ravines to fire on the French troops instead of boldly facing them.

Another such calumny is that of the cowardice of the wolf. The wolf is no coward: it is true that he will not uselessly expose his life, but that is wisdom and not cowardice. The smugglers and pirates are not cowards because they avoid open struggles with an enemy too superior in numbers; such courage in this case would be silliness. The wolf has never given himself out as an aspirant to the succession of Amadis of Gaul. Let us ask of him no more than he has promised us.

True courage is characterized by coolness in presence of danger; now I know no animal which shows more coolness in danger than the wolf, and it is precisely for this reason that the wolf hunt is so interesting and so troublesome.

Every year the district government makes great battues for the

destruction of the wolves. All the marksmen, all the peasants are convoked to take part in this operation—some to guard the passes, others to track the forest.

Why have these great battues, executed by such numbers of men interested in the extermination of the wolf, so seldom produced a useful result? It is because the wolves are not fools enough to be frightened with noise like the foxes and hares. The wolves say to themselves, these fellows would make less noise if they were armed; it is then, on their side that the path of safety lies; and instead of running before those who are beating the bushes, the wolves quietly turn back upon them, and the chase is missed.

It has been affirmed that the wolf, imposing on the heedless and adventurous character of the goat, has accosted the goat with a willow branch in his mouth, and by this deceit drawn it to a solitary spot where he devoured it. . .

And that there were in Algiers a species of wolves which watched fishermen on the seashore, and forced them under pain of death to share the produce of their fishery.

In the first place, there are no wolves in Algiers; there have been elephants there, but that is not exactly the same thing. Besides, the wolves care as little for fish as fish do for apples.

There has been another species of wolves spoken of, that entered towns in broad daylight without sending their cards, and seized upon all the beasts they could meet with.

These familiar habits rather belong to the manners of the hyena and jackal than to those of the wolf. I suspect the hyena of having cast ill reports on the wolf in the Holy Scriptures, and in ancient history—the hyena, of which it has been written, that it imitated the voice of the shepherd so as to deceive one, and called the dogs up by their names in order to devour them.

I pass over these stories and better ones. The calumny of man has pursued the wolf beyond death. To his skin has been attributed the singular property of producing vermin in those of sheep by simple contact. It has been said that it was impossible to obtain an accord from two cords of an instrument—made one of a wolf's gut, the other of a sheep's; finally they have seen drums

made of sheepskin burst at a distance from the mere sound produced by a drum made of wolfskin.

The ancients attributed to the emanations of the wolf the power of causing mares to miscarry, and of rendering heifers sterile. In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, barrenness is figured by a mare treading a wolf under foot.

The prophets of the Holy Scriptures frequently compare the wolf to rapacious tyrants, to the kings of Syria and Babylon. The analogy would be more exact between the wolf and the rebel who braves tyranny.

The simple natural history of the wolf was already loaded with crimes enough without its being necessary to blacken it farther with imaginary crimes. The wolf eats man and the animals dear to man. This suffices to justify the hatred declared against him.

The wolf eats man, it is true, but who has accustomed the wolf to feed on human flesh, but man himself; man who, for so many ages collects the carnivorous animals to the provision of his battlefields? But the wolves do not kill each other for food, and they have always this terrible argument to cast in the teeth of man, who kills and eats his fellow man.

I defy history to cite a crime of any beast of which man has not first set the example. Man invents, the animal copies. Consult the history of the celebrated wolves of France; it swarms with proofs in support of this great truth.

The chronicles of the ninth century mention a terrible invasion of maddened wolves, which ravaged the country in 878. This was the time when the Normans covered France with blood and funerals.

The wolves which invaded France in 1814, came in the suite of the Russian and German armies which the gold of England had combined against us.

But even if the wolf devoured man *de proprio motu*, what would that prove against the educability of the wolf, and against his natural good feelings?

The dog also eats man when man trains him to it. There are even some with a very decided appetite for human flesh, and who love their master like a beefsteak.

The dog is subject, like the wolf, to madness; the dog bites more children and kills more sheep every year than the wolf.

Left to himself he is hardly less formidable than the wolf, to the whole neighborhood.

Does this prevent the dog from being the most precious of all the friends of man, and the first element of progress for human society. No, certainly; well then, if the question be between the dog and the wolf, there is only that of a different education; and do not condemn the wolf without knowing what there is good as well as bad in his real character.

The coolness, intelligence, and strength of the wolf shine in their full lustre in the chase, with a hundred dogs behind him. It may be stated as a general principle, that the grown wolf is never run down, and that it is absolutely necessary to recur to the aid of your gun when you want to make an end of him.

There are wolf-hunters who have hunted wolves for fifty years, and who confess never to have taken one by the speed of their dogs. As to the race of wolf greyhounds employed in Russia and Poland, it has long disappeared.

Each episode of the wolf hunt presents its special difficulties. It is first a troublesome business to determine his present cover, and this known, to find out whether he is on foot, or in his lair. Returning very late to his lair, the wolf is still on foot half the time when the game-keeper explores the wood. It is this which renders the operation so difficult. The animal has in fact an exquisite tact in recognizing the approach of the enemy. You have just now seen this wolf follow an army of peasants returning from market; he has even been so imprudent as to seat himself fifty steps from the band, and observe it defiling without disquieting himself at the noise of the dogs. It is because he knew perfectly well that he had nothing to fear from this inoffensive crowd. Now see a hunter, accompanied by a single sleuthhound; the dog has discovered the wolf's entrance into the brushwood, but in his ardor he has permitted a slight nasal sound to escape him. Now this is enough for the wolf, who has been listening three hundred paces off in the thick tangled brush, and who prudently thinks fit to decamp, and get some four or five miles distant as fast as his legs will carry him.

But suppose at last the wolf found at home, the sleuth-hound which has recognized him is a dog as wise and discreet as the enemy he has to deal with, and contents himself with pointing to indicate the entrance. The drivers are posted around the cover, the relays posted far off. The lair has been attacked by four strong dogs. They are all on the route. Halloo there, children! the beast starts—the joyous tumult has opened the chase. Go it, hunters and whippers-in, if your horses have bottom and your dogs hamstrings, you will soon know it. The beast has debouched on a small trot to spare its forces, it cuts straight ahead, it is an old wolf sure enough. Twenty more dogs at the beast; sound, bugles sound. . . . . The wolf takes no notice of the noise, he continues his point. Two of you get before him and turn his flank! Very good; but the wolf has heard the noise and the direction of the cavalcade; just triples his pace, and they get up in time to see him slacken off before them in a small trot two or three hundred yards ahead; he moderates his pace as soon as he sees no pressing danger, and stops a moment to observe the locations and to enjoy *his* chase. The pack is in full *cry*, far behind. The wolf track, though cold, is always easy to follow. Always right straight, no defaults to fear, no stratagems to decipher. Still straight ahead, and you are sure soon to meet with steep hills, with quagmires, with vines, swampy meadows, a river, two rivers, obstacles which wolves cross or climb over more easily than horses. Still straight ahead, and after two hours' chase the dogs, thrown out of their country no longer know who leads them, and the horsemen dispersed are obliged to inquire of passengers their road, and the course of the hunt. Straight ahead two hours more and all the hunters are distanced, and only Snorter and Storm keep the track. Then the wolf, to amuse himself, turns about and charges them to such purpose that Snorter and Storm, no longer feeling themselves encouraged either by voice or bugle, conclude by giving way and resigning themselves to return, cursing the straight line and the devil of a beast.

Another such day's hunt, and another gash in their skins, and Snorter and Storm swear to renounce the wolf for the rest of their days. The relays would have done well had the wolf passed on

their side, but he passed in a different direction; and then how can relays be arranged at distances of eighteen miles? What the world does not understand, the politicians least of all, is that the straight line is the *ne plus ultra* of skill and cunning in the chase as in all matters of diplomacy. If our embassadors were not what they are; if they should resolve, some fine day, to throw their cards on the table, and to say frankly to the diplomatists of absolutist countries: This is what our country wants, neither more nor less, accept our proposition or reject it, we should soon see international relations clear up, and bad faith yield to frankness and loyalty in the dealings of powers.

But the diplomatists of all countries pride themselves on passing for deep ones; they must play too fine a fox game, and thus they blind themselves. What ruins the stags and hares, which are very cunning animals, is this same game of who shall outwit. It is because instead of taking a decided course, and abandoning the country preoccupied by the enemy, they persist in treading the beaten roads, and in renewing manœuvres whose secret is at last discovered. They would not be caught thus if they commenced by distancing their aggressors like the wolf.

I have cited the history of that illustrious seven-year buck of the forest of Chantilly, who set off for Ardennes every time he was started, *one hundred miles at a stretch.* He might still be alive had he not had to do with the late Prince of Condé, the last of the great hunters of France, who captured him by means of relays seventy-five miles from his cave.

All wolves do not show themselves as good-natured as the one whose tactics I have here sketched. There are some who only decide on leaving their fortress after having crippled the boldest dogs of the pack. The echoes of the Valley of Cluny still repeat the marvelous prowess of the sleuth-hound Brisefort, and the desperate resistance of the terrible wolf Cambronne, a four-footed Achilles and Hector, whose feud lasted four whole years, and concluded by a treaty of peace quite unique, so far as I know, in the annals of the chase. Brisefort and his party pledged themselves to respect in future as inviolable, the dwelling of Cambronne. Cambronne promised in turn to respect the cattle of the country: an exception of

the goat was made in his favor. History records that the treaty was faithfully observed on both sides for many years.

Before having obtained this triumphant recognition of his rights, Cambronne had successively crippled ten packs of Saintonge dogs and of griffons of Vendee, recruited and equipped at great expense. His tactics consisted in firmly awaiting the enemy in his fortress, then in dashing upon his most impetuous assailants and breaking a leg at each bite. Every dog thus wounded was forever lost to the wolf-hunt. The end of this hero was worthy of his life; he drowned himself in the Soane, not like Ophelia, gathering flowers on the waterside, but swimming a race against a steamboat, the paddle-wheel of which broke his back.

The wolf is no longer hunted in France, because none or so few are left; the separation of properties, disastrous increase of population, and destruction of forests, have played a hard game with the species. If it has not been exterminated, it must thank the good offices of the wolf-hunters, who every year save some cubs from the proscription; urged to this charitable act by the judicious reflection that were there no more wolves, the institution of wolf-killers would become useless, and "Othello's occupation gone." I am often tempted to think that it must be an analogous reason which inspires our deputies to cobble up such bad laws for us.

I have spoken of the manners of the wolf, of his character, his qualities, his tactics in fight, his means of attack and defense. I have not attempted to conceal his vices. I have shown him as the emblem of the bandit. I have only attributed those vices to misery and to the pernicious influence of the sphere in which he lives. Why this attenuation? Because I am not a civilizee who condemns a beast without giving it a hearing—because I have reared wolves and lived in their intimacy before judging them.

And when I assign to the wolf brilliant future destinies, it is because profound studies have given me the consciousness of his high capacities—because I know him to be susceptible of attachment, of gratitude, and fidelity.

Yes, I repeat it, the robber whom you shut up in your prisons; the wolf whom you have devoted to extermination, are exuberant

natures, whose blood beats high and whose vigorous development has been distorted toward crime by a sphere hostile to the true expansion of their rich faculties.

On the day when society shall at last decide to enter the path of happy destinies—the day when humanity shall appeal to the devotion of its members to attempt the great work of conquering its globe—when it shall need the boldest pioneers to drain the cholera and the yellow fever from their swamps, and formidable auxiliaries to purge the regions of the equator and the poles from the monsters which infest them—then you will see, you of to-day, then, perhaps already returned to this terraqueous life—you will see on what heads fall the crowns decreed to useful labor by the gratitude of the people. You will see from what class of individuals, from what race of animals will spring those chosen workmen and those strong assistants whose combined efforts will have tripled the dimensions of man's domain and decupled his riches. Ah! I can tell you beforehand it is not to the Monthyon laureats, to the lymphatic and *virtuous* natures that the palms of glory are reserved in the gigantic conquests of the future. No more false doctrines of expiation and renunciation, when the days of harmony shall be come. No more false prophets, who speak of a wicked and cruel God—when the munificence of the globe, overflowing everywhere for the happiness of the creature, shall have proclaimed the clemency and generosity of the Creator.

No more Pharisees and the false moralists to obstruct the march of humanity and prolong its infancy by nailing upon the cross the confidents of the thought of God! The world, emancipated from the tyranny of selfishness and from misery, will scarce look back to honor them with the notice of anathemas and sarcasms, while the voice of universal gratitude bursts forth, shouting, Glory to the ardent and vigorous natures whose fists of steel have opened for our generations the road of the Promised Land!

Glory to the redeemed children of the she wolf, by whom God founds the eternal cities!

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### THE FOX.

Vile beast—poor chase. The fox is hunted only to destroy him. The English hunt him for the sake of hunting, that is to say, for the sake of breaking their necks and of trading in horse-flesh.

The fox-hunt is hardly worth mentioning for its interest. The worst dogs hunt the fox—a *man* whose nose was somewhat practiced could follow him by the scent. The dogs start him in sight and open on his track with a formidable din; the fox either gives a fair run or takes refuge in his nearest hole. If it is warm, if this first run has lasted more than a quarter of an hour, he cannot long remain in his subterranean abode, but is obliged to come out for air. He darts forth amid the hunters and the dogs; and the chase continues to the second earth.

Post yourself on one of these well-known shelters, place yourself under the wind, and the beast will come between your legs in the thickest part of the brushwood.

The fox so cunning in attack, employs little cunning in defending himself against the hunter and his dogs. This fact has been signalized by St. Ambroise. It is a race whose extermination is quite legitimate, for the fox is a terrible fellow for hares, partridges, pheasants, fawns, and poultry, and is good for nothing to us till after his death, for the sake of his skin. That of the blue and white foxes of the north is a fur of price.

But if the *fox-hunt* offers to true amateurs but a moderate entertainment, the manner in which the *fox hunts* is on the contrary a curious subject of study, as well as his morals which exactly depict those of many civilizees of low estate, of the pickpocket, of the sharper, of the cheating salesman.

If the animals ever go into retail dealing I wager what you please that the fox makes the first shopkeeper.

I have never dissembled my hatred and contempt for this race. I have destroyed many of them. When I was government . . . in Africa, and when I surprised one of my subjects in the flagrant crime of selling adulterated liquors, or the flesh of cattle which had died of disease, I began by confining the guilty one in a quiet

place perfectly sheltered from the Sun, then I caused his shop to be shut up, and I wrote, myself, upon the shutter, *closed for theft.*

How those gentlemen, the political economists, would have cried sacrilege, had they known my misdeeds, those worthy preceptors of morality who do not understand that the wings of commerce should be clipped.

Yes, alas! I had hoped one day to suppress in my state mercantile robbery and the falsification of the sulphate of quinine. I had unfortunately reckoned without those powerful friends which commerce holds at its beck.

It is known that the fox forms one of the principal groups of the great family of *forcers*, a robust, intelligent family, gifted with a hamstring of steel, an exqusite scent, a piercing sight, a patience proof against trials, and the spirit of association. But superior instinct, force of jaws, and the genius of strategic combinations have specially devolved upon the wolf and the dog in this family, to the wolf, the emblem of the bandit, the smuggler; to the dog, the emblem of the police officer and military guard; the former operating subversively, the latter harmoniously with regard to man.

The fox, whose dominant character is familism, is the Paria of the species. The wolf and the dog, whose characters are ambition and friendship, are the noble caste, made for war, government and industry.

The fox then marries. If learned men knew how to read in the works of the Creator, what a lesson of high morality they would find in this fact of the household of the fox, which has hitherto appeared to them the most insignificant of phenomena.

Why does the fox marry, while the dog who belongs to the same family lives in celibacy? The partridge marries also, and not the domestic cock; which is however the nearest species. Why this?

The institute has decreed many a golden medal for many a useless solution, but I doubt whether it have ever proposed for competition this question, so fruitful in profound lessons. Why does the fox marry and not the dog? Why the partridge and not the cock?

I shall not wait for the institute to propose these questions before I reply to them, for I might have to wait a long time.

The fox marries; the dog not, because there are some men born for marriage and others for celibacy.

The dog does not marry because he is exclusively titled in the characters of friendship and ambition; that is to say, because the dog has a destiny of devotion and of social unity to accomplish, and that it does not accord with the interests of the human species, queen of the globe, that the dog should be distracted from his occupations of a superior order by the cares of a family. The dog must be ready to follow man in all places at all hours, ready to shed his blood for him to the last drop.

The household, which fixes the father to the soil by his family is the corner-stone of selfishness—the tomb of devotion.

The stag, which bears the series on his brow like a standard, never marries. Great geniuses have no wife, because in the lymbic societies the family is a burden, and the great revealers whose mission is to enlighten the world and to perish in their task, must commence by emancipating themselves from every hindrance capable of impeding their course. It is received, even in civilization, that married men make bad soldiers. It was the opinion of the Emperor Napoleon, who ought to know how this is, having consumed many of them.

The Catholic religion, which has stated itself as a religion of devotion, has been consistent with its principle in condemning its ministers to celibacy. We may not desire the Catholic religion at all, but to desire it without the celibacy of its priests is to desire an absurdity.

Same solution for the cock, emblem of chivalry and vigilance, who has to watch over the tribe too much to have time to occupy himself with a simple family. The fox, which lives on rapine and plunder, and by whom man cannot profit for the conquest or embellishment of the globe—the fox, an ignoble race, destined one day to disappear from the face of the earth—may marry without any evil result for humanity; and he marries precisely to teach us to detest the separate family household—source of all vices and of all miseries.

The separated household and the fox have on their side hypocritical moralists, who do not fail to throw their stone at the dog

on account of his cynicism and the scandalous brutality of his loves, but I reply in behalf of the dog, to the moralists; that the conjugal fidelity on which the fox prides himself, is only the attribute of inferior natures, and that the influence of the Papillon has never tarnished the lustre of any great renown, either masculine or feminine; witness Alcibiades, Aspasia, Solomon, Charlemagne, Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., Catharine, and Ninon de L'Enclos. Who shall say, after this, that the cynical inconstancy which characterizes the temperament of the domestic dog, like that of the ass, has not its justifying reason? Who shall say that the great question of the connection with man of rebellious species, like the wolf, the zebra, the onagra, may not result from this vice of facility in love with which the dog and the ass are reproached? I ask you, how is the *wolf* to be connected with man's service without intermediary crossings? for I believe in the educability of the wolf; it is one of my weaknesses. But this is too learned for the academicians. I stop. Let us leave the prostrate moralists to breathe a moment, while we occupy ourselves exclusively with the fox, and follow him in the different phases of his career.

The fox marries, but he is not monogamous, he only earths with the female for the time when the education of his family render his cares necessary.

This union, which begins toward the end of winter, lasts until the month of August. The fox goes with young two months, like the wolf and the bitch; she brings forth in April a litter of five cubs. It is observed that except during their married life the foxes, both male and female, keep very quiet. It is the advent of the family which develops luxuriously in the father and mother, those instincts of pillage and theft with which they are endowed.

It is the same with the civilizees, where we often see young commission merchants, very delicate in their game before marriage, turn up jack immediately afterward. I know a rich merchant of Paris, a ferocious republican, who one day complained to me that he was making too much money on the work of poor weavers. It was Nero in despair at knowing how to

write. The same fellow doggedly pursued one of his friends for a miserable debt. When reproached with this procedure, so odious for a republican: "What would you have!" replied he. "I have to feed my wife, my children, and two horses."

Porters, desirous of finding a lodge in any house, never forget, in order to gain the confidence of the proprietors, to declare themselves *without children.*

It is then in the month of May, when there are five more mouths to feed in the fox-earth, that the poultry yard, the deer park, and the rabbit warren, are subject to the most formidable attacks from these long-tailed marauders. To the father fox belongs the direction of these nocturnal and diurnal expeditions; to the mother, the care of dividing among the little ones the booty of the chase. When a fox gets into a poultry yard at this epoch, he does not restrict himself to strangling one fowl and carrying it off forthwith. He seizes on the whole live furniture of the establishment. When he takes chickens he cannot take too many—thus say the speculators in stocks *apropos* of a fat job—then he ranges his victims in order, like a hunter his game, and quietly proceeds to pack up and carry off his merchandise. If the female is there, she assists him. What cannot be eaten up in one day is buried in cachettes.

This instinctive foresight and habit of burying is common to all individuals of the great canine family, who are liable to starve, or to feed on mice and roots when the chase is unprofitable.

Some even carry this precaution so far as to bury what they have already eaten once. I have several times killed foxes by lying concealed near the quarter of a leveret, or the side of a fowl buried by one of these animals and upturned by the plow. It is not always the proprietor of the thing concealed that gets shot thus. I once killed a fox at full noon, behind the wall of a farm-house, while amusing himself with counting a half dozen capons which he had just taken, and who seemed to be so much absorbed in his calculations that he allowed me to approach within fifteen steps of him. It was noon, the hour when the laborers had left their work, and when every one is at the dwelling-house partaking of the noon meal.

The fox is an acute observer of all external circumstances; he has studied the habits of the beasts and the people of his district; he possesses to a high degree the memory of hours, without being quite so strong in this line as the dog, who distinguishes the days of the week perfectly, and who knows that in the country, butchers are accustomed to kill on Saturday.

Wherever you discern the lair of a fox, you will see the open places of the forest where the young family plays around, strewn with the thigh-bones of geese or the legs of hares. The young foxes are dainty of these toys, and paternal love takes care that these charming fancies shall be always satisfied. The wolf-cubs, whose jaw is stronger, prefer a leg-bone of mutton to gambol with. How many false weights, alas! and adulterations of provisions are made by the paternal love of the grocer, anxious to furnish his progeny with all sorts of toys! What praiseworthy sentiment is there which does not cause some villainy in this miserable civilized society!

The mother fox is full of tenderness and of vigilant care for her young; she seldom leaves the hole during their early infancy; she guides them in their entrance on the career of theft; she teaches them with love the tricks of the trade. Thus is the shopkeeper—but I am tired of comparisons—the reader may make them for himself. She takes on her own head all the responsibility of the danger when the voice of the dogs is heard. She offers herself to their pursuit as a devoted victim.

The young family does not always repay this affection, so tender and vigilant, with perfect gratitude. Young foxes, when starved, have been known to turn a parricidal tooth against their mother, and devour her to a mere skeleton, in holes whose openings man had stopped up. I have several times reared foxes that I had torn from the love of their parents from the tenderest age. I will not say that I have had no fun with them in the course of their education; only I must confess that relations of friendship with these beasts always turned out badly.

The fox lacks neither wit nor rascality; on the contrary; but unfortunately, you cannot rely upon his word nor draw inferences from his past conduct.

The most careful education remains powerless against the incessant suggestions of a nature deceitful and treacherous, and too full of love for fowls. Dissimulation, this is the vice which tarnishes all the qualities of the fox. Moreover, his physiognomy is not deceptive, and treachery is written in large and legible characters in his downcast look, in his half-limping, oblique, and serpentine gait.

Vulpes—abbreviation of volvipes—a tortuous gait—always distrust those small, stealthy glances which burn with dark fire, like the eye-beam of the viper, emblem of calumny.

The good God is a powerful physiognomist; He has willed that large eyes should be the mirror of an innocent and candid soul.

The sheep, the ox, the gazelle, the stag, the hare, have received large eyes. You may read devotion and loyalty in the intelligent look of a dog. Woman, the noblest and most admirable creature that has issued from the hands of her Creator—woman, superior type of the angel, also raises toward heaven her large, soft, and dewy eyes, whose azure crystal reflects the candor of her soul!

If there are treacherous women, believe it well, it is the injustice of man that has thus denaturalized them. Woman having been created to reign in this world, cannot in fact disobey the will of God by resigning herself to the shameful servitude to which man has reduced her. A slave—she is forced to have recourse to cunning to recover her sceptre. This is open war, and not treachery.

The fox is the type of the swindler and ensnarer. He will conceal himself on the margin of a stream or pond peopled with wild ducks, only displaying his long brush, which he waves in the air to the admiration of these over curious and credulous birds, which swim up so close to examine it, that master fox, watching his chances, sometimes secures a good dinner. The civilized world is full of individuals of the fox type . . . .

Young foxes easily accustom themselves to the persons and things of the house where they are raised. What they appear to value most highly among our institutions is the regularity of meals.

I know none of Breguet's chronometers capable of indicating the unitary hour of dinner with the same punctuality as the

stomach of the fox. Some have been known which, after regaining their liberty, came back in hard times, after three months' absence, to the farm where they had lived, and always—remark it—at the hour of meal-time.

I was the owner of a very young fox, many years ago—a notable fellow for his wits, capable of giving a commissary-general eighty points in the hundred in the game of embezzling provisions. He was one of our consolations in the study of Greek and Latin, for my young classmates and myself. The applauses lavished perhaps too freely on his good tricks, and the intoxication of success, had succeeded in developing enormously his natural cunning.

My mother, responsible for all his practical jokes, sometimes asserted in a low, serious tone that she could have purchased a horse with the amount of indemnities which the rogue had cost her for fowls, turkeys, and rabbits.

A reward was at last set upon his head, but who would have dared to tie the halter when we were near?

A bold hawk feared not to attempt the enterprise. He was a formidable bird, the terror of all the poodles and cats of the countryside, exulting in fifty victories. He demanded closed lists against the fox, and the fight took place with my consent.

The first attack was terrible. Frightened by the impetuosity of the aggressor, the four-footed beast shamefully turned tail and sought a retreat in the darkest corner of the kitchen, scene of the combat. Then the victorious hawk proudly perched upon the crupper of his hiding enemy, picking with his beak at the most insensible and thickest furred part of his adversary's body, the only part exposed to his outrages. At last, satiated with his triumph and with the public applause, the bird came to perch upon the back of a low chair, where he soon nodded and fell asleep in the attitude of a gorged buzzard; and during the lively discussion of theories among the spectators relative to the superiority of the feathered carnivora over the four-footed carnivora, growing warm on both sides, the whole assembly had lost sight of the combattants, when a sudden scream of pain caused the echoes of tin pans and kettles to ring again. All turned to look. Moving spectacle! There the hawk lay upon the floor, beating the air with the last

strokes of his wings, and clinching his claws in a supreme convulsion of agony. How the death-stroke had been given, I alone could tell—it was a feint repeated from the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curatii.

The fox had fled to make the bird pursuing him exhaust his force against the well-furred buckler of his croup. As soon as the bird, fatigued, had given up fighting, and had perched upon the back of the chair in the insolent posture of a careless victor, the cunning beast had turned his head, noticed the position and calculated the distance; then darting forward with a terrible leap that no one had foreseen, that no one heard, he had grappled the sleepy hawk by the throat, and made his teeth meet at a single bite. It was the affair of one second. When the murderer was looked after, he was seen under the kitchen dresser, in the attitude of a complete stranger to the tragic scene that had just passed, prosaically occupied in saving the servants some work by licking the plates.

As we were very strong about this time in the "Viri Romæ," we baptized the hero of this adventure with the illustrious name of Horace. The unfortunate did not long enjoy our admiration and his own glory; carried away by a strange hallucination which the sight of the first snow produced in him, he fled across the plains without taking the precaution first to get rid of an ornamental collar with little bells, and perished some days after by the shot of a poacher.

The fox makes war on all animals weaker than himself. He is the scourge of the poultry yard and of the rabbit warren; he levies an enormous tribute on the race of the hare; he attacks successfully the fawns of the doe and the roebuck. In hard times he comes down to the mice and roots; he is less dainty of grapes than has been said, but every thing he can steal from man has a special charm of flavor; it is blessed bread, as the state functionaries say of their extra perquisites.

The fox does not associate for theft with the rogues of his kind, he prefers to work on his own account, and keep his windfalls for himself alone when the help of an accomplice is not indispensable to him. It is only for hunting, and especially for hare hunting,

that he has recourse to the procedure of association. So long as lying in wait appears preferable to the chase, he keeps dark. It is the method of hunting that he oftenest practices in regard to the rabbit, a game easily surprised at leaving its hole; by hiding behind the trunk of a tree, a bush, or a clump of thorns. In the summer, when the wheat is high, he fears not to risk himself in full daylight, when he surprises the leverets in their lair, or the partridges and quails on their nests.

It is not rare that the fox, watching for a hare at its exit or entrance, finds the place occupied by a poacher, and *vice versa*. The poacher, a born humorist, never fails to say on such an occasion; this morning or this evening I met with a great mishap. We were two of us watching for the same hare, and I shot my comrade.

To hunt the hare by running, the fox acts in the same manner as the dog and the wolf to force larger beasts. They find the course that the hare is likely to take; a fox, two foxes, post themselves on the path at the places most favorable for a surprise, there wait to seize the hare as he passes, while another drives him on, barking to indicate the direction. When the fox that started him is tired of running, one of those lying in wait takes his place, and thus consecutively until the hare be either seized, run down, or missed; but foxes seldom attack the large hares if they can find little ones.

The sharp barkings heard on all sides at night, in the countries infested by foxes, and which resemble the voices of pug dogs, announce the return of foxes from the chase.

I have often heard the story of that fox who, after having bitterly reproached his hunting companion for missing the hare, repeats before him the leap he should have made, and seems not to understand how he could be so awkward.

One evening as I was returning from a wild-boar hunt in the snow, a hare started before us and ran toward the woods; some of our dogs saw it and pursued. But the hare had hardly time to gain the bushes before we heard its cry of distress. I supposed that one of our dogs had caught it, or that it was taken in some snare, and I ran full speed to get hold of it before it should

be torn to pieces. But it was quite another affair, the hare continues to cry out, and its voice sounds more distant as I approach the spot. Curious to have the key of the enigma, I hurry toward a neighboring hedge where the animal must pass, and the mystery clears up. What do I see? A fox passing twenty paces from me, dragging the unfortunate hare by the neck, and very much hindered, as you may suppose, by the weight of his plunder. Such impudence deserved punishment; the guilty one did not wait a second for it. The scamp had had the audacity to run at the voice of my dogs to meet the hare and carry it off under their beards, less than three hundred yards from its start!

I have already mentioned that the fox, so cunning when he hunts on his own account, cannot defend himself against running dogs any better than prevaricating bakers before the magistrate. It is the fox which, in battues, first comes in range of your gun; he does not turn back on those who are beating the bushes, like the wild boar, the wolf, and the roebuck. He is easily taken in snares and traps. He is poisoned with balls of meat seasoned with nux vomica. I advise, for this procedure, the body of the mole, saturated with strychnine. The fox being the only animal which devours the dead mole, we run no risk, as with other baits, of poisoning dogs.

It sometimes happens that the fox, taken in a snare, courageously amputates the imprisoned paw, and saves himself on the three that remain.

An old writer recommends, to avoid this mischance, that the steel-trap should be fastened to a stone, which the fox might drag after him to a certain distance, so that this operation may *amuse* him and dissipate all ideas of suicide from his mind.

The fox is an evil beast, with a hard life and a venomous tooth. Never put your foot upon his throat before being well assured that he is perfectly dead. More than one imprudent hunter has been a victim of his airs of death, which he affects so as to carry his cunning to the very grave.

Some years ago the wood-cutters having unearthed a fox at Bazin, he was knocked in the head, and lay on the ground showing no signs of life. Now the forest-master, who had assisted at the

execution, and who mistrusted some wickedness, having taken a notion to give the beast a lunge in the side with his sword, behold our fox, stuck to the quick, wakes up from his pretended lethargy and starts off before the eyes of the assembled spectators, carrying with him the sabre that had wounded him.

The public functionary had to whistle for his weapon of office. Many writers relate that the fox has recourse to this stratagem when hunger presses, that he feigns death to draw within his reach the crows and other birds of prey that feed on carcasses.

I can believe any thing of the fox, emblem of the shopkeeper, who appropriates the holes of the badger by odious methods condemned by delicate noses, and whose entire existence is but a long series of rapine, swindling, and murders of new-born infants.

Thus this cursed brood, whose political history is so black with crimes, has provoked everywhere and from the most distant times to our own, anathemas on its heads.

The fox of the Holy Scripture is distinguished by three principal qualities, which are insatiable voracity, fraud, and cruelty. Wherefore, St. Luke the evangelist represents under the emblem of the fox, Herod, Tetrarch of Judea.

The sacred books also reproach the fox with cultivating no other friendship among beasts than that of the serpent, dwelling both of them in dark caves.

Ezekiel and the Canticles assimilate false prophets to foxes. Origen and the other fathers of the church go further; they assert that the devil clothes himself with a fox-skin, and the tradition continues into the middle ages. It is reproduced in the demoniac legends of our fathers, and encrusted in permanent myths in the stones of our cathedrals.

We may see in niches of the choir of the curious church of Cuiseaux (department of Soane and Loire), Satan under the form of a fox, extinguishing with his impure breath the flame of the Holy Spirit.

The book of Judges, the fasts of Ovid, Titus Livius, sacred as well as profane history, mention the employment of the fox in stratagems of war. Many skeptics have objected to the veracity of the history of the three hundred foxes, coupled two and

two, and provided with torches behind, with which the valiant Sampson did so much mischief to the harvests of the Philistines.

They insist on the difficulty of collecting such a number of foxes and of attaching so many torches to their tails at the same time, but I justify the Hebrew version by pointing out a confusion in the translated text.

It is clear to me that we must read wild boar and jackal where the Holy Writ says hog and fox, seeing that the jackal and wild boar are as common in Judea and Asia Minor as swine and foxes are rare; and besides because foxes do not go in gangs like the jackals, and because the laws of Moses as well as that of Mahommet prohibited the raising of swine.

With this simple rectification the history of Samson is explained as well as those possessed of devils in the Gospel, and the veracity of the Holy Scriptures is saved.

For one who has seen Egypt and Asia Minor, or only Algiers, it is not an affair of drinking the sea dry, to collect, with God's aid, a few hundred jackals.

In the winter of 1841, at Boufarik, I had asked three persons in my district, to procure me some jackal skins to make carpets of. they each brought me two dozen within three weeks.

Furthermore, I consider that without jackals, Algiers would have been already, since our occupation, ten times desolated by plague, in consequence of the uncounted deaths of cattle and of mules, determined by the negligence of our military administration.

In February, 1842, the herds of Boufarik alone, belonging to the Government, gave to the jackals of Mitija in eight days more than one hundred corpses of Spanish and Sicilian oxen, gigantic beasts. On the ninth day only their bones remained.

Elian also relates, that in his day the foxes (read jackals) were so numerous in the countries adjacent to the Caspian sea, that bands of them were met with in the streets of cities, where the presence of men did not intimidate them. The version of Elian is all in favor of my thesis. But, fox or jackal, it is still true that whenever a bit of mischief is brewing, the evil beast is there.

Antiquity has even accused it of loving human flesh, and Pau-

sanias has cited a fact in support of this accusation, the history of the Messenian Aristomenes who escaped from the dungeon where he had been cast by the Lacedemonians, by means of a subterranean passage which the foxes had dug in order to devour the corpses of persons left to die.

Hunger is a bad counselor, but I know of no authentic modern fact which justifies this imputation. As to the jackal, it is quite another thing. In Algiers, the jackal has disinterred more bodies than the hyena.

The dog, returned to savage life, equally addicts himself to this unhandsome behavior. The dog, we must not forget, is the very near relation of the jackal. The jackal does not dissemble his amorous preference for the dog, and breeds with him as well as the she wolf; yet there is an invincible and mortal antipathy between the fox and the dog; never have devotion and the grocery clasped hands.

The love of humanity has lodged under my cranium two fixed ideas, whose application I intend to pursue till the extermination of the fox and that of the shopkeeper.

The fabulists have abused the analogy of the fox, dressing up with his skin the flatterer, the parasite, the gourmand, the vender of charms, the cheat, the pleader, the political orator.

They have worn out the costume by their frequent loans of it to the attorneys or counselors at law. You know the sublime answer of one of these sworn interpreters of the code, retired from chicanery, where he had left an illustrious name, with an *honorable* fortune acquired by ten years of practice. As he was one day congratulated on his rare talent in embroiling causes, and in eternising lawsuits, "Would to God," replied he, "that I had my career to recommence, how differently I would act!"

"And how so?" exclaimed the interlocutor, astonished and anxious to be instructed.

"Why zounds, then! by becoming an honest man: there are so few competitors."

I need not say that this answer remounts to past times.

And now that you know the reason of my hatred and my contempt for the favorite beast of the English hunters, listen to

the word of Christ, in the gospel according to St. Luke, chapter ix., verse 58; St. Matthew, chapter viii., verse 19: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Thus spoke the Christ to the powerful of the earth eighteen centuries ago, reproaching ancient society with its selfishness and its inhumanity. Since this time the liberating word of the Son of God has spread over the world, and the doctrine of Christian charity has lacked neither disciples nor martyrs; but vainly these apostles have preached justice, equality, and the love of the neighbor in every part of the globe.

The foxes have still in winter their warm fur and shelter, the birds of the air have their nests, but the son of man alone—the poor day laborer—has not where to lay his head.

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I have taken the liberty to place at the end of this work the author's charming introduction, in conformity to the general law of movement which will have practice precede theory; and because, though it is perfectly intelligible and fascinating to me and a few others who have already been behind the curtain and got a peep at the pictures, it seems expedient to prepare the general mind for the principles of analogy by first exhibiting them concrete in those animals of which the work professedly treats. A much greater liberty is to have suppressed several pages which I have translated elsewhere.—Tr.

# GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ANALOGY.

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## AIM OF THE WORK:

### ORIGIN OF BEASTS, AND PASSIONAL ANALOGY;

DE OMNI RE SCIBILI ET DE QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

The title of this work tells the spirit in which it has been conceived.

It is a treatise on *passional* zoology, which is a sort of zoology as yet a virgin theme to learned professors.

It is also a treatise on hunting, concerning all the animals of France, but in which the chase is considered from a higher point of view than usual, and which says little on the art of searching the woods, and of judging by the track or scent of a ten prong stag, an art that is not learned from books.

It is the conscientious and faithful resumé of the impassioned studies of a hunter who, after living thirty years and more in the intimacy of the beasts of his country, and having had much pleasure with them, has experienced the necessity to offer them a public testimony of his esteem and gratitude. It is the work of a simple and straightforward spirit, addressing itself to hearts equally unsophisticated.

If some spots of erudition stain its pages, it is because the author has involuntarily been led to sacrifice to the bad taste of the public, which absurdly refuses the right of being read to one who has not read every thing. To those who blame the exaggeration of his style and the bitterness of his recriminations with regard to official science, the author answers, that much indulgence is due to

him who has suffered much, and that he has passed twelve years—twelve mortal years in those hateful prisons of childhood, called schools and colleges. And that God, in placing in his heart from the tenderest age the uncontrollable love of birds, and of strolling free, had evidently destined him to the high mission of cosmopolitan hunter and explorer of the globe, and that henceforth he is bound to no gratitude toward a stepmother society that has broken the development of his glorious vocation to make a writer of him in spite of himself.

Many have written on beasts without sufficiently investigating their moral resemblance with man from the point of view of passional analogy.

The beast is the mirror of man as man is the mirror of God. Poets alone seem to have understood the true character of the beast, and have sometimes ascribed to it appropriate language. The author forewarns his public that the present treatise on the *spirit of beasts* is designed to continue the work of poetry, and to supply an enormous omission of science; wherefore he preludes by some indispensable considerations on the origin of beasts and on passional analogy, as well as on the loves of plants and the subversive character of the last creation.

One law sways the universe: love. Love is the divine, irresistible motive which draws the Earth toward the Sun, the lover to his mistress, the sap to the extremity of the boughs, the metallic molecule called insensible toward the molecule of the same nature.

Whether this power be called love, attraction, or molecular affinity, the name changes nothing in the matter; it is one—it is the universal principle of movement and of life; it is the force coming from on high, to which all celestial beings yield with transport. Sages have called this power passion, from the Latin word *Pati*, which means to suffer, to express the idea of the passiveness of man, and of his forced obedience to the superior law. I accept the expression because it is just.

Passion, the universal principle of movement, is the eternal word by which God causes all His creations to understand His will and His law. Passion is the *permanent revelation* of the will of God.

Happiness is for each creature the integral and continuous development of all its faculties, of all its natural attractions.

Liberty, which tends to happiness, is obedience to the law of attraction.

The satellite is intimately persuaded that it only follows its own will when it traverses the orbit which attraction has assigned to it. The lover, too, does only what he wills when he blindly obeys the caprices of his mistress. Wherefore, the people of lovers is the only one which deserves the name of a free people, as being the only one which obeys a government of its choice.

God has proportioned attractions to the destinies of beings, and to guide His creatures toward the pole of this destiny, He has given them a double compass: pleasure, which indicates to them when they are in the right way, and pain, which warns them that they depart from it.

The heavens declare the sanctity of passion, and instruct the earth to reverence Love; Love, whose power bears the planet through space, and designs the symbolic ellipsis round the focus of attraction, and causes joy to shine upon the surface of globes emerging from darkness, to bathe in the floods of the ocean of light.

The poets, who half understand God, have compared the *dawn*, which tints the east with rose, and dissipates the night, to the radiant smile of beauty, which chases care from the heart and promises a day of happiness. The poets have spoken well. As the lover dresses in his most beautiful robes, and glosses his hair, and perfumes his language for the visit of love, thus every morning the Earth indues her richest attire to meet the rays of her star beloved, and displays to please him an extravagant luxury.

It is the same fire of Love which at this hour is reflected from the diamonds of the dewy robes of the meadows, and which lights the golden hearths of heaven. It is the same necessity to love which wakes song melodies under the leaves, and opens the embalmed corollas of flowers to drink the aromas of light, and to shower on the airs their incense.

Flowers and harvests, perfumes and joyous songs, burst forth at the breath of love. Those endless joys, those ineffable harmonies

which wake in the bosom of sleeping nature, at the first rays of the Sun, sing the word of love.

God is one, they say; and love is His prophet. Happy, thrice happy the Earth, that no council of the stars has yet thundered its anathema against the immorality of the kisses of the Sun!

For that false morality which rules the humanity of the Earth, has assigned a larger happiness to the plant and to the mineral than to Man; it has not forbidden the plants and minerals to love. For, to the shame of this humanity must it be confessed, there have been, in its midst, false doctors and false religions to slander and anathematize Love, in face of the certificates of the good God—of the glorifications of the Sun. There have been, there still are odious impostors, who sustain that passion is a snare, a snare that God sets for us.

There are priests who call themselves pious, and who teach that the sight of our sufferings is particularly agreeable to this God, who takes so much pleasure in tantalizing His poor creatures, and playing them infernal tricks, that the faithful of this so called good God are obliged to supplicate Him each day not to lead them into temptation.*

* It is perhaps a stretch of courtesy toward M. Toussenel not to omit such passages as the above, which give offense to many, and which are too incomplete to explain and justify themselves. It is certain that our passions do tempt us often to our ruin, and that none is more disastrous in private life than Love, which leads to unions the most ill-assorted in regard to the practical necessities and details of life, and most cruelly deceives the fondest and most glowing hopes of happiness.

Toussenel only means to say that the fault does not lie essentially in the passions themselves, but in the absence of social and industrial institutions adapted to their true demands, and in the existence of false institutions which pervert them. Love, for instance, does not essentially demand exclusive permanent marriage and the isolated household—the institutions to which civilization subjects it—or the seraglio and concubinage, the institutions to which barbarism subjects it; and if Love tempts to evil and ruin, either by urging individuals under the yoke of a civil and moral bondage, which kills their freedom and spontaneity, or by causing them to break themselves in futile rebellions against established custom, it is not the fault of Love, but of the poverty and ignorance which establish and tolerate false institutions. In regard to Abraham, and the doctrine of the tempting God, it is necessary to recognize that Divine Providence is progres-

How they have abused my childhood, those educators of the people. They related to me that there was once a God of justice and clemency, (they called him Sabaoth ), who had commanded a father to slay his son as a pledge of his faith, and who had waited until the father's knife was on his victim's throat, to cry to the sacrificer to stop, seeing that it was only a joke.

As though it were possible that a God, soever little human, could give way to such deplorable pleasantries, as though a God could stop the Sun, without stopping time and stopping himself. Ah! I know how many follies must be forgiven to human misery. I know it is admitted that the priest, who has his own passions to feed, must live by the altar, and that it is only wicked Gods who fill their purses, and who are consequently worth the trouble of exploiting, but I have none the less right to say, that this doctrine, of the tempting God, is the most dishonorable folly which has yet found a place in the human brain, the gravest insult that intellect has cast upon the Deity.

But what was the meaning of this monstrous doctrine of a God, supreme ordainer of worlds; of a God who has His solar clusters and universes to conduct, and who amuses himself by tempting men in a very little corner of a very little planet, lost in the immensity of space? It was the fatal and rigorous conclusion of the doctrine of the unworthiness of passion. It was necessary in fact to commence by insurrection against the law of God, the law of justice and of love, to establish the reign of oppression and of constraint. False morality must have excommunicated passion before an English moralist could have dared to publish that

sive in its revelations and manifestations on our globe. What is there more incredible in the authenticity of sanguinary texts in the Bible, than in the existence of Megatheria—lions, wolves, or snakes among the works of creation?

It is necessary that the passions of the individual should be crucified until the laws of Social Harmony are understood and institutionized, and that the allegiance due by each member of society and each passion of the soul to the collective unity, should be expressed in unqualified devotion. This, in the perversion to which false positions subject it, becomes asceticism and generates hypocrisy, but it is legitimate that the religious sentiment as well as every other should have special exponents, and there may be good and true priests as well as false ones (witness Oberlin).

the right of a seat at the banquet of life belonged only to the son of the rich, as well as the right of love and the right of paternity. Thus false morality, by degrading passion, sought to deprive God of His rank as chief of the universal movement. Must we tolerate such infractions of the Supreme order? I think not.

O join yourselves with me, holy and charitable souls, whom the Spirit of God kindles; all you first, noble and generous daughters of Eve, to whom God granted beauty and the right to seduce, to retain the heart of man in the power of passion! Join with me in dealing justice to the odious doctrine of the unworthiness of passion, on which impostors and tyrants have erected for six thousand years, their systems of torture, and let us quickly proceed to the vindication of Love; of Love, whose cause is yours as well as that of God; is the cause of happiness and of human liberty. The restoration of passion is the beginning of wisdom, is the first stage of the road to harmony. Love is the column of fire which must guide toward the promised land that poor humanity, now deceived, thirsty, and wandering in the desert of the purgatorial societies. Rise with me, daughters of Eve, with silken tresses, blonde or black; born priestesses of the law of Love; rise, to say with your voice so sweet to the heart of man, to say with the flowers, with the birds, and the stars: God is good.

Ah, doubtless, God is good, whatever say His ministers; and if He is good, He loves not that carnage and blood toward which He inspires us with horror; and those who sing Te Deums to thank Him for having favored their armies, calumniate and insult Him. He is our Father; then He is bound to wish our happiness, since it is by His very law that fathers work for the welfare of their children. He is just; *consequently, every desire that He gives us is a promise which He makes to us.*

For example, had He not willed that we should be immortal, He would not have given us the desire of being so; He would have given us attraction for the idea of annihilation. One would have cost Him no more than the other. The best proof of our immortality is the necessity we are under to believe so. One of these two things is true—either that we are immortal as we desire to be, or that otherwise God, who has placed this desire in

our hearts *without being forced to it*, is a being supremely insidious and wicked; in truth, I can assure you that thousands of volumes have been written in favor of the immortality of the soul, which do not teach so much on this consoling subject as the immortal formula of *Attractions Proportional to Destinies*—literal translation of the three Words—God is good!

Thus the passional movement is the pivotal movement of the celestial mechanics, and those who have suppressed it are Vandals, who have understood nothing of science. Besides *Passion*, the motive principle, breath of God, two other principles are in play in the system of nature, the passive and moved principle. Matter—the neuter and arbitral principle, Mathematics; and the assemblage of these principles constitutes the famous principle of the Divine Trinity, of the primordial trinity which is found again at the basis of all the religions of Asia. To each of these principles corresponds an order of passional developments; to the motive principle, the spiritual developments, the passions called *affections*, cardinal or central passions; to the passive and moved principle are related the inferior or material passions called *sensuous;* to the neuter and distributive principle, the intellectual developments, the passions called *distributive*. These developments, as a whole, constitute the series or passional gamut. The series is the mode employed by the Supreme Author to distribute the harmonies of the universe. *Numeri regunt mundum.*

There is the gamut of sounds as there is that of colors, of odors, of savors; as there is the gamut of planets.

Every term of the series or every note of the gamut has its passional title, which determines its grade and gives it its number in order; but every series is cast upon the passional series.

Every creation is a manifestation of the generative power of a planet, tending to complete its animal, vegetable, or mineral apparatus conformably to the laws of the series. The planets, which are beings superior to man, have great duties to fulfill, first, as members of the solar system, then as mothers of families. Thus the attentive study of their actions and procedures shows them incessantly busied with modifying, perfecting, and completing their several casts of creatures. The planets (in the words

of a profound genius), are farmers that work to produce wealth for us.

It is supreme happiness for the stars to produce and manifest their powers. I have heard it mentioned that certain planets had imaginations of an adorable eccentricity in the moulding of their various series.

The aromal power of planets depends not at all on their mass, but entirely on the character of their aromas. The Earth, which is one thousand four hundred times smaller than Jupiter, is a reservoir of aromas quite as important as those of this enormous globe.

Every planet possesses its typical aroma, its special passional title, all whose products bear that signature, "All that the Earth engenders is conformable to the Earth," says Hippocrates. Now, as every creation bears the mark of its fabrication, it is only in question to know the passional title of each planet to have the key to the universal classification of beings, or, in other words, of the universal classification of the sciences. The study of the passional title of planets is easier than may be supposed, and presents more charms than difficulties. Every astral creation is, in fact, resumed in a type, in a pivotal being, a royal being that resumes in itself all the anterior creations of its planet, and whose title is recognized in this, that he is invested with the faculty of creating, and of co-operating with God. This royal being, this pivotal being, will be Man for the planet Earth.

Man is, in fact, the superior type of the terrestrial creation, the complete resumé of all the anterior creations of his globe. Before stopping at the human form in the womb of his mother, *man has passed through all the inferior forms of animality.* Man is a world in little, whose brain reflects the universe and God.

Let us study man, and the history of man will give us that of the beasts that we seek, and that of the flowers, and that of all the kingdoms that we do not seek, for God is *one*, and man being king on this globe, all the rest of the beings created on this globe ought to be modeled in reference to him by virtue of the principle of unity. *Totus ad exemplar regis componitur orbis.*

The science of the relations of man with other created beings

has the name of passional analogy; it is not a science, it is the SCIENCE, that is to say, the pivotal science, embracing all others. It is the thread of Ariadne, that guides human intelligence across the most complex dilemmas of nature. It does not date from yesterday, for it is as old as metaphor, as human language. It is this that formerly gave to Œdipus the word of a too famous riddle, and that urged the Sphynx to suicide.

The Greek people, which has owed its artistic and intellectual superiority only to its force in analogy, had foreseen the relations of the passions of man with the order of created things, when it inscribed on the front of the temple of Delphi the formula, γνωθι σεαυτον.

Know thyself; that is to say, analyze thy body and thy soul, and thou wilt hold the key of all the mysteries of nature.

The secret of the Universe is all entire in this formula of ancient wisdom.

Modern science knows man; it has analyzed him physically and morally; it has dissected him in his intelligence and in his flesh; it is armed with the means of weighing the firmament and of discerning the soul of globes.

Man is the king of the planet Earth, and the co-operator with God, with whom he is identical in substance. If man was not identical in substance with God he could not understand Him, and his reason would not have the force to place him in relation with the eternal order, with the visible and the invisible worlds.

Man creates like God; his domain is called art, as contrasted with Nature, which is the domain of the planetary creation. Nature sketches, art polishes. Nature gives the marble, art makes statues more beautiful than Nature, and in which it incarnates the ideal. God makes the wild stock, man grafts it, and by procedures of his own changes the rough wild pear into the fine-flavored seckel or beurre. The peach of Montreuil and the rose of painters have no resemblance to their original types, and are much more beautiful than nature—are creations the whole honor of which returns to man.

The wheat-plant is a human creation; left to itself, it degenerates into the tare. Let us not fear to restore to man what be-

longs to man. God has never been jealous of man's glory; on the contrary, it is He that has placed in man the desire of becoming rich and illustrious by creating. Man has the passion to create like the planet, and the happiness he experiences in creating is proportional to the importance of his work. Man is more than an intellect served by organs, for this too celebrated definition of M. De Bonald applies as well to my dog Castagno as to me, and even better in many cases, especially in flushing pheasants, where the intelligence of Castagno is served by a nose and paws, which my organs cannot have the credit of equaling. Yet, without detracting from Castagno's intelligence, I may say that his intelligence is limited in comparison with mine, seeing that it does not act beyond the sphere of animal life. [It is only in the devotion of his affections that he transcends this and shares with me the attributes of my spiritual life.—Tr.]

Man, often inferior to the beast in vigor of muscle and subtlety of senses, is as much his superior in intelligence; he is the legitimate king of the earth, and the beast has been created and sent into the world to love and to serve him. * * *

Man is the product of an abridged creation, interrupted in its finest season. Man is the last born of a fallen globe—all whose kingdoms are marked with the seal of omission and abortion. Man is king of a planet, but of a planet in *quarantine*, and in great measure cut off by its diseases from the harmonious relations of its solar system, and man himself is reduced to a minimum of development which has rendered his struggles to attain harmony and conquer by intelligence his happier destinies, so long, so painful, and hitherto so futile. Enough if the power of our passional levers stimulate us to react against present misery, and prepare for us a better future.

The passional series or gamut of man is essentially composed of twelve radical notes in double play, major and minor:

1. The group of *cardinal or affective* passions, corresponding to the motor principle, have their focal organ in the heart. They are four: Friendship, Love, Familism, Ambition.

2. The group of *sensuous* passions, corresponding with matter, and whose number is fixed by that of the five senses.

3. Lastly, the group of *distributive* passions, corresponding to the neuter or regulating principle. The distributive passions to the number of three, are charged with the direction of the movement of the general gamut, with the regulation of the accords and discords of the other passions.

They bear the following names, derived from their functions: Cabalist: the reflective impulse of emulation and intrigue.

Composite: corporate enthusiasm, blind ardor, passion for combined accords. Papillon or alternating: passion for change, sustainer of charms, and preserver from the ennui that springs from uniformity.

The development of the cardinal passions or affections, tends to the *social group;* that of the sensuous or material passions, to *luxury;* that of the distributives to the *series* which distributes the harmonies. * * * *

All these passions are fused and resumed in one sole pivotal or focal passion, the love of Unity or Harmony—the religious Sentiment. Thus all the colors of the prism unite to form the white, color of Unityism. * * *

The musical scale, the gamut of the ear, is complete in man; it has its thirty-two notes, with twelve passional titles—its two gamuts, major and minor, of twelve notes each, supported by their four sub-pivotal notes and their notes of transition or ambigues. The musical gamut of man is probably in relation of titles and number with the planetary gamut, whose formation is still incomplete. We readily discover in it the four cardinal notes:

*Ut*, friendship; *mi*, love; *sol*, familism; *si*, ambition.

The three ambigues or distributives *ré*, (cabalist); *fa*, (papillon); *la*, (composite); the five sensitives or inferior passions, the five semitones. We must, however, recognize as a sign of the weakness of man's auditory organ, that it is incapable of seizing the five semitones in the first vibration of the gamut.

Our eye does not discern twelve colors in the solar spectrum, but only seven—rays corresponding to the four cardinal passions, and (perhaps) to the three distributives, violet, (friendship); blue, (love); yellow, (maternity); red, (ambition).

Indigo, (cabalist); green, (papillon); orange, (composite). Our

vitiated atmosphere, perhaps, intercepts the five semicolors analogous to the five musical semitones; neither have we discerned in colors the minor scale.

A single observation suffices to show the imperfection of the sense of sight in man. He cannot fix his eye on the Sun.

The owl which light offends, like other prowlers of the night, has a compensation in its co-nocturnal sight for the absence of a co-solar sight. Ovid is right in affirming that God gives to man the countenance sublime and adapts him to look up to the heavens. But this definition applies to the normal man, the man of harmony, and not to the man of civilization, who cannot look the Sun in the face. The animals who know this defect in their master, like to joke him about it. A cock that perceives you attending to him never fails to turn his head on one side in order to dart his glance at the Sun, as if to say to you in his ironical language, King of the Earth, try to do that.

The gamut of savors and of odors, and the gamut of the pivotal sense, touch, are faintly sketched in man, [perhaps merely from his neglect to cultivate and refine their sensations, these branches having been placed under a ban by ascetic religion and morality during the general poverty of incoherent societies.]

The faculty of perceiving the cardinal or pivotal aromas is, besides, proportional to the passional title of species; thus it is probable that we surpass in faculties of compound visual perception all the animals of the earth, and that man, by reason of his consubstantiality with God, is the only being here below who perceives the white, color of Unityism.

The dog (type of friendship), then, may see the hare a violet, and the lark would see the Sun yellow. Castagno, my brachhound, whom I have more than once consulted on this question of optics, has always answered me evasively.

Moreover, all the aspirations of man urge him toward the series of the third degree; the ambition to attain the full harmonic gamut is displayed in all his manifestations. The first combinations of his twelve radical passions engender, first, thirty-two principal types of human character or characterial dominants, serving to discriminate individuals, and to class them in groups and series. Calcu-

lations already made elsewhere carry to eight hundred and ten for the major gamut, and the same number for the minor, the cipher of the necessary characterial combinations, to assure the regular movement of an alveolar society or commune. The dental gamut of man, which offers only twenty-eight pieces in the child, has thirty-two in the adult. These teeth are disposed in the minor order by even groups of eight and four with the os hyoides or pivot.

The pectoral gamut counts twenty-eight pieces, called true ribs and false or floating ribs, but distributed by seven and five, according to the major mode, and connecting themselves upon the pivot of the sternum. (Besides which we have the counter-pivot or dorsal spine, and the clavicles and scapulae, transitional). In the fingers and the vertebrae, wherever double and symmetrical organs exist, we meet the number thirty-two, pivotal number of compound harmony for the globes of the solar system.

We should look for thirty-two human races, for thirty-two choirs in the phalanx or integral society, thirty-two cards of the game of piquet and soldiers in the game of chess. The game of piquet and the game of chess, which pivot on the number thirty-two, are certainly two of the most admirable inventions of the human mind, and which incontestably demonstrate by the recreation which they procure to man, that no more harmonic combination is possible to him than in the number thirty-two.

The game of dominoes, which has only twenty-eight pieces, is to the game of piquet, as the dental gamut of the child, which has but twenty-eight teeth, is to that of the adult which has thirty-two.

The game of draughts, which has forty pieces—that is eight more than the game of chess—has still less than a thousandth part of the combinations and resources of the latter—a new proof already given besides by the musical gamut, that the number thirty-two is the true term of compound harmony, the true cipher for the letters of the universal alphabet of the solar system.

This rapid exposition of the Passional Series terminated, we must begin to relate the misfortunes of the Earth, and to tell the causes of abortion in the last creation, and the omissions which dishonor the gamuts of her different kingdoms. If it is true that the beast has been created to love man and to serve him, history should

teach us why there exist a number of animals like the shark and the tiger, the bedbug and the flea, which devour their monarch instead of serving him. The subject is poignant and painful, undoubtedly, and I do not undertake it without extreme reluctance; but how can one write a conscientious history of beasts without preceding it by an abridged notice on the creation?

No one knows how many ages the Earth has lived in the state of a comet. Only the pivots of systems preserve in their annals the remembrance of those primitive epochs of the stars they have implaned, as mothers the recollection of their babes' first steps.

The Earth not being yet in telegraphic communication with the high sidereal powers, I know not how certain documents on this subject can be obtained.

The most accredited opinion gives as 15,000 years the duration of the cometary existence of this planet. I cannot guarantee its exact truth.

We begin to know the mode of existence of those stars with long tresses which are the embryos of globes. It is at first a film of burning vapors which dart through space with a disordered course, and describe ellipses whose long diameters are immensely protracted—whose years are ages. The year is the complete revolution of any star around its pivot. The comets, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, are the vestalic corporation of the firmament. The comet is a fierce virgin, hostile to the relations of love, and who yields only at the last extremity to the attraction of some pivotal star which forces her to implane herself, that is, to adjust herself to the sidereal gamut of some unfortunate cluster in quest of an absent note.

We then see the almost rectilinear orbit of the rebel gradually inflect, soften, adopt the elliptical curve of planets, curve of love, with two convergent foci; then its fire vapors gradually condense in metallic masses, in oceans, in a humid atmosphere under the double pressure of molecular attraction and of cooling; then comes the unfolding of vegetable life, where already love has its sexes—where the humid lips of the stigma already solicit the kisses of the stamen, but where the stamen is yet obliged to borrow the wings of the breeze to transmit messages of love to the pistil. After the

vegetable; the animal, the fish, the saurian, the bird, the quadruped; finally man, and last of all, woman—second edition of man—revised and corrected, and considerably embellished.

That the earth has passed through all the necessary phases of the infancy of worlds, human reason cannot doubt. The history of the revolutions of the earth is indeed written, and in large and legible characters, in the stratifications of its mineral archives, where we find cased and ticketed with order and by dates, the remains of her various kingdoms, the forest world (fossil coal), and that of gigantic saurians, dragons, and vampire bats; finally, that of the mastodons, the elephant, and the bear, which was the precursor of man.

Let us pass these slightly interesting epochs, and come to that when the earth has been called to play its part in the solar system, as the cardinal planet of friendship. This epoch is but little remote from us. The earth is not, as M. Voltaire asserts, "*An old coquette, that seeks to hide her wrinkles.*" She is, on the contrary, a very young star, and the proof is that this star passes at this very moment through the most painful phase of its infancy, the phase of dentition. Yes, with M. Voltaire's permission, the earth is cutting its teeth. These teeth are called the printing-press, steam machinery, gun-cotton, aerial navigation, etc., whose development causes so much suffering, but which are so many instruments necessary to our humanity in passing from civilization to superior social phases, as the child, once armed with its canine teeth, uses them to pass from pap to beefsteak. * * * *

We should do wrong to preoccupy ourselves unnecessarily with the subversive character of the first creations of globes, since this is necessitated. A creation is always in relation with the moral situation and the wants of its globe. The maleficence of species is the general rule in the creations of the subversive or lymbic phases; it is only the exception in the harmonic phases. The last creation of the Earth, so fertile in sharks, tigers, and vipers, is only the image of the pains and the vermin which torment human infancy; but these creations are necessary, like evil, to force man to conquer his glorious destinies by force of genius and of courageous efforts. The law of the Series, the law of movement and of indefinite progress, wills that humanity should react on the inferior

sphere in which it moves, so as to conquer evil and to rise higher and higher in the scale of the universal hierarchy. And here is found precisely the mark of that profound separation which exists between man and the beast. The beast obeys his special attractions from the first day. His instinct is inclosed within certain limits. Man, on the contrary, is urged by eternal aspirations toward the ideal of perfectibility; repose for him is death—it is annihilation. We ought not to exaggerate the horrors of a subversive creation, for this reason, that the creations of harmony remove from the surface of globes all the species rebellious to man (as we may already understand by the assistance which the dog and the horse have rendered to us); they complete the series of those whose concurrence is an indispensable condition of the integral development of his power and his happiness. God has made nothing useless.

Perhaps man would never have aspired to the luxury of cleanliness and comfort without the stimulus of the flea, the louse, and other disgraces which tyrannize over this tyrant of the earth. Thus is it said that the planet Saturn, who has endowed us with the flea, has given himself nearly as much trouble to perfect this ignoble parasitical insect as to create the horse, his most beautiful work and finest title to glory among us.

What proves the extreme youth of the Earth besides, is the small number of ages elapsed between the phase of Edenism and that which we now traverse, sixty centuries at most.

Now Edenism is that period of the life of the planet which corresponds to the first phase of the life of humanity. It opens on the very day of the birth of man. The first men are born adults, and the first women nubile. The painters who represent Adam and Eve with bodies made exactly like our own, and adorned with the umbilical cavity, are guilty of an anachronism and an orthographical error.

It is inconceivable that man, whose infancy is so long, could have defended himself against external dangers, had he been cast by his Author feeble and naked in the midst of the actual creation. Thus the planet mothers take great care that the appearance of their humanities shall coincide with a paradisaical era, amid which they

can develop themselves and grow—grow sufficiently in intelligence to understand the necessity of labor—in physical force, to compel stubborn nature to furnish their daily subsistence.

The duration of Edenism, alas! was too short for the Earth and its humanity. All the religions of the peoples of the Earth regret this paradisaical era; these regrets are excusable, but they denote the weakness of man's intelligence, and the little faith he has in the goodness of his God. The eyes which God has given to man are made to look before and not behind. The religious and sensible man ought to busy himself about the future and not about the past.

France's famous pass-word, ("*en avant*"), ONWARD, must be that of entire humanity. I do not mourn the happiness of Eden for the reason that I expect better, and that I desire more.

In fact, this happiness of Eden that has been so much talked about, was but a poor affair if we compare it to what we shall enjoy in France, and everywhere, when we shall have realized harmony upon our globe; or if we compare it to what the harmonians of Saturn or of Herschel now enjoy. It was, if you please, the happy quietude of the period of infancy compared with the intoxicating pleasures of the period of love. The Paradisians were ignorant of luxury, and luxury is the focus toward which the collective impulsions of all the senses converge. Now what sort of happiness is it, that cannot satisfy the full development of the senses?

One day in harmony when we shall have reduced the moralist and the warrior to a perfect state of myth, of saurian, of dragon; diamonds, perfumes, and essences will pour forth at the smallest festivals; woman will put the seas and forests, beasts and plants under contribution to add, by dress, to the power of her charms, of which the statues of Phidias now offer but a pale idea. Music will display its innumerable orchestras of singers and instrumental performers, to raise the hymns of prayer and of labor. At this time we shall not be far from confounding in our obscure recollections, the abode of the terrestrial paradise, with that of Siberia and of Ireland, where the laborers die of famine by thousands.

I know not of what paste are moulded those Christian gentle-

men and ladies who still regret the delights of lost paradise, but I confess never to have well understood how a man of sense could envy the social position of our first parents, unless from an exaggerated passion for natural history, and a fine assortment of cigars. The happiness of the Edenians was not due to the interdiction of love, on the contrary; the happiness of Eden was *composite*, though only of the first degree.

It rested passionally upon the unlimited liberty of love, on the absence of prejudices (innocence), and especially on the right of *carelessness*, this precious right that nature grants to the child and the savage, and refuses to the barbarian and the civilizee.

It is difficult to make the corrupted people of the present social phase understand that liberty in love, that liberty of choice, is the first condition of the dignity of woman, and the happiness of man. The imagination of these beings, profoundly gangrened with moralism and hypocrisy, will not admit the compatibility of liberty in love with modesty, supreme charm of the feminine sex, and which decuples the price of the conquests of love.

These moralists, who are for the most part old and ugly enough, are persuaded that if at this moment all women were emancipated, these unfortunates would come and throw themselves on their necks. How gratuitous an illusion! Just heaven! Let them grant us only the law of divorce, they will see.

Materially, the happiness of the Edenians reposed on the perfect equilibrium of temperature, on the abundance of all the fruits of the earth, and the absence of capital. Equilibrium of temperature was the cause that for the whole duration of this period, colds in the head and catarrhs, sources of so many diseases, were totally unknown, whence those frequent examples of fabulous longevity which astonish us in the history of our first parents. Then the average length of human life was measured by centuries, and love still bloomed in the one hundredth year. The stature of man approached seven feet, that of woman five and a half. The abundance of fruit which nature, prodigal of her gifts, suspended of her own love above man's mouth, dispensed him from labor, and conferred upon him the happy right of carelessness. Finally, capital, which gives the right to idleness and parasitism, was not

yet invented; capital is only a precaution against misery, and cannot consequently exist where misery is unknown.

Equilibrium of temperature, absence of prejudices and of capital, rich and prodigal nature, nearly all this has been found again, alas! in that Cythera of Oceanica, which Bougainville discovered not a century ago. Tahiti then still offered us a picture of the manners of half Edenism, period of transition from pure Edenism to the savage state, a mixed period, when man still enjoys the right of carelessness, where they still love each other a good deal, but where they already begin to eat one another a little, and to employ energetic means against the excess of population. At Tahiti, also, the men were of noble stature, and the women always beautiful.

The civilizees of Europe have already spoiled for us these fortunate isles, which inspired in Rousseau such touching sympathies. They have introduced there *their* bible and *their* morality, and in less than eighty years the population of Tahiti has decreased from 150,000 souls down to 10,000—disease has replaced health, anxiety, carelessness; separated property, that of the tribe; and their noble stature, and the beauty of their women has undergone an analogous degeneration. Yet another half century of English puritan rule, and the poetic race of the Cytherians of Oceanica is lost. Poor race! it is said that its pitiless persecutors have odiously exploited its weaknesses; for example, that they have forbidden them, under penalty of a fine, to love between the rising and the setting of the sun, and that with the product of these fines they have obtained the execution of gigantic works.

Poor race! for its executioners have not been contented to tear it from carelessness and love, they have slandered it, they have accused it of profound immorality and invincible proclivity to theft. To theft! as if theft could obtain where there is not even the idea of property! as if those enticing syrens that advanced swimming before the squadron of the navigator, and tore the nails from the hull of vessels to make themselves collars, had ever thought of wronging any one! As if they had not always been disposed to cede generously in exchange for these vile copper nails all that belonged to them!

It is a very curious thing that the principles of property and of morality have never had warmer partisans than among the pillaging nations, the professional robber peoples, such as the English and the Romans.

But the delicious temperature of the oceanic isles cannot give even an approximative idea of the temperature which the earth enjoyed in the Eden period. For at this time the Earth paraded, resplendent with pride, amid a pompous cortege of satellites, and the glorious Creature crushed poor Jupiter with her luxury. At this time five moons escorted her—Mercury, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Phebe (the moon)—five moons, bright, young, ardent, gifted with an energetic power of aromal absorbtion and resorbtion, and whose principal office was to refine the aromas of their cardinal planet, and to communicate to all their vegetable productions an exquisite flavor and exhilarating properties. And these five brilliant moons, each shaded with a different color like so many Bengal fires, served perpetually to illuminate her nights, and gave to the starry vault of that time a softened lustre, a religious charm that no tongue of poet now can describe. And the star bore on her brow, in sign of her power, a radiant crown, a boreal crown whose beneficent aspiration absorbed the excess of caloric in the equatorial zone, to distribute it with art over the vast surface of the boreal continent, where the mildness of an eternal spring reigned, and the Polar elephant cantered at his ease over flowery carpets. And the Earth, aided in her work by the affectionate concurrence of all her satellites and all the stars of the solar system, gave birth each day to some new production, added some new term to her series—animal, vegetable, and mineral.

Here some vexatious fellow interrupts me to object that this new aspect of paradisaical existence is not in conformity with the ideas generally received in the world, with the ideas of Genesis. I reply that I know of no human folly which does not father itself on some sacred text. I am encouraged by remembering that since the time of Galileo the Earth has obtained the Bible's permission to turn round the Sun, which was formerly otherwise; fathers besides, in our day, are no longer commanded to cut the throats of their own children.

Perhaps if I tried to make the Bible speak in favor of my thesis, I should not have to rummage very far for the written proofs of the existence of the boreal crown at the epoch of the creation, [where there is mention of light before that of the Sun, moon, and stars.] But a learned naturalist of Geneva, M. De Candolle, has already demonstrated this phenomenon by the authority of Genesis. If I now well remember what I have read in this not very moral book, there ought to be found there a passage in the book of one Isaiah, a prophet inspired by God, who speaks even more to the purpose than the naturalist of Geneva, affirming in set terms that when this globe shall have sloughed its scab (civilization), "The light of the moon will be as that of the Sun, and that of the Sun seven times brighter, like the light of seven days! ! in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people and healeth the stroke of their wound."—Chap. xxx., v. 26.

I know that humanity, still silly as childhood, has hastily credited an absurd explanation of the Fall. God is my witness, that I would not have turned aside from the track of my narrative to amuse myself by refuting this ridiculous story of eternal damnation and of the forbidden fruit; but I cannot be prevented from giving the thing a kick when it lies under my foot.

The fall of humanity was the passage from liberty to oppression, from wealth to misery, from carelessness to anxiety, from social property to individual property, from innocence to perfidy, from peace to war. What fault effected this disastrous metamorphosis? Poverty. Poverty alone. The deterioration of climates, the *advent of capital*, and the invasion of the philosophical spirit, which have contributed so largely to the misfortunes of the human species, come only in second order in the causes of the degradation of man.

It happened one day that the population of Eden was found too numerous for the *spontaneous* production of the soil to suffice for all his necessities, and that men recognized the necessity of increasing this production by labor. But labor in the infancy of humanity is a painful thing, for industry must first invent and fashion its tools; the hunter must previously have obtained the assistance of the dog and horse, for the tiller of the soil to begin culture.

Then, men, unwilling to submit to the hard conditions of labor, and seeing themselves stronger than women, began to make servants of the latter, and slavery commenced upon the earth. And as tyrants never want good reasons to justify their misdeeds, they set the misfortune of the fall to the account of woman, and caused her to be cursed by the gods.

The gods, made in the image of man, always go halves with the executioners in calumniating the victims; they are always ready to cover the holy idleness of the adroit with the mantle of inviolability. Which does not prevent me from saying that since the fall of humanity has begun by the subjugation of woman, humanity will never rise but by her complete emancipation.

But it was not enough to have thrown a whole sex into slavery. These slaves, too feeble, not sufficing to feed by their work the idleness of strong men, the latter coalesced to crush the weaker men; they organized the caste, the caste of the *idle*, the noble *caste*. They divided the world into two categories, the idlers and the laborers, the proprietors and the proletaries—the saints, elect of God, and the *reprobates*, the *parias*. They arrogated to themselves the right to *consume without producing*, leaving to the disinherited, to the conquered the right to *produce without consuming*.

And they had priests and philosophers who, for the sake of sharing in their privileges of idleness, declared that slavery and the exploitation of the weaker by the stronger was the last word of the will of God, the *only possible basis of order and society*. And all who protested against the will of God expressed by those who constituted themselves its interpreters, were put to death without mercy as rebels to the divine law. Alas! this fact still endures, although it commenced six thousand years ago; and the Arab and the savage warrior continue to sleep and to repose under the tent, while the woman slave extenuates herself in rude labors, and in a great country which every one may know, and which boasts of having emancipated all its children from the yoke of privilege, men are still born legislators by right of capital.

Born law-maker, whoever owes the light of day to a speculator implicated in the embezzlement of bread-stuffs, to a gambler enriched by frauds . . . Born subject of the law, but excluded from

the right of making it, whoever has inherited from his authors only talents and virtue. They call that equality of rights. Myself, a citizen of France, classic country of liberty, I may think evil of that capital which gives to the son of the felon grocer the right to consume without producing, and to command the labor of others. I may find this right exorbitant, tyrannical, but shall I dare to say so? Happily, if I consider capital and inheritance as tyrannical privileges, I consider them at the same time as necessary evils, as inevitable obstructions strewn by fate upon the road of progress. Oh no, please God, and also the attorney-general (*procureur du roi*), I do not share the blind hatred which noble spirits of this time have vowed against capital. Capital is neither more odious nor dearer to me than civilization or barbarism. Call it a parasitical excrescence, a poisonous fungus, I care little.

This parasitical excrescence only germinates on misery; there is the fact; it is an effect and not a cause; make the cause cease, the effect will disappear.

What is urgent is not to rave against the disease of capital, but to try to cure it. Now if this capital, so much accursed, this putative father of the proletariate and of moneyed feudalism, had only inspired us by its tyranny with the desire of doing without its services, we should owe it gratitude and pardon for this desire alone.

The planet suffered horribly by these intestine discords, by the outrageous pretensions of force and of capital! pain gradually sapped her health, and the ravages of disease followed upon its surface a march parallel to that of the ravages of war. She continued her work of creation with courage, but strength already failed for the perfection of her human races, which we easily recognize at the present day by the facial characters of the last created races (Australian), who too much resemble the quadrumana. And the sad hiatus, daughter of impotence and mother of chaos, began to dishonor the Series.

The decline declared itself toward the third century of the paradisaical era. At the end of three more centuries, the virus of the moralist doctrines, which preach compression to consolidate the rule of capital and of injustice, was already infiltrated in the veins

of humanity, and the Cardinal of Love (Herschel), justly indignant at the theories that prevailed here below in regard to her ruling passion, had abruptly broken with the earth.

The courage of the latter yielded under her sufferings; languor took possession of her, and soon a malady of the most pernicious character nearly dried up the sources of life in her bosom. This disease was unhappily contagious, seeing which, the other planets hastened to follow the example of the Cardinal of Love, and to interrupt all friendly relations with the plague-stricken planet: Ceres, Pallas, and Juno fled toward the firmament (*entre ciel*) of Jupiter.

The vestalic planet, Mercury, favorite moon of the group and chief of the satellites of the Earth, took refuge in the court (*parvis*) of the Sun.

The moon alone, unfortunate Phœbe, worthy a better fate, chose to remain faithful to the earth amid the general desertion; she paid dearly for this act of sublime devotion; the contagion reached her; she died at the third attack. We are all mortal.

The deluge, about six thousand years ago, was the first consequence of this deplorable accident; for Phœbe, disorbited in the convulsions of her agony, and approaching a little too near, caused the seas of the latter to extravasate, and drowned several continents. Would that the catastrophe had been limited to an inundation; but the blow struck deeper—it shook the earth upon its axis, which from perpendicular became oblique to the ecliptic . . . and winter, with its frosts, proceeded from the displacement.

Then the magnetic meridian suddenly declined, and the boreal crown, which the regular current of the fluid sustained, fell from the brow of the earth! The double torch of the Poles was extinguished, and the immense Continent of the North, formerly so populous with animals and enameled with flowers, suddenly buried itself in its winding sheet of ice.

The soul is riven by the relation of such catastrophes. The elephant that was found in 1805 at the mouth of the Lena, in the very midst of a block of ice, where it had been preserved 6,000 years at least, in flesh and hide, this elephant had seen all these things and many others besides, and its perfect preservation at-

tests that the freezing up of the poles has been produced by a sudden chill; by the same shock which denuded the earth of her head-dress.

Behold then here the Fall, that accident which malice and imposture have so strangely disfigured.

The fall of man has been but the counterstroke to that of the Boreal crown. Woman had nothing to do with the disaster. The original sin which bad jesters have considered *very* original, under pretext that the idea of making people expiate a crime that they had not committed, was eminently facetious; the original sin is a fable. That sin which humanity has most dearly expiated is the sin *capital.*

Let us not forget to mention that this new explanation of the Fall has in its favor the imposing testimony of two young somnambulists entirely trustworthy, who remount with the greatest ease to all the epochs of their anterior existences in their moments of aromal lucidity, and who have attested in my presence the above sincere and veritable details.

Every one knows what the state of somnambulism is, which does not prevent me from giving the explanation of it for persons who are ignorant.

The terrestrial life is to the aromal life what sleep is to waking. Just as in sleep we lose the recollection of previous events and our sensibility, so in passing into this inferior life we lose the remembrance of our past existences and the aromal sensibility.

Now to magnetize an individual is to awaken him from his terrestrial sleep, it is to disengage his *aromal* body from the obstructions of his *terraqueous* body, to restore his sensibility, lucidity, and memory absorbed by sleep, besides the faculty of traversing spaces with the swiftness of light and of electricity, *two aromal fluids.*

Nothing can be more simple than the explanation of all the phenomena of somnambulism with this theory.

I was at the Deluge; I return. Since this catastrophe the earth labors with ardor to repair her disasters. The frequency of the boreal auroras tells plainly enough the persistence of her struggles to reconquer her crown, attribute of her dignity, as car-

dinal, and condition *sine qua non* of the restoration of her paradisaical temperature.

But sometimes also discouragement seizes her, and dark ideas traverse her brain when she returns to the memory of the past, and thinks of the years that still separate her from the day when she shall re-enter her glory, and resume the interrupted course of her creations.

Sometimes these attacks of marasmus are so much prolonged that the very life of the planet has been called in question. I know of no globe whose infancy has been so painful as that of the earth, and which has been so often despaired of. The two most dangerous crises which history has recorded are those coincident with Cæsar's death, and with the end of the last century. The earth has not yet recovered from this recent shock.

Report has even spread that the question of amputating the sick planet had formerly been seriously agitated in the great council of the sidereal firmament on occasion of the late epidemic among the Irish potatoes.

I indulge the idea that this resolution is quite premature, and that these reports have been designedly circulated by the friends of the earth who wished to inspire fear, and to induce her through intimidation to throw her philosophy and her philosophers overboard. So mote it be! It is certain that the earth's incapacity to furnish to the Sun her contingent of *tetra-cardinal* aroma is for the whole solar series a cause of legitimate irritation and a grave humiliation, and the poor patient is not alone in suffering for her abandonment. It remains to be seen how much longer false morality will abuse our patience to prolong the disgrace of the earth!

The preceding exposition implicitly narrates the miseries and the omissions of the last creation; No. 3. Evil there predominates, and the subversive characters form the general rule, the harmonic characters (species useful to man) the exception.

There are families, such as that of the Felines, as that of Serpents, which do not count a single species frankly allied with man; and out of a mass of perhaps 100,000 species of insects, three or four at the utmost, have up to this time consented to work for us.

This is all in order, and there is nothing for us to repine against in this state of things.

Let the ants, the lions, and the locusts pass. Other creations will come, who will begin by re-establishing the balance among types. Then will come the last, the supreme creation of harmony, which will totally invert the terms of the proportion, and which will preserve of the subversive characters only sufficient for illustration of the principle.

We may have a little patience in face of such a hope.

Knowing the typical aroma, the passional title of each planet; the classification of its beasts, plants, and minerals is immensely facilitated. We have a passional gamut, hominal or sidereal, composed of 32 notes, in major and minor, reckoning in the ambigus or transitional characters and the pivots. (4 ambigues sub-pivotal to the key.)

These thirty-two notes are produced by the double mode, each containing twelve radical notes augmented by their complementaries.

Every gamut of twelve notes is decomposed into two groups by seven and five, every group of seven into two groups by three and four. Speculating only upon one mode, since the minor offers only a symmetrical counterproof of the major mode; we shall find for the cast of universal classification twelve radical series, four transitional; in all, sixteen great natural divisions;* afterward subdivision of the radical series in groups, genera, species, and varieties, by seven, five, four, three, one.

Every type eminent in dignity will reveal the cardinal paternity and indicate the No. 1 of the series.†

* The translator suggests that the true number of transitions in each mode is three, and not four. One between the five sensitive and the four affectional passions; one between the five sensitives and three distributives; and one between the four affectives and three distributives. These three transitions, doubled when we reckon in the minor mode of the gamut, make six, which added to the first twenty-four, formed by doubling the twelve radical notes, give thirty; then the two pivots, corresponding to the passion of Unityism or Harmonism for each mode make up thirty-two.

† For instance, the Arab Horse, supreme type of all the equine series, easily reveals ambition as its passional dominant and the aroma of the

Each of the graduated modulations of the series will receive its baptismal name from the aromal title of the satellites or of the ambigu of its cardinal. The passional dominant of each group, of each individual, will indicate in one word its planetary origin, and will tell at the same time, as an infallible touchstone, or rather as a diapason of the passional gamut, the omissions of existing series, and the functions of future creations.

The principle of the universal classification of the sciences has been asked; behold it, for I repeat, all the sciences are the same, and beasts, minerals, and flowers are but different casts penetrated by the creative power of the planets, to represent human passion. The planets obeying in the fabrication of their types, the law of the series, it follows fatally that the cast of all classifications is the same for all the kingdoms of nature. Scale of characters, scale of colors, scale of sounds, scale of beasts, of flowers, all are modeled upon the passional hierarchy. It is henceforth for characterial affinity, for analogy, to place each family in its rank, and to assign to it its number of order. The squares on the universal chess-board remain the same, there is nothing to be changed but the names of the pieces occupying them.

Easy, however, as may be a universal classification of the sciences, it is always a universal classification, it is always a complete exposition of the law of the series in all the kingdoms of the Creation, that is to say, the last word of human science, and almost the last word of God! I have not the last word of God, and I am not therefore mortified; but I ingenuously confess that I would not restrict myself to a double folio volume of one thousand pages, that I should have to write upon a subject as large as the world.

This book is a treatise on the spirit of the beasts of France, and not a complete treatise on passional nomenclature. There are limits, alas! fixed by universal poverty and the price of the volume. I must, then, confine myself within these fatal limits. Let

planet Saturn Cardinal of ambition. The different sub-species and varieties of this series will be related to the various moons of Saturn, with whose characters the sciences of Harmony, when these matters become of practical interest, will acquaint us.

official science take up this theme of passional nomenclature where I have left it off, let it conduct the subject fairly through to the end as is its function and its duty, and I shall be pleased and proud of having contributed to draw it out of the false path, to restore it to the true.

If, nevertheless, the imagination of my fair reader, over-excited by this title of passional nomenclature, require some examples of the application of the new process of classification, and cannot await the inventory of the zoological apparatus of France, I must fly to meet her desires, happy to find this agreeable occasion of showing at one stroke the simplicity of the analogical method, and the absurdity of all others.

The typical aromas of planets are known, I am aware, but not however so thoroughly that the narrator, recalling them, can be reproached with repetitions and commonplace. I shall briefly mention a few for example. Saturn, cardinal of ambition, has for typical aromas, those of the tulip and lily, or to use the most simple language of analogy, Saturn perfumes with the tulip and lily, with the tulip in simple, with the lily in composite. The simple aroma is that which belongs only to the planet, the composite results from the combination of the simple aroma with that of one or several other planets.

Herschel, whom I should prefer to call Eros or Aphrodite, perfumes with the iris in simple, with the tube-rose in the composite; Jupiter, with jonquil in simple, narcissus in composite; the Sun, general focus of the aromas of the vortex, who can have no simple aromas but in the manner of white in its relation to colors, perfumes with orange and with the musk-scented grape.

If the power of smell were developed in man to the same degree as that of hearing, the mere scent of a plant or of a metal would suffice to teach him the origin of it with all that appertains to it.

Every planet sheds in space a perfume, a tone, a light, whose series and accords form as many sweet melodies or harmonies. God is an immense artist, but He invites to His concerts only the great geniuses of humanity. Kepler has given the gamut of the planets.

"The Earth repeats incessantly," says he, "the two notes fa and mi, because these two notes are initial syllables of the two words *faim et misère*, famem et miseriam."

Reason is the only instrument infallible in man, and it is consequently only the study of the character of beings that can reveal to him their planetary analogies. Departing from this point, let us study the character of the first animal that comes along in order to class it in its series. Do we wish to know, for example, the aromal title of the horse? Let us examine the manners of the horse.

I observe that the horse is the only animal that keeps his geological tree with care—proof of aristocratic pride, pride of blood. I observe that the horse is impassioned for combats, tournaments, the chase, pomp, dress—that in the wild state he obeys chiefs chosen for their valor. I divine from these salient traits of character the emblem of the gentleman, the emblem of the ambitious man, thirsting for glory and honor, and I class it by authority among the productions of the planet Saturn. It will remain afterward to be judged by comparison, what will be its place in the series of the ambitious.

Now the character in the example chosen is so strongly emphasized that every one will exclaim with me, that the horse is the cardinal emblem of ambition, consequently the pivotal creature of Saturn. They will have spoken the truth; the horse emanates from the purest aromas of the cardinal planet of ambition, from that proud globe who marches, accompanied by a cortège of *seven* satellites, and takes her attitude in the sky like a portrait of Vandyke; of Saturn, whose martial character might be surmised by her proud air alone with the ambitious color of the double scarf, with which she likes to gird her waist.

All is flaming, lustrous, and gorgeous to the eye in this star, which cherishes display like the blooded horse.

The tulip is the cardinal emblem of honor—the lily, emblem of truth. Saturn has chosen the tulip and lily for her typical aromas.

The number 7 is the archetype of hierarchy (number of the spiritual passions, 4 affectives, and 3 distributives). Nearly all the plants in the Linnæan order heptandria (flowers with seven sta-

mens) emanate from the aromas of Saturn. Among others, the horse-chestnut and the buckwheat, the red cereal grain.

The horse-chestnut of India is the emblem of the fine soldier, bedizened with embroidery—the soldier of the army of parade, of the army brilliant with gilding and epaulettes—remarkable for its perfect drill and its fine appearance under arms, but dangerous from its expensive uselessness and the numerous vermin of commissaries, and suttlers, or camp parasites, which it feeds and protects . . . The buckwheat, whose stimulating grain, spared by the flail, sows the ardor of mortal combats among the plumed gentry of the poultry yard ; the buckwheat also symbolizes a warrior, but a warrior of another stamp.

The cavalry soldier has not yet contracted the habit of feeding his courser with a quart or two of buckwheat on the morning of a day of battle ; but let him try this procedure, and tell me what he thinks of it. The man of nature, the simple and candid countryman, has long made use of it to *give eye* to the beasts which he carries to market.

This family character, this character of emulation and contest, will be found again in the pear, another glorious creation of Saturn's, the high-flavored fruit with reddish leaves, and of numberless series, which gives full development to all the rivalries of taste. That red, shining, sonorous metal of which cannon, bells, and clarions are made ; those war-trumpets, whose shrill notes vibrate so agreeably on the ear of the horse ; copper, is of Saturn.

If copper, distinguished by so many brilliant qualities, is also venomous, it is the fault of the earth and of false morality that governs it, for it is false morality that causes ambition to urge men to crime, instead of urging them to virtue, its natural function. Come the epoch when ambition shall urge men only to glory, and copper will leave its treacherous qualities at the bottom of the crucible.

The cardinal planet has produced the horse and the tiger ; the ambiguous planet Proteus has produced the dwarf horse of Africa, the domestic cat, and the quince.

It is known that astronomers have hitherto forgotten to discover the ambiguous planet Proteus.

Copper leads me to speak of gold, the king of metals, the most unoxidizable, the most resplendent and most highly coloring of all. The intelligent reader divines that this royal or pivotal metal can come only from the aromas of the Sun, general focus of the aromas of the system, and distributing to the other stars, as gold to the other metals, light and color. The sacred character of irradiation, of connection, of unityism, and of authority, will appear in all the creations of the Star King.

It will be the elephant among the quadrupeds; the peacock among birds; the corn-plant, the sugar-cane, the potato, the vine, among plants; gold, the diamond, in the mineral kingdom. The vine, whose perfumed juice, milk of the aged, disposes man to expansion and to fraternity; the vine, a plant so eminently French—the vine is the purest production of the loves of the Earth and the Sun.

The first of all the wines in the world, and that which most improves by age, the luscious, oily wines of Haut Brion, Laffitte, and Chateau-Margot, yields the perfume of the violet.

The peaceful and fruitful cow—the cow, nursing mother of man, will proceed from the massy and powerful Jupiter, cardinal of Familism, as well as the Calville apple, emblem of providence, and also the gold-yellow jonquil, perfumed emblem of maternal tenderness. The creations of the Cardinal of Familism will shine more by their useful than by their poetic side. Familism is not the most elevated in title of the cardinal passions; on the contrary, since it is a passion fixed and not free. We shall easily perceive the inferior title of Jupiter's essays, by the character of the casts of his ambigue, the dread planet Mars, who has worked too much in the preparation of the earth's zoological furniture. The earth owes to Mars an incalculable number of odious, venomous, hideous, and repulsive types. I shall cite among them the toad, my own bugbear, emblem of the beggar, displaying his sores and pustules to the eyes of passers-by or carrying on his back strings of dirty and ragged children.

The beauty, the wealth, and also the number of the notes in the scale of the Cardinal of Love, promised the Earth numberless series of charming types, perfumed, delicate, enrapturing. Cruel

deception! No planet has shown herself more sparing of her gifts toward her poor sister than the too susceptible Cardinal of Love.

Herschel has not been able to pardon the earth her moral theories against love; but it is especially in her casts of the vegetable kingdom that her ill-humor breaks forth. Herschel has inflicted on the Earth a whimsical penance in expiation of her intellectual disorders. She has willed that during the whole duration of the reign of morality on the Earth, her providences toward the latter should be marked with the seal of her political antipathy. *Furens quid fœmina possit!*

For this purpose she has vexatiously travestied all the casts of her aromas, and so effectually that the terrestrial emblems of Love now only figure in ridiculous masquerade, and it has become extremely difficult to divine the hieroglyphics of Love even when forewarned of this fact.*

* Passional appreciation, alas! is distributed at cross purposes, and that spiritual light which reveals the diviner elements of character, and the impersonations of the infinite God upon our mortal drama of passion and sorrow, flashes only in the Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa effects of light and darkness, leaving those who are richest in vision, and from whose hearts the angel-kindled torches gleam far out upon the scenery of nature and society, often poorest in possession.

It is chiefly the false demand of an exclusive property in the person, and the moral reference of every shade of passional affinity to the marriage standard, that vitiates what would be otherwise on either side lovely and beautiful in its spontaneity, and without necessarily claiming from its object a return in the same kind, would awaken some other tender or grateful sentiment, until the circuit of its influence came to embrace both indirectly and directly all the members of the social or collective man.

It is with the civilized marriage institution, key-stone of the arch of the incoherent order, germ of the isolated household and separated interest, that the social battle must be fought. Leave that; and whatever liberal and glorious exceptions individual characters may present, association is essentially vitiated, and harmony rendered impossible. Jealousy and treachery are but practical synonymes of arbitrary exclusive possession in love relations, and these cut the hamstrings of industry in the combined order, though perfectly appropriate to the industrial movement of civilized separate interests. Nature looks ever in her distribution of those instincts on which sexual unions are founded, to the qualities of the offspring, for whose improved development she seeks in each destined parent

Not content with the success of this perfidy, Herschel has pushed irony even to cruelty; she was the natural reservoir of blue flowers in her quality of cardinal hyperminor; she has abused her position to refuse the perfume of love to the flowers of this color which she was obliged to give the Earth; and in exchange she has inoculated them with the perfume of pharmacy and with moral properties. * * * * [See "Vegetable Portraits of Character," page 32.]

Venus, the ambigu of the Earth, perfumes with lilac, a mixed aroma between that of love and that of friendship, as the lilac color is mixed between the violet and rose. The ambigus always perfume with mixed aromas.

The lilac, a charming bush, rich in flowers, poor in fruits, first ornament of the season of love, symbolizes bi-sexual friendship, a friendship excessively passionate, but which would willingly pass from the major to the minor sphere. The lilac is one of the most adorable things in the world, like the affection which it expresses: the enthusiastic friendship of the little Hordes for the Corporation of Vestals.

But the most delicious creation of Hebe, the first moon of Herschel; those of Venus, and those of the Earth, great artists as they are, must cede the step for grace of form, delicacy, and suavity of aromas to the creations of the favorite moon of the vortex, of the

a class of qualities deficient in the other, and operating as their complement in the more integral organism of the child.

Love is thus the accord of contrasted temperaments, and its harmonies accordingly are of the most brilliant and unexpected character. But this is not congeniality; it is far from that fraternal harmony of souls whose blending tastes, attractions, and pursuits symmetrically adjust them to each other's companionship in the practical details of daily industry and amusement, either in the attractive industry of Harmony, or in the repugnant duties of civilization or barbarism.

It is the same voice that calls man and woman to the union for procreation, that forbids to *them*, above all others, those domestic ties and alliances which constitute our isolated household; and it is the forced union of those opposite elements, the amative accord of contrast, and the domestic alliance which reposes on fraternal accords of a nature entirely different, which produces the mystery and the mischief of marriage, and so cruelly disappoints the most glowing anticipations.—Tr.

vestal planet, ex-chief of the satellites of the miniature cardinal (Earth). There is, indeed, nothing fresher, more gracious, sweet, fragrant, and soft than the rose, the sweet and garden pea, the peach, the strawberry, speaking emblems of virginity, charms of odor, taste, and sight, ephemeral flowers, whose tender color seems penetrated with the incarnate of the virgin's lips—fruits perfumed like her breath, bearing on their epidermis the down of her cheeks; fruits also ephemeral, not to be kept, and which we must hasten to eat in their prime. It is unnecessary to say that the name of the planet to whom we owe the rose, the pea, and the peach, is perfectly unknown at the Bureau of the Longitudes, where they are not in the habit of judging the stars by their fruits. They have called it Mercury! They have found among them all no name more suitable than that of the patron of the ignoble shop, to designate the creator of the rose. Mercury . . . a planet aromatized in the vestalic title! I can pardon official science many things, but not misdeeds of this sort. Singular laws, however, those which rule us, which forbid us to treat as a robber; a usurer, a bag of dollars with a human face, a brute, a madrepore, a sponge, a being who is nothing to us; and which permit awkward nicknames to be inflicted on the stars that make our happiness.

One more word in behalf of the dog, cardinal emblem of friendship, vigilant *satellite* and police officer of man, always ready to fight and to die for him; need I say that the dog is a pivotal creation of the Earth, cardinal of friendship?

It is the same with the vine, one of the most characteristic productions of the gamut of Friendship, and assuredly one of those which do it most credit.

If I here say a word too much, it is not in favor of the hunting dog, but of another species, the most faithful, alas! and the most disdained. I do not ask the analogy—I ask the origin of the water-spaniel, the humble spaniel, the victim poodle, the same that plays at dominoes and that follows his master's vehicle alone.

The answer is easy for one who has read with profit the desolating narrative which I lately gave of Phœbe's death. The poodle dog is the last testimonial of affection received by the Earth from her unfortunate satellite, stricken with contagion in the flow-

er of her years, dying with the regret of not having been able to complete for her beloved star the series of canines! For we cannot deceive ourselves on this point; the series of canines is not completed: the scale is broken at the note of the fishing-dog, and the dog of Newfoundland would in vain flatter himself with filling the vacancy. The Newfoundland dog is only a fisher of men, and it is a fisher of fish that we want.

How many naturalists suspect that the same cause which produced the last deluge, occasioned the interruption of the canine series?*

What has betrayed the learned in the affair of classification, is pride and want of faith in the wisdom of God. The learned man has done like the philosopher; he has deprived passion of its employment as the universal guide of classification, as seriary guide, and God has punished him like the augur Tiresias, with blindness.

The learned have not understood the simplest thing in the world, to wit: that *passion distributes characters.* This oversight has ruined them.

When the immortal discoverer of the mastodon—when George

* I have connected with all the names of planets feminine pronouns, because, though hermaphrodite in their structure according to the hypothetical cosmogony from which Toussenel has borrowed, they are all feminine in their relations with the Sun, pivot of the solar vortex. Their animal, vegetable, and mineral creations are, besides, to be distinguished as industrial operations, and differ widely in their origin from those acts which result in the formation of new sidereal beings.

I intended at first to have suppressed what will seem so extravagant and undemonstrable as many parts of the introduction, but it would be defrauding the really appreciative reader too much. What we cannot accept as science, we may at least be amused by as fiction. Toussenel's rich and delicate humor abounds here; and even should all the details prove ultimately erroneous, our present barren and materialistic methods of science may be no less benefited by the spiritual suggestions of a theory, which at least is sound in this that it seeks first everywhere the soul, the animating passional principle, the key-note of the being.

Whether the specialities are true or false, they serve, like the $\times$ *s* and *ys* of algebra, to arrive at the determination of unknown quantities; and there is an internal allegorical meaning concealed in them which will be an open secret, and a very charming one for the author's true group of readers. Others will be better satisfied with the chapters on beasts.—Tr

Cuvier wrote that classification is itself the ideal to which natural history should tend, he wrote a very true thing, because he implicitly understands that classification requires the intimate knowledge of the character of the individuals to be classed. Unfortunately the immortal discoverer of the mastodon stops at his premises instead of passing to his conclusion; and he does not divine that it is passion which distributes characters to beasts as well as to men, and which writes the true name of flowers upon their corollas.

This was however less difficult than to construct an entire paleotherium or dinotherium (beasts that had never been seen) from a simple tooth or a simple vertebra.

When we read Geoffroi St. Hilaire, the learned Egyptian, much more a poet and more an analogist than Cuvier—a naturalist who enlightens himself in the beams of the principle of Unity, we expect every moment to see the irradiating proposition arise from the connection of his statements, we listen for a new Eureka of Archimedes. Vain hope! the analogist gropes into the same blind path as his illustrious rival. He throws the helve after the axe, and exclaims in his discouragement, that classification is impossible.

Geoffroi St. Hilaire came to this sad confession of impotence only because he acted as a *simplist*, studying the vertebral relations of beings too much, and their passional relations too little.

The fault of Geoffroi St. Hilaire, and of Cuvier and others is, in a word, to have had too much respect for the prejudices of man, and not enough for the revelations of God. A little more *religion* and confidence in the principle of Unity would have opened their eyes to see that passion is the chain which links all beings together—the brute to man, man to nature and to God. And as they would have seen that every creature inferior to man is a mirror of his passions, virtues or vices, they would have been led by analogy to baptise every creature in the name of the human passion which it symbolized.

Instead of acting thus, and determining the character of the animal by its dominant passion, they have tried to determine it by the form, *i. e.*, they have put the cart before the horse, which was

a certain method of doing bad work. The form is but the dress of the passion, the cast created by it. The claw has been made for the Lion and not the Lion for the claw; and the Lion has been armed with claws and formidable teeth only to symbolize an atrocious human type, the sanguinary, exacting, and haughty proconsul, the Verres, the Scipio, the Djezzar-Pacha, and the Ali Tebelen—the Pacha always disposed to revolt against his master, and sometimes succeeding in crunching him. Were there no Djezzar-Pacha among men, there would be no lion among beasts.*

I am pleased to recognize that the classification adopted for beasts is less vicious than that of minerals or plants, for this reason, that the manner of eating or of walking, which has been habitually taken to differenciate the animal species, nearly always gives exact data upon the passions of the beast, and sometimes furnishes sufficient means of classification. But I ask to reserve my opinion

* Toussenel here gives only one aspect of the matter in question. The relation of analogy, of which he speaks, may be true enough; but we might as well say that were there no lion among beasts, there could be no Djezzar-Pacha among men, since both are but exponents in progressive grades of beings of the same planetary aroma.

As the primitive type of organism is the cell or stomach, so the primitive type of function is self-appropriation or assimilation. In the earlier periods of our planet's life, her crude and unrefined aromas exhibit this tendency in the grosser forms of destructive communion, the devouring of body by body; and this is fully exhibited in the paleontological types of saurians, megatheria, etc., previous to the advent of man upon the planet: since that, a slow and gradual process of refinement from the destructive to the affectional forms of communion—from the absorption of body by body, to absorption of soul by soul in friendship and in love, has not prevented the earlier and cruder sanguinary form from exhibiting itself in manifold characters of force and fraud—in the Lion and the Djezzar-Pacha, the fox and the attorney at law, the spider and the shopkeeper.

"Of the Soul, which maketh all, and which cometh everywhere," there is to be predicated no right and no wrong—no good and no bad—moral and temporary discriminations, which apply only in the petty, phenomenal, and ephemeral relations of mortal personalities. Of the Soul, and the types assumed by it; mineral, vegetable, animal, or human; sponge-oyster, fish, serpent, lion, elephant; Verres, Cicero, Cromwell, Oberlin; progressive manifestation or revelation, is the only criticism which it is decent for the effect to make upon the cause, the phenomenon upon the essence, the mortal upon the divine.—Tr

of the systems of botanical classification such as I once had to study under pretext of embellishing the mind; systems in which the number of stamens or the parting of a corolla are taken for bases of the distribution of groups and series.

The princes of science who have hitherto written natural history, and who have left aside the passional title of beasts and of flowers, to speak only of the disposition of their external organs, resemble a historian who, aiming to write the history of Julius Cæsar, or of Alexander, should limit himself to speak of the length of his hero's nose, of the color of his hair, or the cut of his coat, and should forget to mention his dominant passions; is it not true that such a work, presented to an enlightened public, would be closed after reading the first page, and would cover its author with contempt? The public would be right, because soul, passion, the drama are the only things desired in a narrative, the nerve of interest, the color of action. Why is a daguerrotype, which reproduces with geometrical exactness the form and features of a countenance, less like than a painted portrait? Precisely because the mathematical instrument has painted only the external envelop, while the brush has painted the soul, the passion, the character, what we seek first of all in a physiognomy. The figure, like the style, is the man. Now the greatest naturalists are, for the most part, only daguerrotypers more or less skillful, and not painters. Buffon and Linnæus, who are sometimes great poets, are really great poets only in painting passions. I would give all the scientific part of Buffon's works for the thirty sublime pages that he has written on the dog, the horse, the stag, or the kamichi. I would give all the laborious classification of Linnæus for his discovery of the two sexes and the loves of flowers. Out of passion there is no true science, no style, no immortality. Another capital error and ill-placed pretension of science, is that of forcing an individual into a family in the absence of all knowledge of its kindred. It is curious to speak of a person's family without knowing their names, their origin, or their genealogy.

Thus I know at the Institute, and elsewhere, a number of learned men very strong on infinitesimal calculations, and who would not be embarrassed to tell me in due time how many minutes and

even how many seconds there are in a century; but I should, perhaps, look in vain for a single zoologist capable of informing me of the passional title or the genealogy of the most common animal —of the duck, for example.

Yes, should I even address M. Flourens himself, whose immortal researches upon this interesting volatile have opened to him the doors of the French Academy—should I ask of M. Flourens the passional title of the duck, M. le docteur Flourens, instead of answering me that the duck is the emblem of the bewitched husband, would probably turn his back on me. Should I question the honorable member on the genealogy of the same creature, he might reply that the duck has come into the world just so, and that he of the Institute is not the cause of it.

I know very well that they at the Institute are not the cause that the male of this species wears a frizzled feather on his tail; but say what you will of it, this is no answer. The learned ancients were certainly not as strong as the moderns in the art of tinging the tibias of ducks with red, and yet I am very sure that they would not have remained dumb before the above questions. For ancient wisdom had divined the principle of solidarity, which connects all the beings of nature with each other; and the children of Greece, in learning the history of men, learned at the same time that of beasts and flowers, in which their seductive mythology had incarnated all the types of human passion. A noble and touching religion, do you know it, that of universal solidarity, that holds the doors of the imagination wide open to all poetic developments, and makes the heart compassionate toward all the unfortunate! Oh! we also shall one day return to this sublime Pantheism—one day when the doctrines of compression and of terror shall have disappeared from our books, and when we shall only believe in the good God.*

* While the Bibles of nations give but corrupt, partial, and shadowy refractions of the Divine word as it could manifest itself through the narrow, prejudiced intellects of a few blind teachers of the blind during periods of subversion, sifted still farther through the wire-woven policies of government and morals in each successive generation; the living words of Nature; plant, and beast, and indigenous human character ever reflect the

And you had already returned to this before us, poor St. Francis d'Assises—you who fraternized so tenderly with the lamb, the

most universal and definite manifestation of the word which our planet can receive, and whose indisputable facts of organic structure and passional function conciliate all intellects and rational perceptions with the Bible of science. Without wishing to deny or to invalidate inspiration, I find it as partial and as little to be trusted as a practical guide, as our modern developments of clairvoyance. Its very vagueness defeated its use among the Jews and other nations of old, who fulfilled the prophecies only in their destruction and dispersion. Its morality is a partial and limping compromise with the institutions of incoherence—the isolated household and competitive workshop, whence all social evils spring and renew themselves. The most sublime precepts of Christ are still slimed with the trail of the serpent, and subordinated to the axiom of Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's: which, being practically interpreted, has meant the partition of the goods of this world between the feudal baron or merchant prince, representatives of the political government on the one side, and the clergy of the established churches, representatives of God, on the other side.

What has been the function of the producing people? Clearly to "*render unto.*" If we examine even the philanthropy and devotion of the Christian religion, such as it is now received, considering this as the supreme type; we find it treacherous, one-sided, and unsound, a beggarly affair of charity without justice, inspiring at most the life and action of a few exceptional good men, in spite of false environment and temptations to evil, while neglecting the organization of labor, the only real basis of either justice or charity. The spiritual wings which Christianity has lent the pious, have been but the flappers of the flying-fish, raising him a little while into an element unsuited to his existence, and exposing him to new troubles and dangers.

For the few elect who really gain the peculiar inspiration and change of heart which belongs to the Christian life (and which is a magnetic and psychological fact that I am very well satisfied of), what thousands and millions become miserable hypocrites! What disgusting orgies do we not behold in the churches and camp-meetings of the Methodists, and other numerous sects in the vulgar aspirations to this state.

Worship, and special religious ceremonials, only mock the misery of a people destitute both materially and spiritually, of all that should vindicate the providence of God; and the religions which accommodate their doctrines and acts of worship to the miseries of civilized and barbarous institutions, are infamous slanders on the character of God, and pernicious in the highest degree to true social progress, as they consecrate those false views of destiny by which philosophy evades its duty of research for the

redbreast, and the wagtail—you who said so quaintly to the gossiping swallows that disturbed your flock, Shut your bills a little, pretty swallows, my sisters, that I may teach these brave fellows the word of God.

divine order of social relations, and a destiny proportional to the attractions of man and the creatures allied with him.

Work, thought, investigation, integral exploration, untiring activity in production, and the conciliation of the interests of the laborer with the perfection of the product—such is the only worship which can be proper or acceptable during the periods of poverty and ignorance. Harmonic worship, thanksgiving, must wait until we have something to enjoy; *we*—not the few rich and highly gifted, but the immense mass of mankind, until poverty, fraud, oppression, carnage, vitiation of climates, generated diseases, vicious circles, general selfishness, and duplicity of action shall have been replaced by their opposite goods: general riches, justice, liberty, peace, and industrial armies for those of destruction, restoration of climates, extinction of diseases, and new developments of vital force in our senses and affections;—until universal harmony and the spirit of collective devotion replace general selfishness and duplicity of action; and association, with liberty in love, the isolated family, and permanent, arbitrary, exclusive marriage.

The bird first drinks and then turns up its eyes to the Sun; the babe must satisfy itself at the breast before it will understand its mother if she asks a kiss. Instinct worships only after it has enjoyed—never before; its only prayer is the struggle to attain.

In the days of Harmony the divine incarnation in nature and humanity will be effected. We shall then no longer be absurd enough to worship an abstraction under the name of God, so long exploited by the priestcraft of all nations. Material properties, revealing to the eyes of our soul their spiritual correspondences; the Sun, radiant centre and dispenser of heat, light, and life to our planetary system, and who manifests to us and in us whatever of God we are capable of feeling and knowing, will be the centre of theology, whose pentateuch is composed of the natural sciences, Chemistry, Mechanics, Physiology, Psychology, and Therapeutics, and whose ceremonial will be composed from all the harmonies of art.

The spiritual life of the Sun once recognized, that of the planet mothers is a natural sequence, and thence the souls or genii which preside over the different parts of nature in each planet, and distribute their harmonies under the general unitary solar providence, forming the hierarchy of causes, while instinct reveals to us, as to the good Father Francis, through a daily communion of affections, the soul of every beast and plant.

Then, for the first time, will the poet's aspiration be fulfilled, "To look through nature up to nature's God."—Tr.

The fact which most irrevocably condemns civilized science is the aversion of women and children to it; for women and children are the most curious creatures in the world, and the most eager to inform themselves. Civilized science will never clear itself of the repulsion with which it has always inspired those charming creatures, so terrible with their indiscreet "Whys?" Why this invincible aversion of women and children for the sciences such as they are professed to-day?

Because woman and the child are straightforward and logical intelligences, who, seeing that God never employs any other lever than *charm* to conduct His creatures to good, can never recognize the character of a religious and useful discipline in one which overcomes its tediousness only by compulsion.

God has made the very old for the very young—the very old, who have seen much, and who like to ramble on and repeat, for the very young who know nothing and who need to have every thing repeated to them. The old man is no more fatigued with the continual questions of the child than the child with the repetitions of the old man; and God, by instituting this cordial understanding between opposite ages, which we call *the contact of extremes,* has given the true rule to be followed in matters of primary instruction. Unfortunately the philosophers have come and proved to the governments that God understood no more about this matter of teaching than other things, and they have changed all that; they have put the heart on the right side, as Sganarelle says, which is the cause why woman and the child, docile to the voice of God, have deserted their schools.

I know a simple and easy method of reforming the human understanding, and to make the apprenticeship of science as attractive as it is now repulsive. It consists in suppressing all that is annoying in the programme of the present studies, and in taking passional analogy as the pivot of a universal system of instruction. Passion, once introduced in the study of the sciences, the cure of the human understanding will take place spontaneously, and will march with giant steps, for every one will rush to the study, man, woman, or child, with an enthusiasm impossible to describe; and I dare not answer for it that it may not soon be necessary to punish

the little rogues to restrain their ardor for instruction. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* . . . I only ask the ministry of public education for six years, in order to reform the human understanding.

The learned shrug their shoulders to hear me speak thus, and think that I am joking. I am perfectly in earnest; if the learned knew that all the sciences are the same, and that thirty-two can be learned at once without crowding each other, they would understand me seriously.

All the sciences at once? . . . Yes, just so; and passional instruction, when it commences, will produce miracles like the lyre of Amphion. Miracles! for analogy has not only the privilege of giving to beings the most inanimate (old style), a body, a spirit, a human countenance and human passions; analogy has the privilege of not being able to teach one science without teaching them all, the privilege of causing fifty discoveries to spring from every demonstration, fifty unsought solutions of problems which come to you of themselves, that fly up as it were from between your feet like the pheasants in a royal preserve, and sparkle before your eyes like the figures in a kaleidescope, and end by climbing upon each other, like the grades of a giant stairway, ascending from man to God. Yes, all the sciences at once, and what sciences! Learned civilizees have attained, it is true, to make of arithmetic, science of numbers; and of geometry, science of sizes; a double nightmare for the childhood of both sexes, and even for adults. But if I told you that I have seen professors of passional arithmetic hold suspended on their lips, by the charm of their words, the most adorable auditrices! Poor children! martyrs of civilization, to whom has never been given the least idea of the interesting things there are to be told about the number 2, number of union, of symmetry, of sympathy, germ of love; or on the number 3, sacred number, considered as such by all the ancient religions and cosmogonies—number of the attributes of God, and of the three natural principles, and of the three distributives; the number 3, the number of the measure (triangle), the number of the law and of justice (balance), the number of agronomy, of *property*, of progress. But there are ten interesting books to be written on the virtues of the number 3. Are you curious to have the explanation of all myste-

ries and of all miracles? . . . Study the properties of the number 3. Do you ask, for example, why Eudes, the brave count of Paris, knocked down the Normans only by threes and threes? Abbon, a holy churchman, answers you that it was from respect to the Holy Trinity . . . The Holy Trinity is the allegorical figure of God, who is everywhere represented under the form of a radiant triangle.

Certainly, the historical and mathematical importance of the number 3 is immense, and none contest it; yet young persons prefer a lesson on the number 4, the number of charm, the number of the musical quatuor, and of the blessed marriage, consecrated by maternity! The number 3 is respectable; the number 3 is wise; but the number 3 is prose, and 4 is poetry. The brain, organ of thought, operates by three levers (cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla oblongata), but the heart, which distributes the blood and nourishes the body, operates by quadrilles of valves, chambers, and canals. 3 is the number of the distributives, *guardian* passions, and regulators of the passional movement; 4 is the number of the affections. I know but one defect in the number 4, that of being a little selfish, a little drawing to self, like the family household; but what is there that is perfect?

See now how order and charm in the numbers 3 and 4 unite in the simple mode, addition, to produce the second sacred number, 7; and in the compound mode, multiplication, to produce the third sacred number, 12. Have you decomposed ambition, whose double moving spring is the corporate spirit (honor, the sentiment of hierarchy), the number of the natural series, of the musical gamut, of the solar gamut, of the branches of the chandelier of justice, of the satellites of Saturn, of the seven sacraments, of the seven lymbic scourges. I one evening saw an illustrious mathematician very much embarrassed before ladies because an adorable mischief of fifteen (this age is pitiless) had asked him the reasons why the number 7 had such boundless ambition, which he could not answer. The same, another time, rendered no less unhappy a celebrated maëstro, who had gathered many palms on our lyric scenes, and who was no more able to explain to her the causes of the excessive sensibility of the note *si*, which she de-

sired to know. Every body, however, knows that the note *si* perpetually aspires to climb, and that it is written by a 7 in the musical notation of Rousseau. I should never end were I to describe all the passional properties of the number 7, still less those of the number 12, also so celebrated in history, and the cipher of simple harmony.

Allow us one observation to simplists in science, to enable them to put their hands on one of the most recent deceptions of their infallible science and show them that passional analogy is the true and only compass of science, and that shipwreck awaits every audacious navigator who does not consult it.

Modern science has made noise enough with the invention of its metrical system, with the uniformity of its weights and measures!

Proud of the results of this new method, it has rung a peal on the occasion with the little bells of its collar.

Rejoice thyself, poor science, proud in thy rags, and above all, be quick about it, for the days of barbarous institutions pass, and thy decimal system is a crudity unworthy of France and of the Convention; and from the hour when the light of passional arithmetic shall have beamed through two or three learned brains, they will be ashamed of thy work and will upset thy metrical scaffolding into the dust, and make an *auto-de-fé* of thy metres and thy double decalitres. Before forty years—I foretell it—thy barbarous system of decimal numeration will be destroyed like Nineveh, and the system of passional numeration will rise glorious upon its ruins!

See now on what progress depends. Had not a fatal illusion misled the learned of the Convention in their pursuit of this decimal numeration, if, instead of idly abandoning a duodecimal system which they had all made to their hands, they had limited themselves to modify this and to complete it by adding to the scale of the ten characters already known, the two notes wanting to make twelve; had they transferred the zero from the tenth term to the twelfth, so that the number one hundred and forty-four, square of twelve, should in future be written as one hundred, square of ten . . . they would have built an admirable work of art and of science—they would have worked for eternity!

But the principle of harmonian unity, which can only be discovered by the torch of analogy, has escaped them, and instead of raising to science a monument more lasting than brass, they will tinker up an arithmetical constitution which will live no longer than the political constitutions. Their system will hardly be established in all the capitals of the civilized world before it will be necessary to throw it away like an old cracked pot. It was, however, a very easy and simple thing to have chosen the number 12 as pivot of the metrical system. It was only necessary to compare the merits of the number 12 with those of its rival 10; and the first glance sufficed to show that 12 is not only that which contains the greatest possible number of factors under the smallest volume, but that it was, above all, the only one which in its love of harmony, of unity, and of order had the power to absorb the characterial angulosities and the refractory tendencies of the numbers 5 and 7.

Passion does not mislead; on the contrary, when science is obliged to cast tongue to the dogs, it is passion which comes to its aid to give it the solution of the most difficult problems. Bring us the most insoluble problems of politics or of transcendent astronomy, and we will abide the proof.

What, indeed, is politics, if not the science of the government of the passions? Political science consists in opening to our affections the most unlimited field; it is the art of developing, combinedly and simultaneously, the action of the distributives. At the head of the harmonian charter is inscribed the famous precept, Love each other. To love; it is to procure one's self all imaginable happiness without vexing any body; since the liberty or free development of the passions of one should own as its limits only respect for the happiness and liberty of others. Now love, love alone gives the edifying example of conciliating liberty with authority; love, which makes the captive bless his fetters, and fly with delight to meet the caprices of the being beloved. Were I government, I would calculate all my institutions on those of Love. I would engrave upon the buttons of my national guard an adorable love, to serve as the tract of union between Order and Liberty.

There is a question in the political world that has exercised our minds pretty sharply for several years past, the question of famine, otherwise called that of excessive population, or the problem of Malthus. The question is to know how the inhabitants of civilized Europe shall manage so as not to eat each other up within twenty years, if the population continue to increase as it has done, in frightful proportions, while the production of food destined to nourish this population, remains stationary.

It is a problem that palpitates with interest, in proof of which Viscount Cormenin, who experiences the necessity to be of some use to humanity, has proposed a prize of twelve hundred francs to the person who should first solve it on this side the channel; for it has already been resolved on the other. Yes, I have understood that it had begun to be solved in Great Britain; that the economists of this eminently moral and philanthropic country, had proved that only the children of the rich possessed the right to live, although the child of the rich is born quite naked as well as the child of the poor man; and that it was then agreed to place the laboring class under a discipline of moral constraint, and their little ones on a laudanum diet. The system, we are assured, has already produced happy results. . . . But it is none the less evident that the solution is not complete.

Passional analogy alone contains the secret of its integral solution; and if M. de Cormenin will hear me and be just, he will keep his twelve hundred francs for himself; or rather, he will make a present of them to the double rose, because this flower had given the solution of Malthus' problem long before the latter had received a name among men, because the double rose had said from the day after its invention by the Rhodians, that a flower *which becomes double* is a flower *that transforms its stamens into petals*, and which consequently *becomes barren by exuberance of sap and of richness.* That is to say, viscount, that so long as misery shall continue increasing, the fecundity of the female sex will follow the same course; and that but one method exists, of placing a curb on this continual prolification, viz.: *to surround all women with the delights of luxury, comprising the incentives to attractive labor,* since action invigorates the organism, and gives an edge to the en-

joyment of sensations, while it diverts from the tendencies to excess, and fortifies the too sensitive nerves. Except through luxury (at once active and passive), except through general riches, no salvation!

But if you refuse to believe the double rose upon its word, viscount, I refer you to the opinion of the well conditioned cow and mare, who will tell you the same things, absolutely the same things as the double rose. Finally, if this imposing unanimity of testimony should not yet suffice to establish an unalterable conviction, I call you in last appeal before the authority of the carps of Sologne. Ask the proprietor of the ponds there, how they manage in regard to the multiplication of the carp; they will answer you that the ponds of Sologne are so favorable to the growth of carps, that the rapid development of their size (luxury), renders them quite barren, and that they, the proprietors, are obliged, in order *to preserve the breed* of their fish, to have carp ponds of *misery*, where they keep the carps exclusively destined for reproduction. These special ponds for breeding are narrow channels of water, where the female carps are crowded together by myriads, and die of hunger. Being unable to get fat, these carps lay eggs; and these prolific carps have been baptized in Sologne with the significant name of (*peinards*) sufferers. Do you understand, viscount, the analogy which exists between the carp and the women of the people whose fecundity justly alarms you! Those households piled upon each other in the narrow *carperies* of industrial cities—those brats swarming in the nether parts of our own societies—there is the human *peinard*. I asked of you the prize of twelve hundred francs for the double rose; I retract, let it be equally distributed between the double rose and the *peinard* of Sologne. How happy the people would be, were their governments analogists!

Transcendent politics, or transcendent astronomy, it is all one to analogy. The firmanent is no heavier than society in its hand. The double rose and the *peinard* have given the solution of the problem of Malthus; now see the passional character of the No. 4 and the No. 7 coming to give us the clue of an inscrutable enigma, which has puzzled the astronomers for ages. Why, these baffled wiseacres anxiously ask, has the Creator accorded but four

satellites to Jupiter, which is the largest planet of the solar system, while He has intrusted seven to Saturn, eight to Herschel, five to the Earth? Evidently some error has slipped into His accounts, and the good God is deceived. God is not mistaken at all, replies analogy. The passion of familism modulates by four; the planet Jupiter is cardinal of familism; thus it has been proved above by the nature of the gifts which it has made to our Earth, (cow and calville apple), then Jupiter is obliged to content himself with four satellites. . . . It is, indeed, necessary that the planets which represent passions more elevated than familism,* should

* The ties of Family or blood lineage are necessitated, and now to a very considerable extent, arbitrary, merely moral, foreign to our personal choice, and imposing shackles on the liberty of the soul, from which the greater number, especially of women, can never so far emancipate themselves as to show what their true characters are; remaining stuck together like feeble water insects emerging from a mass of eggs, which cannot succeed in extricating their wings from the slime that binds them together where a gust of wind has upset them. The ties of Friendship, of Love, of Ambition are, comparatively speaking, free, since they are entered into and dissolved without subordination to other forces than those of spiritual affinity and personal interest, while the ties of Family exist irrespective of both these forces, and frequently control our conduct in opposition to them, compelling us to live with, and to serve or be served by those whom we dislike, despise, and whose characters no sympathy interprets to us, enveloped in beautiful illusions, as in the case of free love. Thence continual jars, and the disgusting hell of so many civilized households, whose members exert upon each other an inverse magnetism, like that of the torpedo, occasioning spiritual paralysis, and the most unpleasant shocks.

Souls are distributed to families often, if not as the general rule, like the notes of music in the chromatic scale, which make musical combinations only on condition of their separation.

Thus the high accords of the Family are developed only through the intervention of those of Friendship, Love, and Ambition.

If, for instance, a sister whose character occupies to your own a situation in the scale analogous to that of the notes *do re* in music, *i. e.*, discordant or antipathetic, should be in mutual love relations with a friend whose character forms with yours an accord analogous to the third with the fifth of music, new and very agreeable developments will ensue thence between yourself and your sister, circumstances permitting. Successful ambition developed strong accords of familism among the Buonaparte family, etc.—Tr.

be accompanied in their travels by a more numerous suite in testimony of the superiority of their grade. The earth has five satellites, or at least, she might have them, because she is the cardinal of friendship, and friendship modulates by five, the number of confusion. Saturn has seven satellites, because ambition modulates by the No. 7. Now why is the cortege of Herschel, who is also a planet of trifling size in comparison with Jupiter, composed of eight moons, precisely double the number of that of the satellites of Jupiter? It is clear that there is a secret intention of God in this proportion of satellites. . . . Herschel is cardinal of Love, Jupiter of Familism. Herschel is the hyperminor note of the gamut, Jupiter the hypominor note, two is the number of the couple, eight is the third power of two, while four is only the second. Love carries the joys of sensation to the cube, while familism raises them only to the square. It is the same reason that gives two foci to the ellipse, while the parabola has but one.

Did I not say that it was impossible to touch one branch of the tree of science without shaking them all. I had promised myself not to say one word about passional geometry, but how avoid a misfortune when both logic and passion lead you into it! Since I have inadvertently fallen into the hornet's nest, let me try to draw myself out of the scrape by the theory of conic sections.

Q. Why are all the points of the circumference equally distinct from the centre, in the circle, first section of the cone, first closed curve? Why are all the radii equal?

A. Because the circle is the figure of friendship, the cardinal passion of infancy, which admits no order, nor rank, nor hierarchy; and where the tone of equality and of familiarity prevails. Here all individuals are equal, like the radii of the circle, and the form of the group tends fatally to the round. The little Viennese dancers, who had such success on the scene of the great opera of Paris, and who were, I think, thirty-two in number, were never more applauded than when they executed circular evolutions. The figures preferred by childhood invariably affect the round form, the ball, the hoop, the marble; also the fruits which it prefers: the cherry, the gooseberry, the apple, the preserve tart. I am again obliged to stop at the first word, because I feel myself in danger of engag-

ing in the highest considerations of passional *gastrosophy and gymnastics*, two more new sciences; two notes of a scientific scale whose pivot is passional hygiene, a *cardinal* science, whose office is to purge the globe and humanity from all their physical and moral maladies.

But, without speaking of gymnastics, or rather, of passional gymnosophy, let us adduce those games of groups of children at the Tuilleries (or other free play grounds). The analogist, who has observed these games with continued attention, has not failed to remark a characteristic difference in the choice of amusements, and the favorite exercises of the children of the two sexes. It is all natural; the major sex has its strength to develop, the other its grace; each does its best to exercise its muscles in the direction of its destinies. The boy learns to run and to wrestle, because he is destined for the race and the struggle. The girl not being under the same necessity, as she is not destined to contest and to run, but to be contested and run after, the young girl generally abstains from these violent exercises. She knows well that her little feet have not been formed for marching, but for dancing; for woman has this in common with the most charming types of the feline race, that she leaps and bounds with more ease and grace than she runs, and she does not try to force the vocation of her little feet. What then has our observer remarked in the character of the games of feminine infancy? He has remarked in the character of these games a decided proclivity toward the ellipse.

I observe among the favorite exercises of feminine infancy, the shuttlecock and the jumping rope; the shuttlecock, a poor winged heart, that is tossed from one to the other, with all the artifices of coquetry; the rope, the high school of suppleness, grace, and elasticity. Both the rope and the cord describe parabolic or elliptical curves. Why so? Why yet so yonng, this preference of the minor sex for the elliptical curve, this manifest contempt for marbles, ball, and top? Because the ellipse is the curve of love, as the circle is that of friendship. The ellipse is the figure in which God with His artist hand has profiled the form of His favorite creatures, woman, the swan, the Arabian horse, the dove; the ellipse is the essentially attractive form. The ellipse has two foci! Two foci like love; two foci, in each of which all the rays proceeding

from the other are fatally absorbed; as in true love, where not a thought leaves the heart of one of the two lovers, which does not find its resting place in the other. Is not this shut curve, whose foci mutually absorb their rays, the true image of that world of lovers, which is only peopled with two beings—*her* and *him?* Does not the definition of the ellipse answer well to this: *Love is the selfhood of two!*

Before this explanation, the astronomers were generally ignorant why the planets describe ellipses and not circumferences around their pivot of attraction; they now know as much of this mystery as I do. But let us pursue the course of the conic sections.

The ellipse is torn and opens; one of the foci has broken its confinement, and the radii of the other go to seek through the infinite the fugitive focus which they no longer meet. Then ill tongues say that the monotony of the conjugal tie has provoked separation, and, generalizing from the particular case, conclude that *marriage is the tomb of love.*

But the ellipse may disappear only to be transformed into the parabola, and in this the conscientious analogist finds nothing scandalous, but on the contrary quite natural, that the ellipse, curve of love, should engender the parabola, curve of familism, as love engenders the family. When children come, it is necessary that the exclusive mutual absorption of the parents should exhaust its ardor, and that the selfhood of the two should become that of three, four, or five. One of the foci has disappeared, it is very true, but the tenderness of the father and of the mother now radiates toward the infinite—toward future generations, to which the present generation is linked by children. This faculty of radiation in the parabolical curve explains to you why the parabolic mirror (reverberator) is the most reflecting of all mirrors, why the yellow ray, color of familism, is the most luminous of all the colors of the prism. Decamps, Eugene Delacroix, Diaz, Baron, who are such great colorists, would perhaps without my suggestion, be ignorant of this interesting peculiarity of the relation of the yellow ray to the reverberator and maternal love. The physician has his eye open henceforth over a new horizon, passional optics.

But see how the parabola in turn exaggerates and veers toward

the hyperbole. After friendship, love; after love, paternity; after paternity, ambition. After the circle, the ellipse; after the ellipse, the parabola; after the parabola, the hyperbole.

The hyperbole is the curve of ambition; the fourth conic section symbolizes the fourth affection. Admire the determined persistance of the ardent asymptote pursuing the hyperbole in headlong eagerness: it approaches, it always approaches the aim it desires to attain, but never attains it. Who does not recognize in this expressive image the aspiration of the human soul impelled toward the infinite by an all powerful force, always approaching and never attaining it, happily never. This perpetual aspiration is evidently poetry, it is art, always dreaming a type of the perfect ideal, which still evades its grasp, yet still grows more beautiful also, and always recalls you more passionately to itself. The beautiful, *spring of attraction;* the ideal, utopia of to-day, but *truth of to-morrow; art,* or poetry, *powers of incarnating the ideal, of predicting and of anticipating time!*

God is my witness that it is the want of space and not the want of good-will that prevents me from lodging here a complete theory of passional æsthetics that would distance those of Goethe and the Abbé Batteux, as far as the locomotive goes ahead of the one horse chaise.

I may possibly be deceived, but I have the idea that a young person of moderate intelligence who should have been present at a lesson well given on the ellipse and its analogies, would easily recover from her prejudices against geometry. I equally conceive that the name of geometrician would very soon lose its present odium.

If passional analogy has contrived to adorn with flowers the table of Pythagoras and the square of the hypotenuse, where will it not sow them? I believe no public establishment in Paris possesses a hall vast enough to contain the crowds of both sexes that would be drawn by the mere announcement of a course of passional chemistry, physics, or astronomy. I am not ambitious; I have made deputies, and I refused to be one, under pretext that I did not pay the poll tax. I ask only Lamartine's gift of speech, with the right of opening a course on passional botany. They would

come from Naples and Stockholm, perhaps still farther, to hear me; and yet it may be well conceived that to teach passional botany is not among the gifts of *men*, and the interpretation of the language of flowers requires an imagination more subtle and delicate than ours. In Herschel and Jupiter, the courses of botany are professed by young vestals of eighteen to twenty years, designated for this employment by unequalled charms of elocution and of beauty.

When I say eighteen or twenty years, I speak the language of the earth, since the years of Jupiter are twelve times longer than ours, and the vestalate begins only toward the hundredth year. We should also be very much deceived if we supposed that the science of flowers is only a science of pleasure; all the passional sciences are compound sciences, always connecting the useful with the agreeable. For example, one of the most interesting branches of passional botany, is that which is called medical algebra. This is the art of discovering the infallible specific for diseases, by the simple inspection of the character or of the passional dominant of a flower. I have not defiled my youth in dissecting corpses; I have nobly spent it in loving; and yet I would not give more than a month to medical algebra, without attaining the discovery of wonderful secrets of pharmacy. It is my formal will, not to die this time, before leaving to the canine race a testimony of my esteem and affection, a certain specific against hydrophobia. Medical algebra explains *a priori*, why the juice of the pomegranate tree should be fatal to the tape-worm; for the tape-worm, that filthy and parasitical reptile, that lives on the purest blood of man, is the emblem of parasitical commerce, which lives on the purest substance of the social labor; and the pomegranate symbolizes the apostle of the principle of solidarity and fraternal association, which must kill traffic.

> Thus doth the keen analogist behold
> Before him Nature's mystic book unrolled,
> Already fit to deck his shining throne,
> The leaves are opened, and the roses blown.—WALLACE.

We may be neither musicians nor painters, and yet tell the reason of the perfect accord of the two notes, *la* and *mi*, and of the

two colors, *orange* and *azure.* Azure is the color of love, [the color which divine love imparts to the all-enfolding firmament at the confines where the solar rays enter the earth's atmosphere.]—Tr. Orange is the color of enthusiasm and of the composite [synthetic or centripetal passion.] Love is the generative passion of enthusiasm; perfect accord then between the two rays. But the *mi* is also the note of love, the blue note; the *la* is the note of enthusiasm, the orange note . . . perfect accord then of the *la* with the *mi.* Why, now, of the two sensible notes, *fa* and *si,* does the *fa* always aspire to descend, and the *si* to ascend? The *si* aspires to mount, aspires to the *superior ut,* because the note *si* is the sensible major, and in the major mode the *superior attracts the inferior.* The note *fa* aspires to descend toward *mi,* because in the minor mode, it is the *inferior who fascinates the superior.* I know not whether the reader has perceived that the natural theory of musical notation has been inadvertently revealed to him.

Since each note of the musical gamut has its color, it follows that it ought to be expressed on the paper neither with ciphers as Rousseau wishes, nor with crockets as Aretin wants it, but that it should be written with colors. With this notation the apprenticeship to read music, which now requires ten years, might be gained in five or six lessons of one hour each.*

We need not be astronomers in order to know what planets are to be discovered, and their names, and the places they occupy in the sky, and the plants and beasts which they have given to the day. And who else, if you please, than analogists, would have had the courage to reclaim for our globe its legitimate right to an escort of five satellites, and to prove that it was a temporary misfortune that now deprives it of the exercise of four fifths of its rights! For the brevity of our lives, and the fearful sum of the diseases that desolate their course, and the epidemics, and the volcanoes, and the earthquakes, which tear the bowels of our unfortunate mother, and cause her to vomit fire; all these painful phenomena attest too cruelly that her health is not perfect. I would not wish to deprive M. Leverrier, who is a great calcu-

* See second volume of Comparative Psychology.

lator, and a great astronomer, of one iota of his reputation, but M. Leverrier will, however, permit me to tell him that the analogists had traversed his planet in all directions more than a generation before him, and that they had even permitted themselves to name it, and to cite several of its productions.

Yes, for forty years and more, the analogists have known the typical aroma of Leverrier's planet, and if I do not ask this illustrious savant where tobacco comes from, it is because I fear to embarrass him by this insidious question; it is because I fear lest the illustrious savant should answer me like other people, that tobacco comes from America.

Now, tobacco does not originate in America; tobacco, that brutifying narcotic that poisons populations and holds them asleep under the political yoke; tobacco, which has ruined Spain, Turkey, and France; tobacco is one of the pivotal creations of the planet Leverrier. The planet Leverrier perfumes with . . . *Caporal,* and he who has invented it, perhaps does not know this . . . *nares habet sed non.* . . . For the rest I defy all the learned men in the civilized world to explain to me the symbol of the monstrous subversion written in the scandalous properties of tobacco, a plant which makes you breathe through your mouth, and eat with your nose! (See note at the end of this book.)

I am no astronomer, but I know that the moon-bearing Herschel is cardinal of Love; and we need know no more to give to the academy of sciences the explanation of an enigma in celestial mechanics which puzzles it, especially at this time. I mean the reversed course of the satellites of Herschel, directed from east to west, while all the other satellites pass from west to east. If these gentlemen of the Bureau of Longitudes, busied themselves a little more with the laws of passional attraction, and a little less with those of gravitative attraction, they would have understood long ago, like myself, that the course of the satellites of Herschel presents no anomaly, on the contrary . . . seeing that the God of love, who rules supremely in this star, naturally rules its material movement, and that the God of love has no greater pleasure than to upset all received customs, subjecting the *strong to the weak* merely to show His power, and manœuvering his spindles by the

hands of Hercules. Caprice has no laws. The general law of movement will have the satellites pass from west to east, says Love; very well, now I will profit by this circumstance to impress upon my subjects a diametrically opposite movement. Soon done as said; wherefore the satellites of Herschel appear to be out of the general law. Unfortunately, the savans, who are nearly all out of the special law of Love, can no longer understand arguments of this sort.

Shall I tell you, although I do not profess the science of music, why the French nation is now so uneasy, and desires something else than it has? It is because its *Tonic* does not accord with its *Dominant*. Its true *Dominant* is honor, and its present *Tonic* is lucre, ignoble stockjobbing.

As it plunges amid the stars, so analogy dives into the past, the present, and the future. It is as easy for it to read in the history of ages past, as in that of future ages; for it has NATURAL books, where all that is, all that was, and all that is to be, is written. The fragrant revelations of the reseda and of the sweet pea have informed it of the future organization of the five choirs of infancy, and have taught it the devotion and generosity of the little Hordes. It knows by an attentive analysis of the model government of the bees, what preparatory institutions the Harmonian order requires. For the bees, which have so well realized among them the theory of liberty, equality, and attractive labor, the bees, have begun by pitilessly suppressing the unproductives (drones). Afterward they have not suppressed capital (honey), not such fools; they have socialized it, in order to distribute it afterward to each individual, *in proportion to his necessities*, in conformity with the doctrine of Christ, formalized by His apostles. Finally, they have told the last word of God upon the governmental form, by adopting the elective feminine monarchy. It is a great glory for the bees to have been chosen by the Creator to indicate to men the solution of two questions so important, as those of the repartition of profits and the form of government; and men, in my opinion, cannot show themselves too grateful to the bees, for this double benefit. What surprises and afflicts me is, that after the solemn decision of the bees, there should be still to-day a division between the two principal

fractions of the Socialist party on the question of capital. The socialists do not understand each other, because they lack the science of universal accord, which is analogy. And the idle classes rejoice and the laborious classes are desolated at the schism of the socialists, who only need to be stronger in analogy, in order to save the world.

I cannot finish this chapter on the origin of beasts and many other things, without proclaiming the dangerous heresies of Linnæus, who, by his false definition of the natural kingdoms, has so sadly contributed to mislead public opinion on the origin of plants and animals.

Linnæus said: Mineralia *crescunt;* vegetalia crescunt et *vivunt;* animalia crescunt vivunt et *sentiant:* minerals *grow,* plants grow and *live,* animals grow, live, and *feel*—as many capital errors as words.

Neither mineral nor flower are devoid of *sensibility.* Only, the sensibility of these inferior beings is not manifested through the same organs as that of man, for the very simple reason that plants and minerals are less richly organized for thinking and speaking than man. But the brain and the larynx are not indispensable in order to feel or to love. For every substance penetrable by electricity is susceptible of feeling and loving; and all bodies are penetrable by electricity, which plays in nature the part of a universal agent of attraction, of life, and of fertility. We know the ingenious method used by this imponderable fluid with the blue pennon, to compel bodies to attract and to love each other. Electricity operates upon all bodies, by giving them a sex; that is to say, by doubling them, so as to give to each of their separated parts a strong desire to be rejoined. To love, is properly speaking, to be electrified; it is to feel that one is double, and to experience the necessity of joining the other half of one's being. Man and woman, who are two upon the earth, are but one in the other life, that is to say, in the aromal life. Wherefore, the number of women is equal to that of men on the surface of all globes. Electricity preaches by example, and the untiring mutual pursuit of the two sexes is the cause of all the great crises of nature, comprising the reproduction of beings and their development. Typhoons, hurri-

canes, and earthquakes, are nothing else than explosions of electric fluid; that is to say, of love compressed. . . Lightning is the kiss of clouds, stormy but faithful. Two lovers who adore each other, and who will tell it in spite of all obstacles, are two clouds animated with opposite electricities, and swelled with tragedy. Youth, the season of storms, is not precisely an age; it is the faculty which bodies possess, of gorging themselves with a larger provision of electric fluid; which explains why there are young old people, and old young people, without counting those who are of no particular age, and never have been of any. Experience proves that the silken hair, which is the most beautiful ornament of youth, is at the same time the most powerful natural condenser of electricity. Experience still demonstrates that elliptical and hemispherical forms eminently favor the accumulation of this fluid, and that angular forms on the contrary, allow it to escape by their points. Then we begin to guess why it is that the Creator has so profusely endowed with this form the body of woman, and why he has gifted her with hair so long and silken. A beautiful young woman is a true voltaic pile, a real magnet, in which the captive fluid is retained by the form of surfaces and the isolating virtue of the hair; so that when this fluid would escape from its sweet prison, it must make incredible efforts, which produce in turn by influence on bodies differently animated, fearful ravages of attraction. And it is then that glances kindle and that fires spread with an intensity inversely proportioned to the square of the distance. Science has never been able to calculate even approximately, the power of fascination, which is sometimes condensed in the eye-beam of a woman. The history of the human race swarms with examples of intelligent and learned men, intrepid heroes, grave and dull magistrates; magnetized, seduced, transfixed, merely by a woman's eye, conquered by the childlike appeal of a look.

Happily, this formidable power of fascination in woman has never commanded the extermination of the human race. On the contrary; it is however not the less true that most of the revolutions of empires have originated in the electric stroke of a fan. A lover, in his twentieth year, asked me one evening whether I had ever witnessed the actual radiation and lightning of blue eyes

in the dark. A pleasant thing truly is the assurance of the aged, who no longer seeing clear enough to distinguish these beams, doubt their existence, and call them the hallucinations or illusions of youth!

Professors of the physical sciences, patented and protected by government, dare not say, the *two sexes* of electricity; they find it more moral to say, its two *poles*. They have a *positive pole*, and a *negative pole;* a *vitreous* electricity, and a *resinous* electricity. The false modesty of gentlemen who do not blush at commerce, and who blush at the most beautiful works of God, astonishingly resembles the delicacy of black meats, which are refined by growing putrid, to what is called game flavor.

Life—the life of the adult is, then, the alternate separation and reunion of the two fluids, or of the two sexes; it is the play of electricity. Death is the absolute neutralization of the two electricities.

Beings do not yet fully live while their sex is still latent, as in childhood; life deserts them when electricity can no longer keep in their bodies, as in old age. The holy King David proved that he perfectly understood the condensing properties of polished elliptical surfaces when he took unto himself the young Abigail as a body guard in his old age. Electricity does more than reanimate the dying, it restores motion to the dead. I have seen it resuscitate silk worms which had died of love, and make them love again.

This truth admitted, let us apply it to the mineral. Even minerals are not, as the vulgar suppose, inert bodies; their life is only in a latent state. The definition of Linnæus, "*mineralia crescunt, vegetalia crescunt et vivunt—animalia crescunt vivunt et sentiunt,*" shows that Linnæus had no clear ideas of the phenomena of growth, for growth is an agglomeration of molecules, solicited to unite by some power, and this power, this molecular attraction, is electricity. Now where there is electricity there is life. To grow is to live. Certainly, if you place a metallic stalk in some quiet spot, perfectly secluded from the breath of storms, where no dangerous influence may develop feeling in it, certainly then it may be considered as inert matter. But if by accident we should

change its place; metamorphose, for example, the humble roasting spit into the end of a lightning rod . . . a complete revolution, and the magnetic power will appear in it; proof that its passions were formerly only dormant. It is not, as we see, only among men that honors change morals. Hardly has the peaceful spit been transferred from the lower region of the kitchen hearth to the summit of the high towers, hardly has it left the horizontal for the vertical, than it has taken a character conformable to its new position. Lay the iron down, it goes to sleep—raise it, it becomes active.

There is nothing colder in appearance, and in its habitual state, than a paper of needles, or a box of metallic pens. Examine, however, the effect of the magnet-lover's breath in passing near this inert mass; needles and pens suddenly awake from their heavy sleep, stand tremulous upon their points, unite, interlace themselves to execute some fantastic saraband; presently all take flight together like a flock of partridges, to strike head and body against their centre of attraction, and eagerly encrust themselves on it.

Linnæus pardon us, but these pens and needles have feeling as well as the pet warbler of Descartes' neice.

And if the fire of love did not kindle all beings, metals and minerals as well as others, where, I ask, would be the reason of those ardent affinities of potassium for oxygen, of hydrochloric acid for water, of sulphuric acid for baryta; affinities so powerful, so well understood by us, that we have been obliged to borrow terms from their actions to enrich the language of our passions, for we have to speak in our figurative political and dramatic language, of the fermentation of the public mind, of the effervescence of ideas, of the ebullition of incendiary passions, and all these expressive images are borrowed from the language of matter, and we say of an old man in love, that he is a volcano which burns under the snow. It is evident that if these minerals were as calm and insensible as we pretended, we should not have borrowed their vocabulary to aid the poverty of our own. Poetry has here been more true than science. Parrots of Linnæus, repeat then as long as you please, that minerals do not feel or live, have neither pas-

sions nor sexes, potassium alone suffices to give you the lie, potassium, which *sets fire to water* to unite itself with oxygen! It has been written that Leander crossed an arm of the sea every evening to throw himself into those of his mistress, but it has never been said that he set the sea on fire!

And the flowers, oh my God! to refuse sentiment to the flowers, the most sentimental, perhaps the most nervous of all creatures! But where then have these people studied nature, whose only interpreters they declare themselves. I, who am a simple man, I have also lived much in the intimate society of nature, and she has said much to me by the voice of lilacs, of roses, and lucernes. Why, then, has she not told me the same as them, for here, within some volumes, is what I remember of her conversations, and no one can suppose that I have the slightest interest to travesty her language.

She said, "All plants are sensible beings, animated like men, with devouring passions, and which cannot bloom in their magnificence except in a sphere which leaves to these passions their legitimate development; or to speak more simply, a sphere which makes a destiny for them proportional to their attractions. Alas! how many young plants you have seen die without suspecting that it was passion that killed them! Yes, passion, a violent inclination, contradicted by the barbarity of an inflexible guardian (trellice), a railing, the dark wall of a convent, a too shady environment. One was white and rose, and born to live in the fields, ignorant and happy; it was etiolated, and faded out of being for want of air and sunshine in the court-yard to which it was transplanted. Another, now prematurely withering, brought at birth the germ of an hereditary contagion, and perished the expiatory victim of another's fault. A third, separated from the other half of its life by hopeless distance, has long awaited a sweet message of love, but the messengers entrusted with the correspondence of flowers; the breath of the spring, golden-winged insects, have passed with the fine days, without bringing the least remembrance from the beloved stamen. Then the poor forsaken one has closed her corolla; her corolla, nest of love, by her prepared for tender mysteries; nuptial couch, which she had tissued with a wonderful sub-

stance more precious, more odorous, a thousand times more splendid than the stuff of the Queen of England's mantle. Oh! let me hide the sorrow that is killing me; the eye of the profane shall not deflower that alcove of my virgin life which love, alas! has forgotten." She has spoken, and her last perfume exhales, and her head wilts down upon its stalk.

How many others have perished, a prey to the gnawing worm—to misery, to hunger, to thirst, and to cold!

Oh yes! the flowers confess the universal law of love, like sulphuric acid and potassium, the law of attraction and of happiness impressed on the hearts of all beings by the signet of God.

The luxury and lustre of the flower affirm that happiness is the end of satisfied passion, its withering and faded colors, that suffering is the end of passion compressed. The flowers, in obeying the law of God, who commands pleasure, show themselves more intelligent than a crowd of civilized moralists, who pretend to re-make the work of God, and who go about preaching that mortification and fasting, from which they abstain as much as possible on their own personal account. And what is certainly very whimsical is, that the so-styled God of sorrow, even the God of the Catholics, has not at all the air of disapproving the flowers which most zealously obey his command, *Love ye one another* . . . . and that it is, on the contrary, precisely to those which ruin themselves fastest in toilet expenses and perfumes, that He accords a privileged place in His temples and on His altars.

The vine is certainly a holy plant, and a plant cherished by the Lord and His ministers, since it is with the blood of the vine that the priest administers communion. We shall see, nevertheless, of what perseverance and of what incredible efforts the holy plant is capable, in surmounting obstacles which hinder the development of its passional dominant, a passion generally very peaceable, the necessity of gossiping . . . . See "Comparative Psychology," page 70.

Let those serious persons, those civilized moralists, in whom the lecture of the preceding pages has inspired a sentiment of pity or of anger; let all who claim for the author of this book a place in Charenton, [an insane asylum,] wait before they condemn me, until I have told them all—until I have named my accomplices.

Some time ago some physicians of the Institute, who dreamed of no mischief, and especially not of laboring for the great glory of passional analogy, occupied themselves in amusing experiments upon the different properties of the yellow ray. They were completely ignorant that passional analogy had decreed the functions of generative ray to the yellow ray. They have discovered that *no plant could fructify except under the action of the yellow ray;* and this fact, asserted *a priori* by passional analogy with that tone of authority which characterizes it, *has remained an acquisition of science,* like the existence of the planet Leverrier—like the existence of the planets called telescopic, which it had also announced.

I established in 1845, in the columns of a daily paper, the identity of character between the rat and the barbarian. I had proved that the two devastating scourges corresponded in history with rigorous exactness, that every invasion of barbarians had deposited its special rat upon the invaded soil.

A learned physician of the French Institute—a more than European reputation—Doctor Lallemand—has resumed this thesis in April, in 1847, in the *Revue Independante,* and it is very probable that the illustrious doctor had no knowledge of my work, since he has not cited it.

And between ourselves, gentlemen, who make yourselves merry at my expense, he will laugh best who laughs last; for here comes in favor of passional analogy a third attestation far beyond the other two in frankness and in authority.

Still another prince of official science—a most illustrious mathematician, one of the glories of the French Institute—a pious man, who dares to say (November, 1845) in full session of the Academy:

*The Passions are forces subjected to the laws of Mathematics;* the play of these forces constitute PASSIONAL MECHANICS!

The young person who renounces her brilliant future of happiness and of family prospects, to consecrate herself to the repulsive service of the sick, *obeys a calculable force,* follows a RESULTANT!

The play of the Passions constitutes PASSIONAL MECHANICS. What more than this have we said?

The young girl who renounces her future of happiness and of Love, follows a RESULTANT (tension of Unityism). What say you

now, incredulous gentlemen—what think you of this passional analogy, of this inadmissible dream of a few cracked brains?

The play of the passions constitutes passional mechanics. It is very true, but it has cost the honorable M. Cauchy forty or fifty years of persevering efforts, of labors misunderstood, perhaps ridiculed, to arrive at this confession of the law of passional mechanics. And here is a young girl, a child of sixteen, who has no more made *x s* and *y s* her favorite companions than I have, who has learned quite as much about it as the man of science, while she was picking roses to pieces, and listening all the week for the song of her favorite birds.

That is to say, that science, in proportion as it rises, proclaims the sovereignty of *Passion*, law of God, universal lever of movement. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Passion, passion, passion, passion is all!

## THE RABBIT.*

I do not esteem this creature for its flesh nor for its morals, which have the least bit of the cannibal in them; but I thank it for its fecundity, for its rapid growth, and for many other merits, especially its low price, which permits it to form relations with the stomach of poor people deprived of butcher's meat by the excessive tax on cattle. The cabbage-rabbit, not content with bringing to poor artisans the tribute of its flesh, furnishes them from its spoils with fur, mittens, shawls, or caps. The French furriery consumes each year hundreds of thousands of francs' worth of rabbit fur.

With this the common hats are prepared, the false beavers. The *real* beaver is made with the fur of the *hare*, the skin of the back.

Poor beast! beast of the poor! God, who had destined it to serve as a prey and as a victim to all devourers, had happily endowed it with a resignation—proof to all trials!

The rabbit chase may have its utility; for example; to recreate children, and to take the place of another chase, and

* This article, omitted in the body of the work, here serves to fill a blank page.

also as a school for marksmen for shooting the rabbit under brushwood, is one of those exercises which require most of alertness, quick sight, and skill on the part of the gunner. I shall not, however, do this inoffensive quadruped the honor of consecrating to it a very extensive place here, never having accustomed myself, in spite of my efforts of good will, to consider the rabbit as a beast of the chase. I thank it, as well as the guinea-pig and the swallow, for having diverted me in my painful childhood from the precepts of M. Lhomond, and the culture of Greek roots; but this gratitude cannot blind me to the point of attributing to the rabbit merits which it has not. It is either shot before the dog, or caught in a net when expelled from its hole by the ferret. I have known a fellow in Champagne who piped the rabbit, and drew it out from its hole quicker than the ferret drives it. This art is of great antiquity in Spain, where the verb *chillar* has been invented to specify the procedure. It was not unknown in Provence. The rabbit is the emblem of the poor industry, which lives by the exploitation of quarries and of mines; a race which sometimes finds repose at the bottom of its subterranean abodes, but on which its enemies rush as soon as it shows its nose in the air; a race which has not been endowed, like the hamster and the squirrel, with the gift of foresight, because the wages of the industry which it symbolizes are too small to allow the laborer to reserve a part for the future.

The rabbit sometimes kills its little ones. Every day misery and debauch urge to infanticide the poor work-woman, who wrestles with famine. Infanticide, a common crime in the tribe of rabbits, scarcely ever occurs in the tribe of hares. Because misery is more frightful in countries of manufactures than in countries of culture. The rabbit has made disturbances and upset cities, as Pliny relates . . . The proletary of the cities sometimes gives himself this enjoyment, but not the field laborer, for *there are not enough of them.* And the neighborhood of the rabbit is fatal to the health of the hare as that of the proletary of industry to the country populations.

### THE HAMSTER.

The Hamster, an inhabitant of the Valley of the Rhine and of the eastern side of the Vosges, originally of the North, lives in a burrow like the rabbit, but he possesses the instinct of foresight, which the latter has not.

The burrow of the hamster is a rich magazine of provisions, [sometimes seven feet deep, and containing a great store.]

It is the hamster who has invented cellars for the preservation of grains.

Nature, to favor his conservative tendencies, has endowed him with two enormous pockets or wallets, placed on each side of the jaws—a precious apparatus, which the animal uses to carry into his fort the provisions which he gathers, *i. e.*, the tithe which he raises on the harvests of the laborer.

The dwelling of the hamster is the perfect image of the separated household and of the cordial understanding of civilized married couples. The male and the female at first agree delightfully in pillaging the public in general. Discord comes only at the moment of dividing the spoils, as in civilization.

The male, who has been very happy to use the labor of the female in filling his magazine, as the husband in employing the dowry of his wife, to extend his parasitical traffic; the male, from the first days of the winter season, begins by reducing the female to a moderate share; afterward, under some injurious pretext, he expels her from the conjugal abode. But the female, who knows her rights, and the cachette where the treasure is hidden, does not so easily abandon her part. Obliged to run before superior strength, she digs a side way to return and bleed the old maggot abundantly.

She does more; she obtains the assistance of a comrade, and the two, profiting by the torpor of the gorged egotist, who sleeps upon his treasure, strangle and eat him. For it is the fate of the hamster to be devoured by his wife or by his comrade, when he has lacked the wit to begin this game himself.

I have said that during the whole duration of the winter the

lower regions of the soil were the theatre of frightful tragedies. These are only the repetition of those which are enacted above in the bosom of civilized households. The hamster who kills his companion or his wife, only puts in practice the famous commandment of the religion of the political economists:

*Thou shalt crush every competitor in thy business, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Sometimes the plowshare or the spade of the laborer uncovers the burrow of the hamster, and exposes the rogue's treasures. then the legitimate proprietor of the stolen goods resumes them, and punishes the purloiner with death. Thus the organization of labor, in restoring to every one the results of his work, will utterly uproot all parasitical business. So mote it be!

### THE MARMOT.

Inhabitant of the high mountains of the Alps, knife-grinder of the Savoyard. Like the other Sleepers, the marmot goes to bed in the Fall, to wake up in the Spring. It is the emblem of the poor mountaineer, whom misery benumbs, and who patiently resigns himself to work for the recreation of the idle.

It loses its hair at its work—in allusion to the painful labor of the chimney-sweep, who rubs and spoils his clothes in his occupation. The marmot has taught him how to climb between the two walls of rock or chimney, and it exhales an unpleasant smell, which somewhat resembles that of soot.

### THE DORMOUSE.

France possesses three varieties of dormice; the dormouse, properly so called, the lerot, and the muscardin.

Pretty little creatures, with lively air, and tail brushy like the squirrels, the dormice, too well known to the gardeners of Montreuil Aux-Pêches, and elsewhere, devastate orchards and espaliers. Still another emblem of the parasites on industry, who pass three quarters of their time in idleness, and prey upon the work of other people. The dormouse resembles the squirrel by his

mountebank tricks and brushy tail, but approaches the rat by his cannibal morals.

He nests, like the squirrel, on trees, and acquires in the season of fruits a fatness and a certain delicacy of flesh, which justify the high esteem in which the Romans held it as *game*.

THE END.

# APPENDIX.

## Allegorical Stamp Explained.

*The vine-wreathed cross inclosed in the triangle and radiating circle.*

This figure, which I have devised to stamp the covers of all my works, presents a radiant circular periphery, in general allusion to the solar disk, and the life-giving rays of its universal Providence, which permeate the circumambient spheres of phenomenal nature in the mineral, vegetable, animal, and spiritual forms and degrees of its incarnation.

There are twelve unequal groups of rays symbolic of the twelve radical passions of the human soul, common in different degrees to the whole animal world, and reflected and refracted by the vegetable and mineral, as I have shown in "Comparative Psychology," and "Human Trinity."

The twelve human or animal rays of the Sun, corresponding to these passions, are necessarily concrete in the physical or sensible rays, if we admit that an effect presupposes a cause, since the Sun could not impart to the animate beings whose germs his rays evolve and quicken in the surface soil of planets, any passional properties not pre-existing in the Sun and his rays, at least in their masculine potency, the evolution of the female elements of passion being reserved to the planet mothers.

The twelve passional rays are distinguished into seven greater groups, for the seven spiritual passions, and five smaller groups for the five sensual passions.

The engraving does not follow the distribution of the seven ray groups into four cardinal, corresponding to the social affections—Ambition, Friendship, Love, and Familism, and three intellectual or distributive, corresponding to the Centrifugal or Cabalist, the Centripetal or Composite, and the Oscillating or Papillon.

The broad radiant circle, while it images the disk of the Sun, symbolizes his universal providence, ubiquity, and eternity, relative to our planetary system of which He is the pivot or central and generative principle. The circle is also the geometrical type of friendship, all the parts of its periphery being equidistant from the centre, as in the group of friends or persons acting exclusively in the tone of friendship,—there are no distinctions of grade, but equality reigns in all their distributions of use and of enjoyment, the ultimates of life, which coincide with the periphery of the circle.

Within the circle is placed the triangle, symbol of the second attribute of Deity, *Distributive Justice.* It is formed by doubling the square, mechanical measure of justice and truth, and figures the Trinity, or three distributive passional principles of nature and humanity, whence the harmonies of the universe and of societies proceed. This Triangle incloses the Cross, wreathed with a fruit-bearing grape vine. The Cross, inscribed with the initials of Jesus, symbolizes the crucifixion of private interests in devotion to the principles of collective charity and unity, and the fate that individual truth and goodness invokes upon its head, when it appears in the midst of false and evil societies; which continues the same since the time of Christ till now.

The crucifixion of the passions is the general lot of the human race, and especially of its laboring masses, and its honest reformers, during the incoherent periods or duration of the upside-down world, based on egotism and selfishness, on the isolated household, and smallest possible social combination.

But, as in consequence of the coming of Christ to society, as he came once to the Jews of old; as the result of the scientific embodiment of those principles of action of which his life afforded so luminous an example; the passion of Friendship and the fruits of friendly communion, of which the grape and its wine are the chief types, will take the place of egotism and rule in the harmonized world; so by wreathing the cross with the grape vine, I express the fruit or ultimate and harmonic purpose and result of the crucifixion, the justification of human nature, and the triumph of happiness.

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